SONGS OF THE COMFORTER

I·G·MARTIN L·MILTON WILLIAMS
C·W·RUTH C·E·CORNELL

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS CO.
151 WASHINGTON ST.
CHICAGO ILL.

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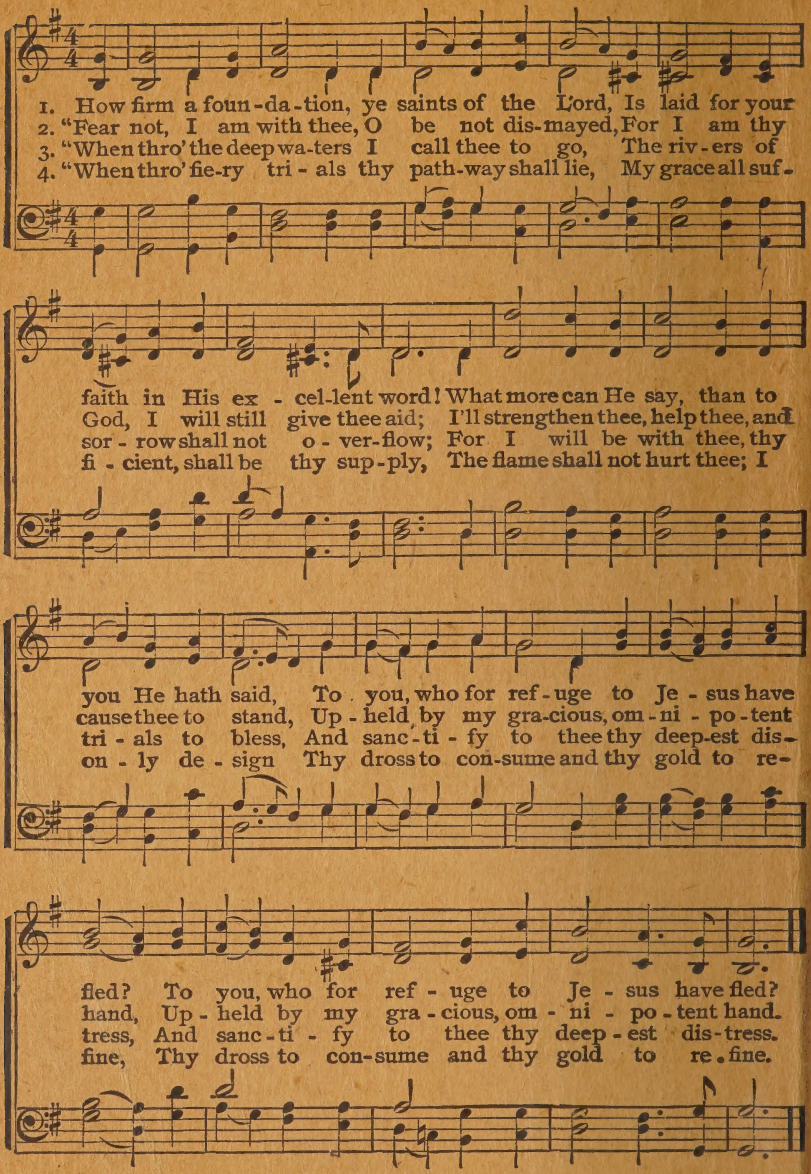
The Firm Foundation.



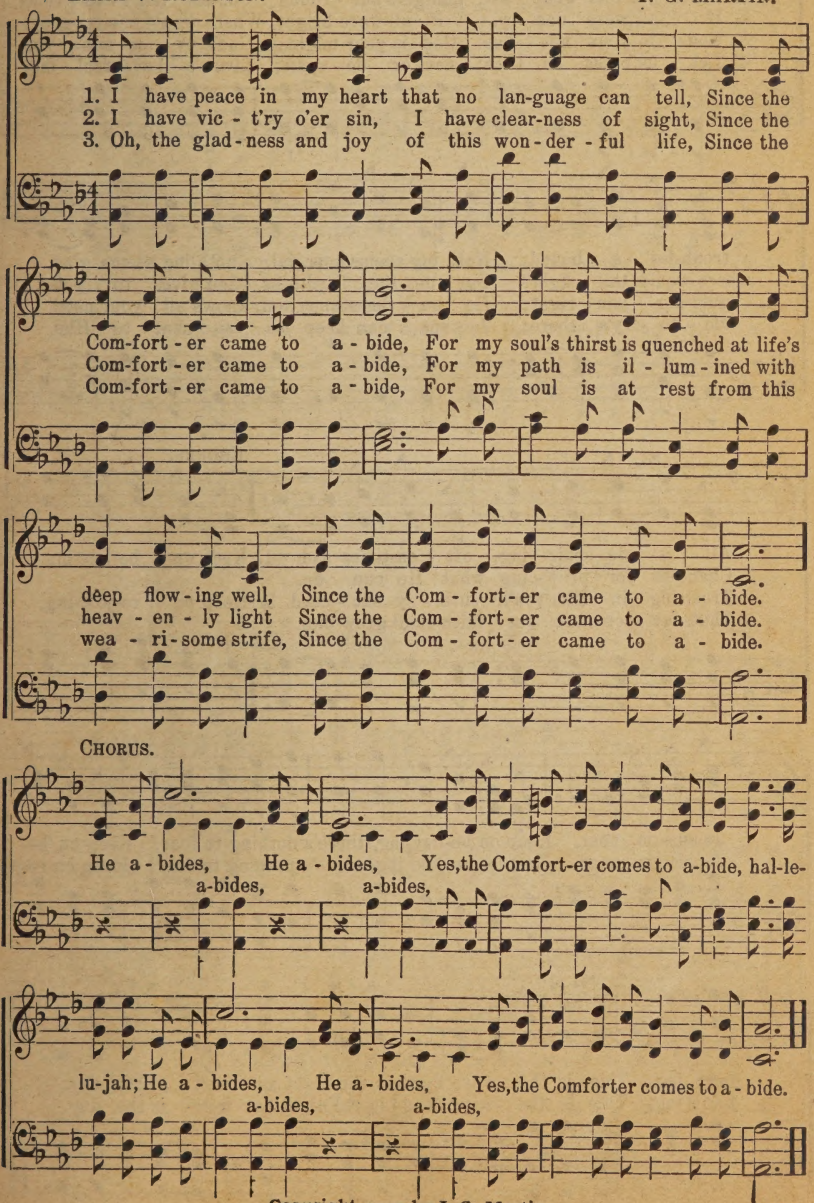
5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Songs of the Comforter.

1 The Comforter.

Emma V. Robinson. I. G. Martin.



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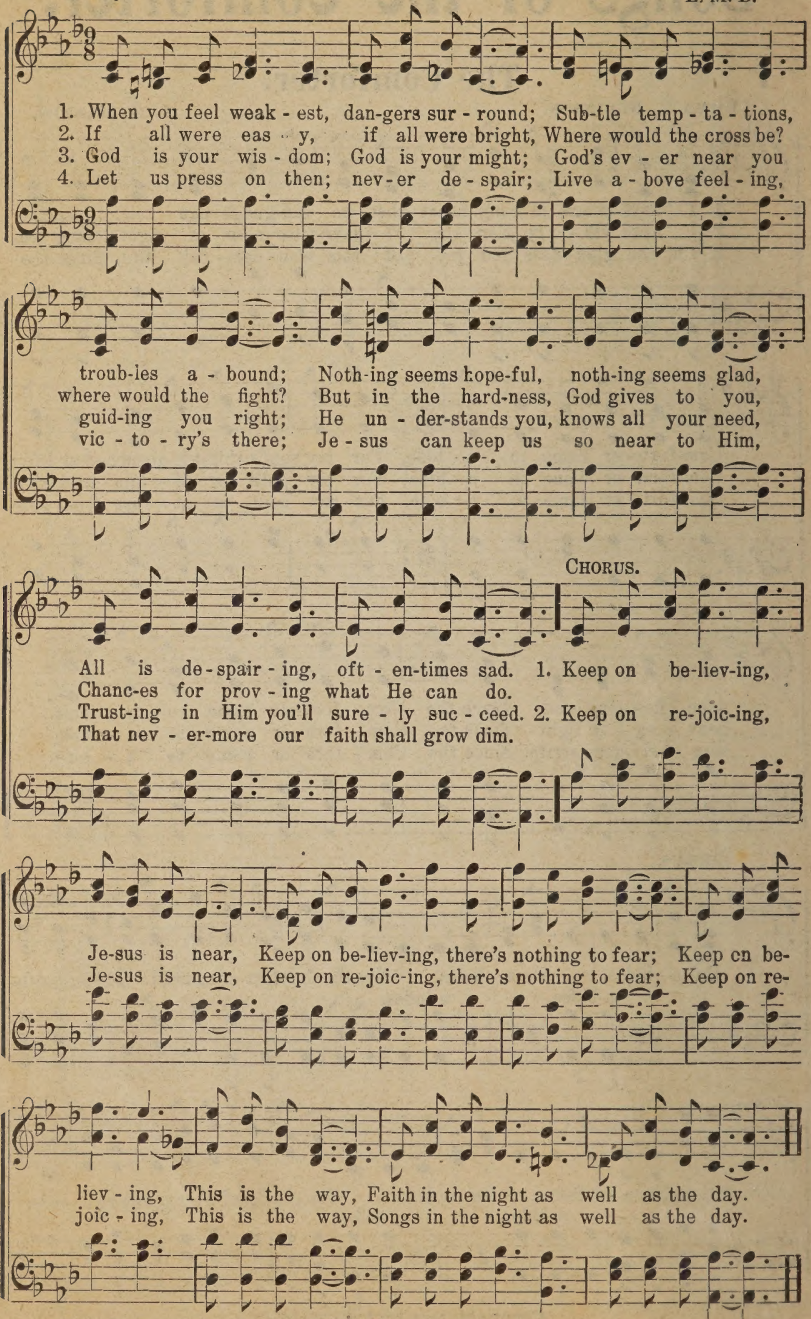
Keep on Believing.

M. D. L. M. B.



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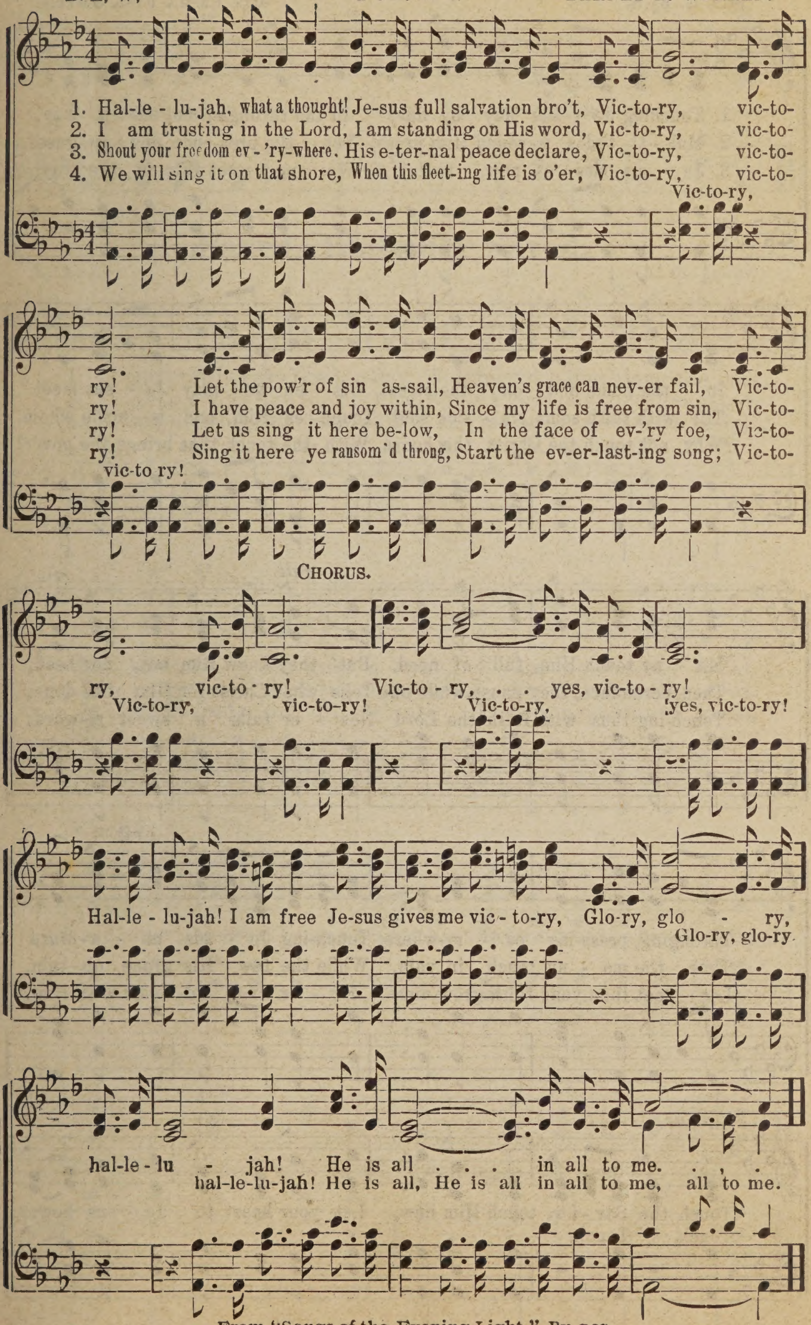
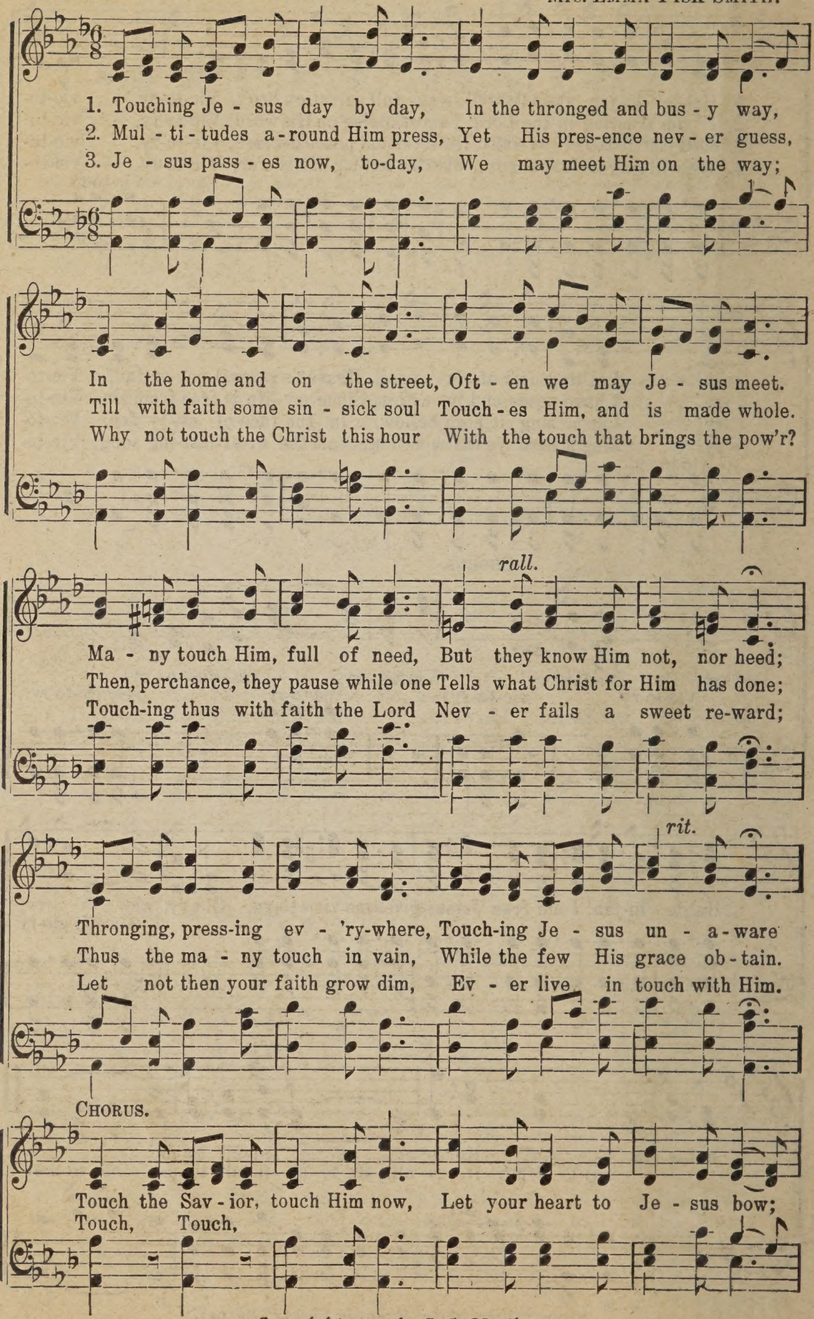
Victory.

B. E. W. I Cor. 15: 57 Barney E. Warren.



Touching Jesus.

Mrs. E. F. S. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.



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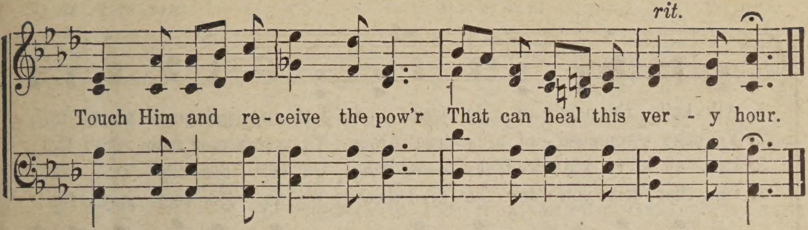
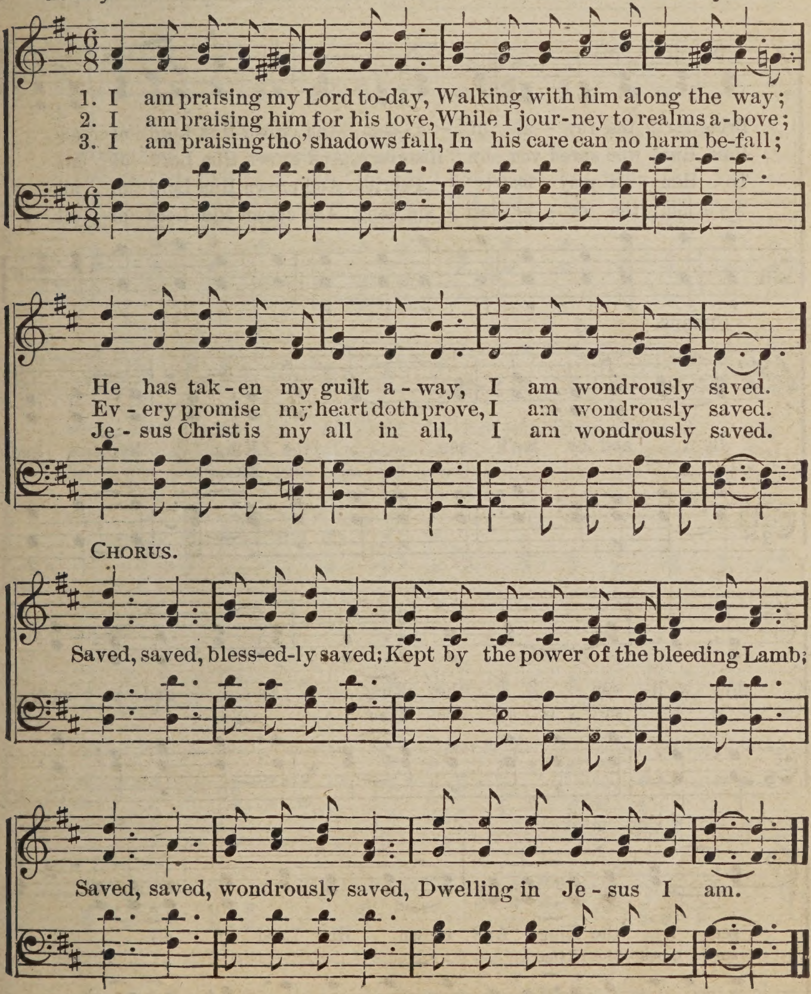
Touching Jesus. Concluded.



5 Saved, Blessedly Saved.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.



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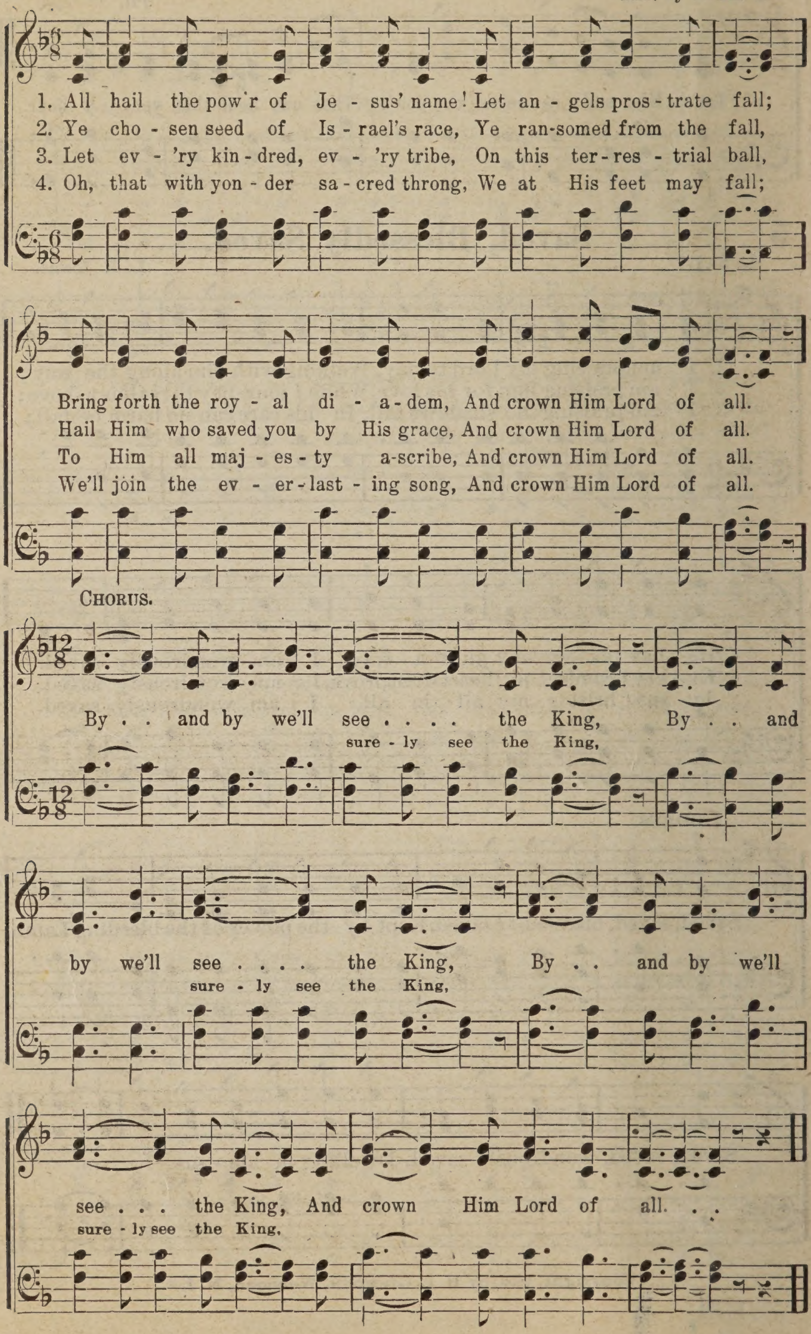
WILSON NcU

By and By We'll See the King.

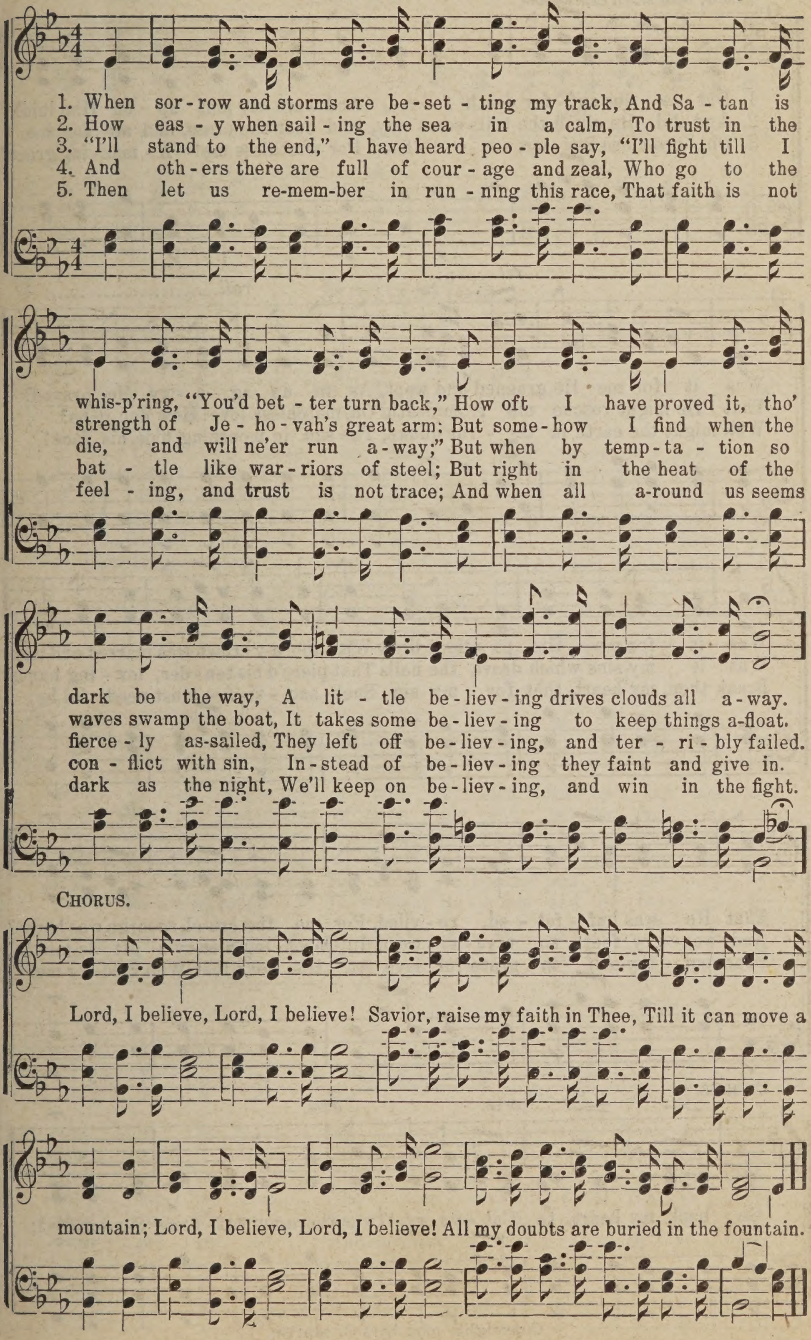
Arr. by F. M. G.



7

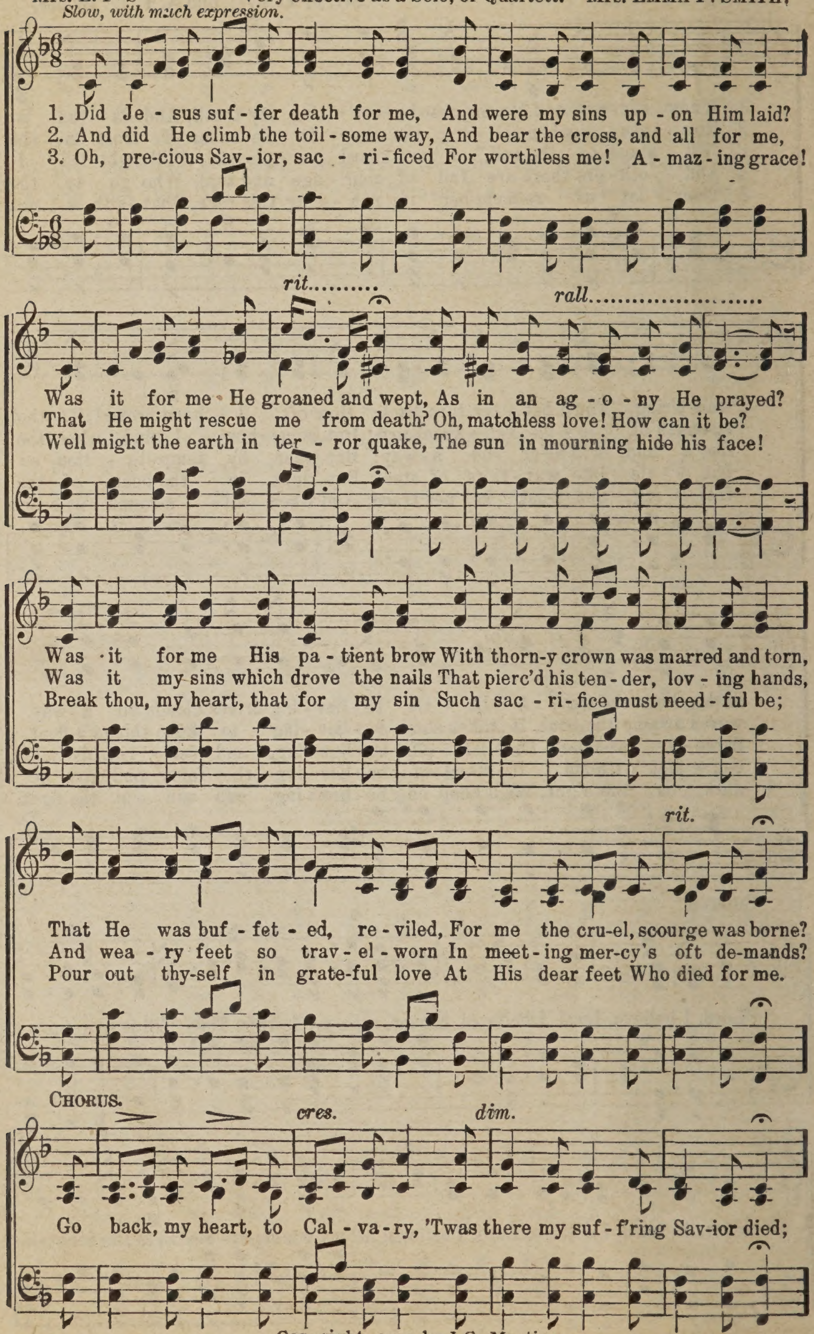
Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.



Back to Calvary.

Mrs. E. F. S   Very effective as a Solo, or Quartett.   Mrs. Emma F. Smith.



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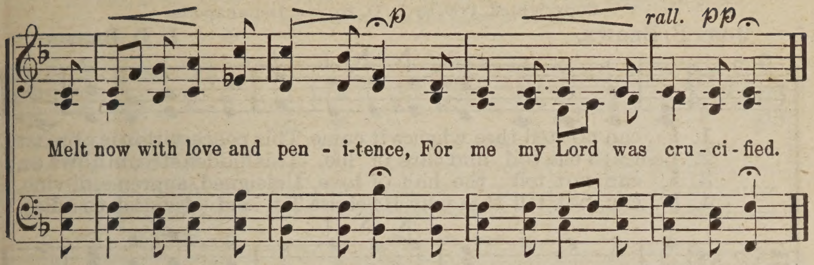
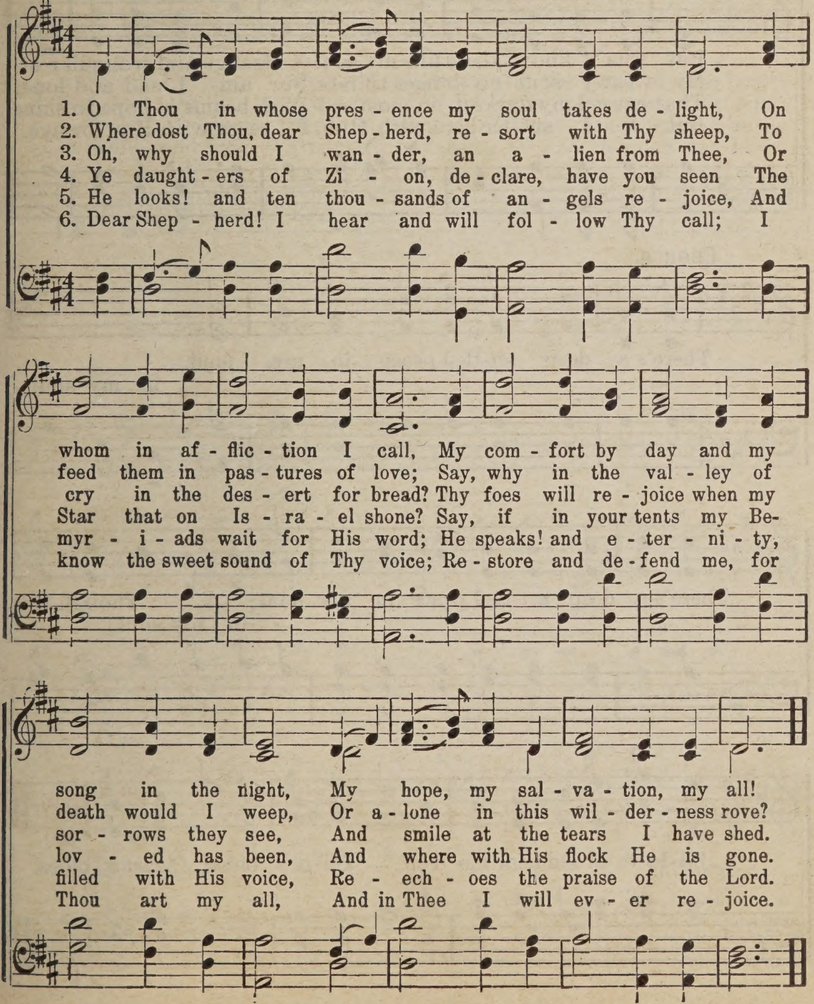
Back to Calvary. Concluded.



9 Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.



Hidden Peace.

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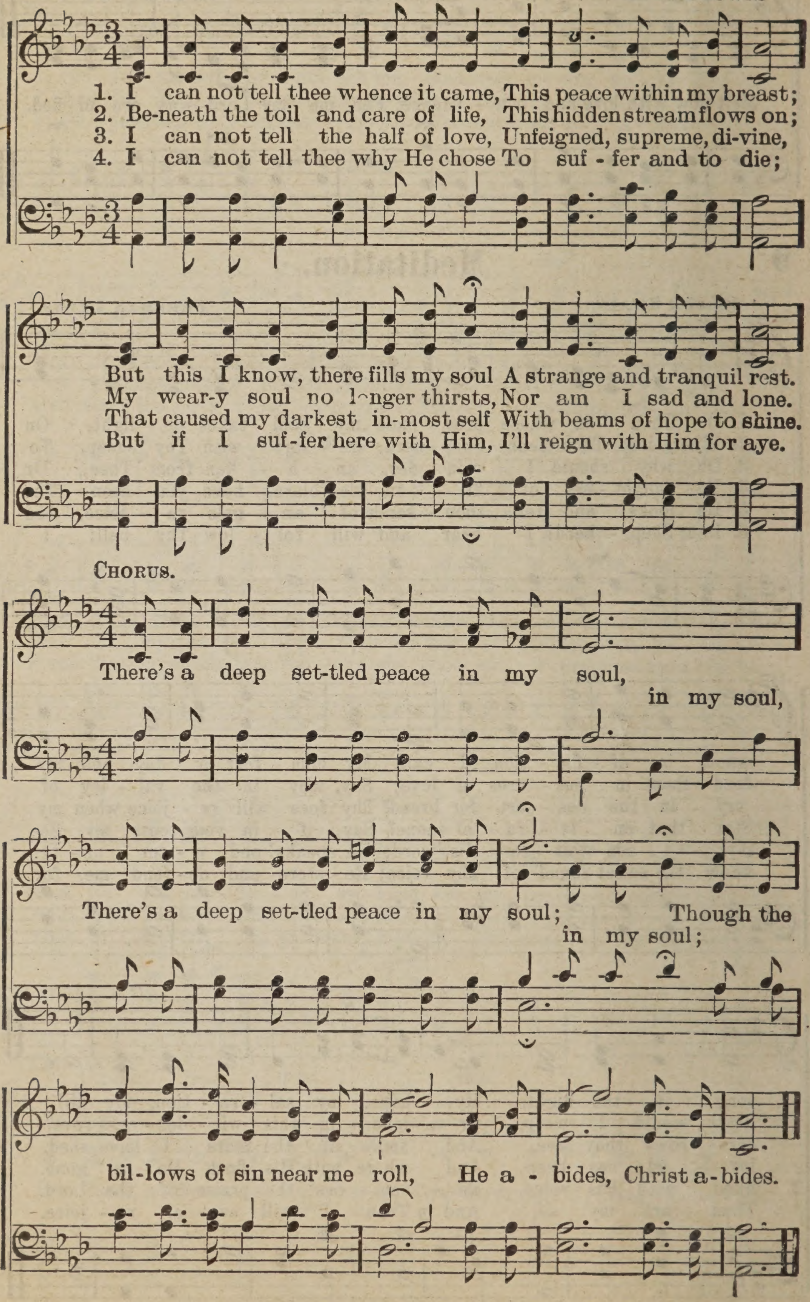
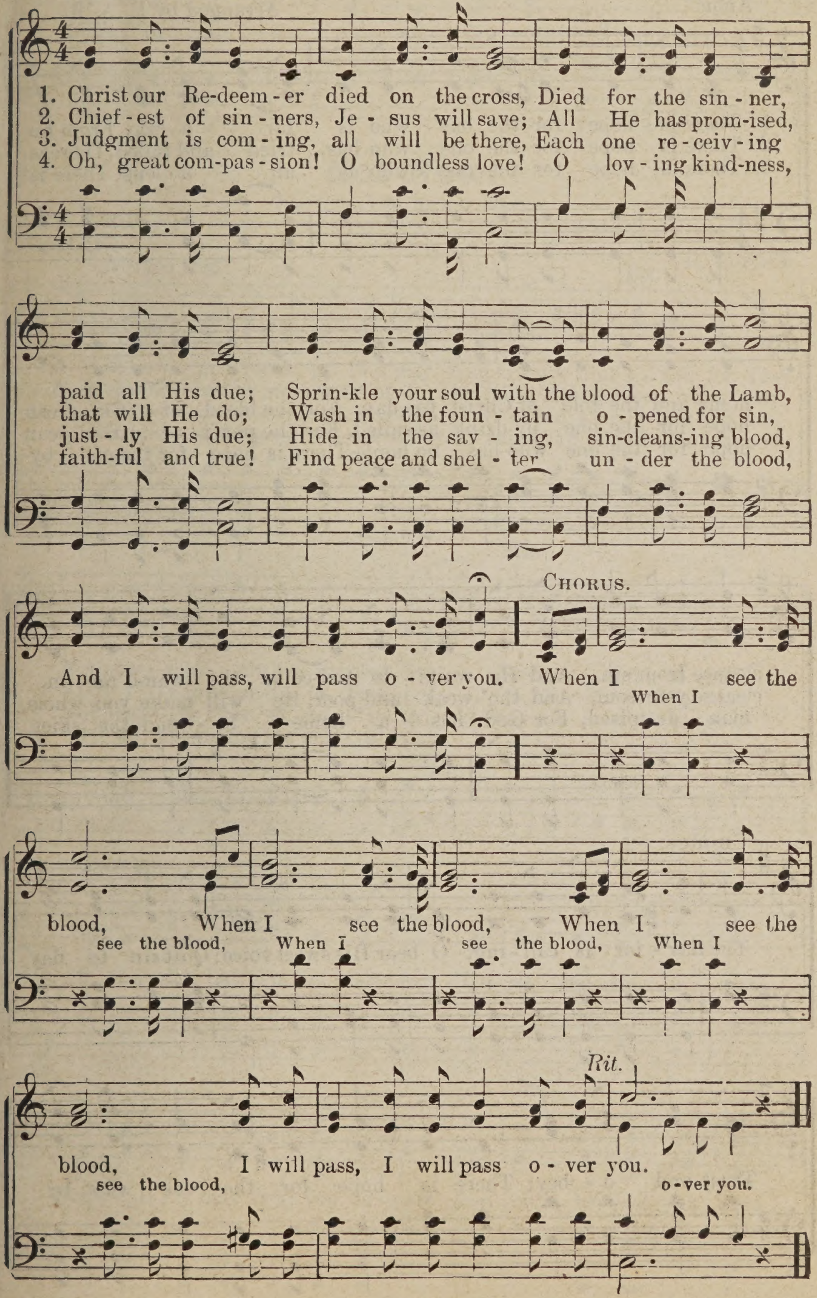
JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



When I See the Blood.

By Foot Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.



There is Hope.

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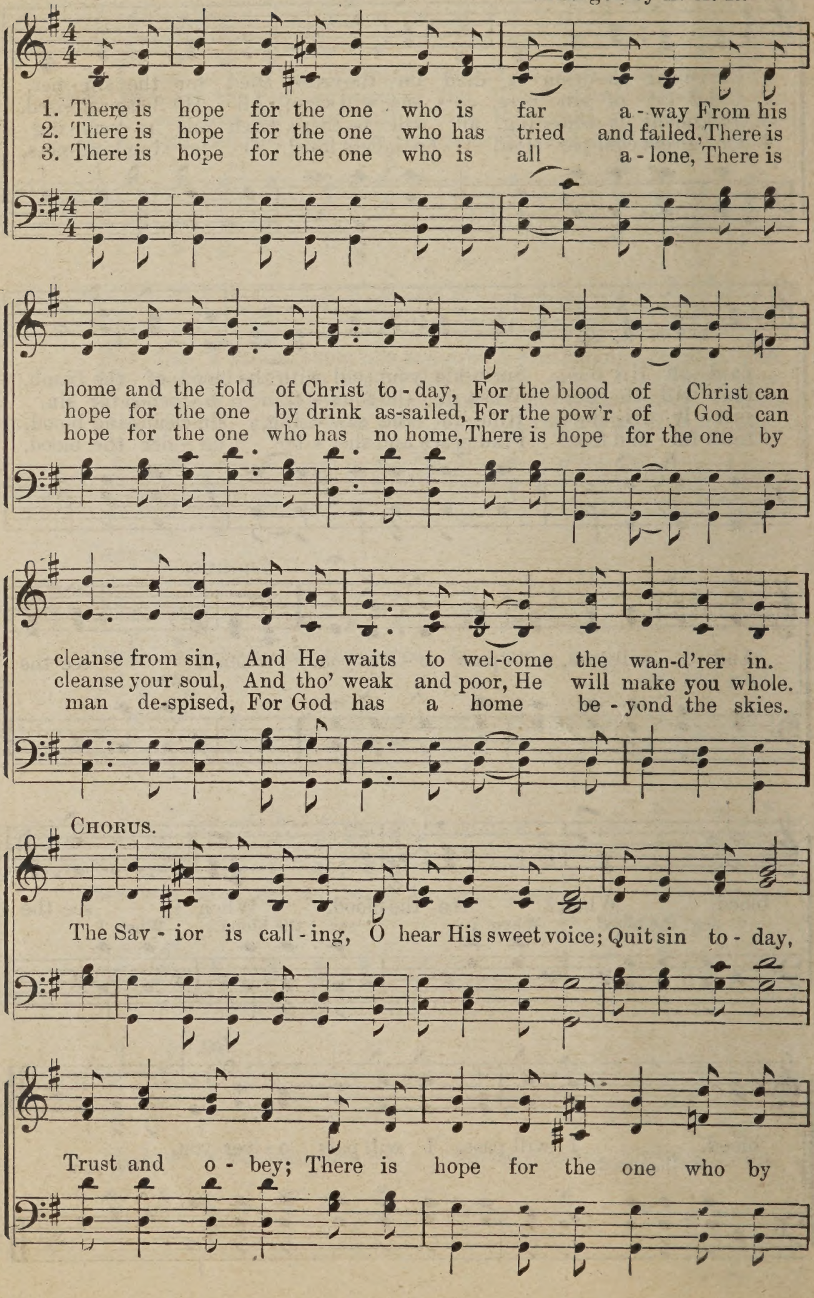
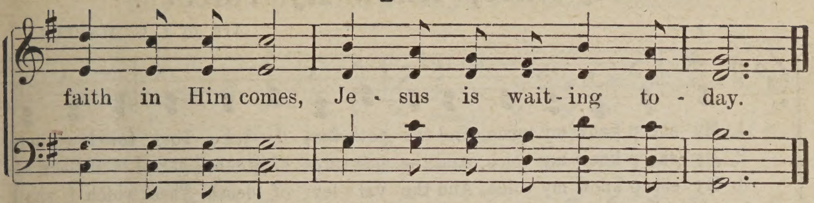
Melody by J. F. Robinson.
Arranged by E. A. R.

Anon.



There is Hope—Concluded.



13 Not Now.

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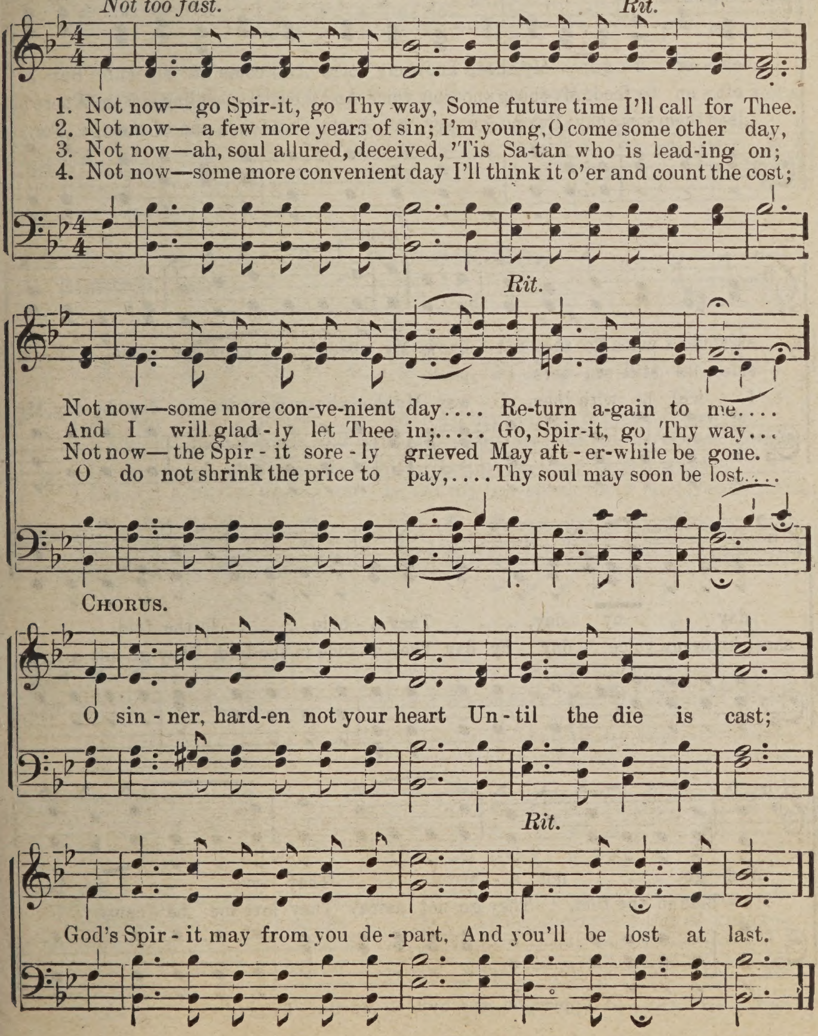
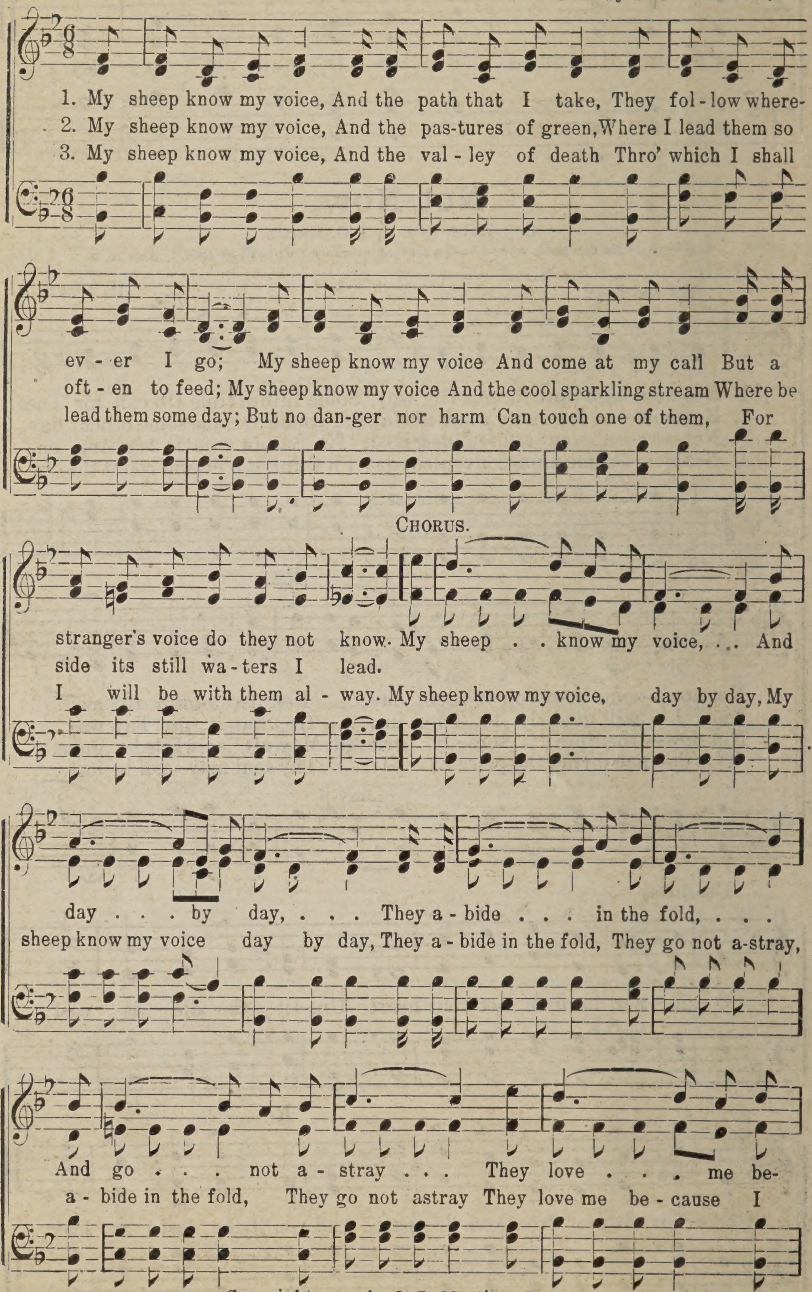
"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Acts 24: 25.

H. B. H. Buffum.



No. 14. My Sheep Know My Voice.

Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.



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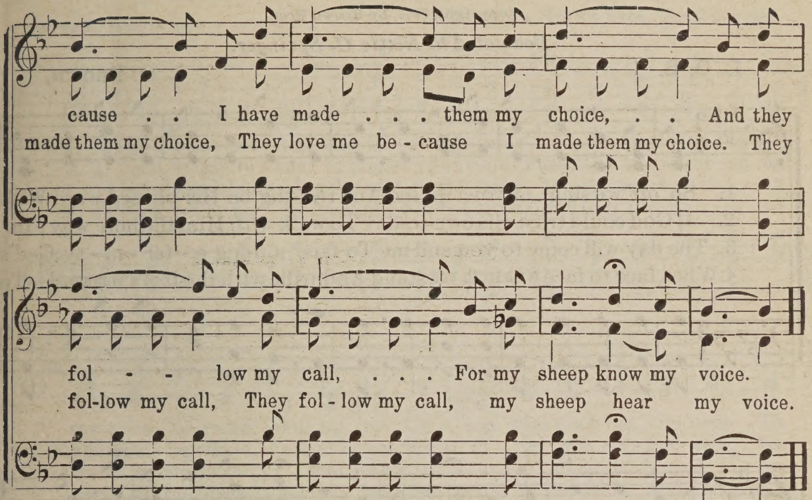
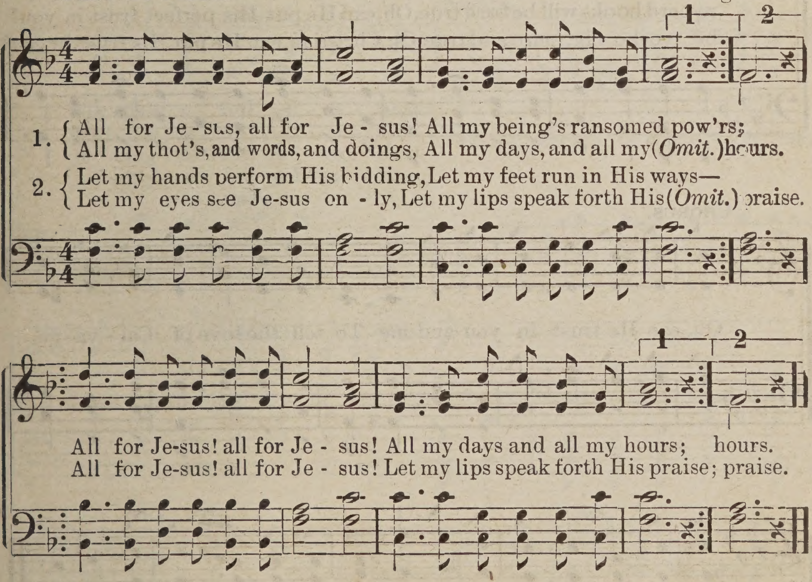
My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.



15

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings :‖

Can He Trust in You and Me?

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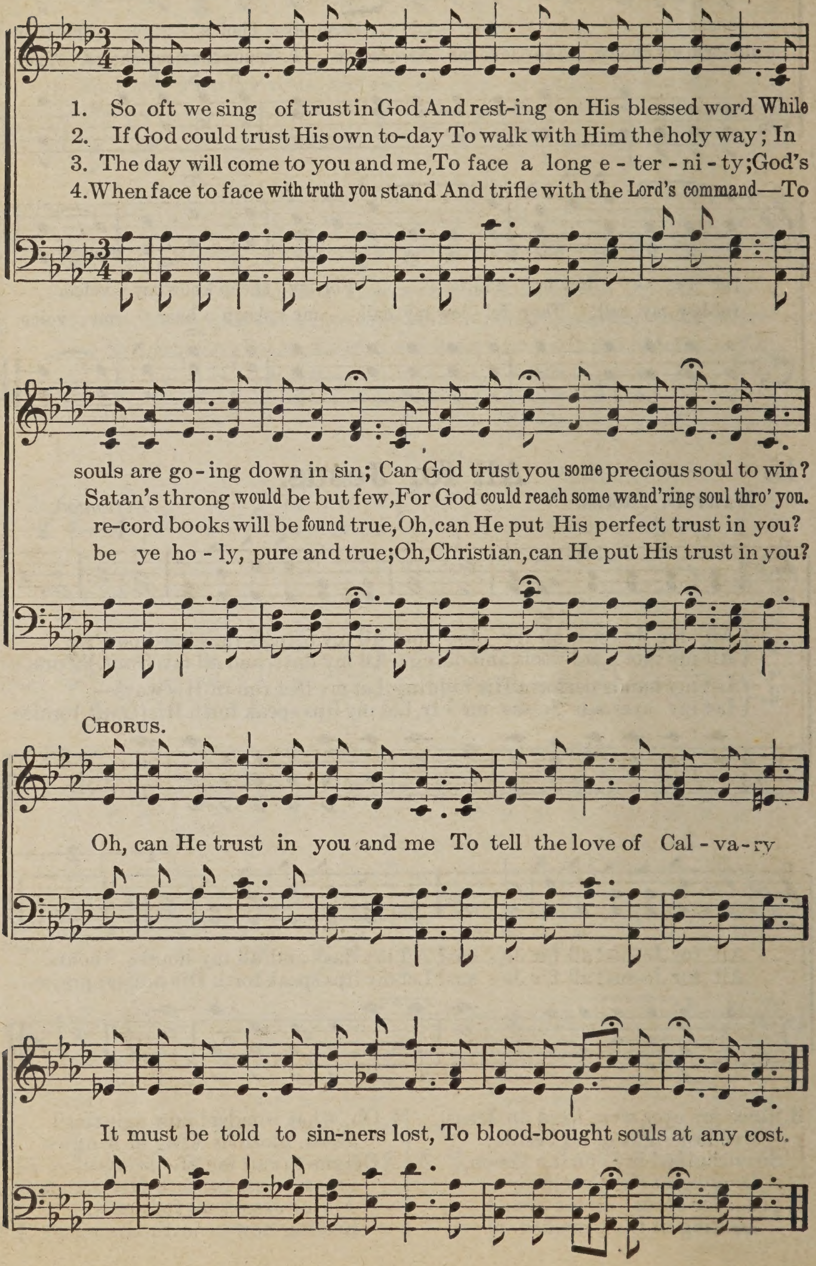
Dedicated to Nettie C. Springer.

L. O. B. L. O. Brown.



17 Beneath the Shade of the Cross.

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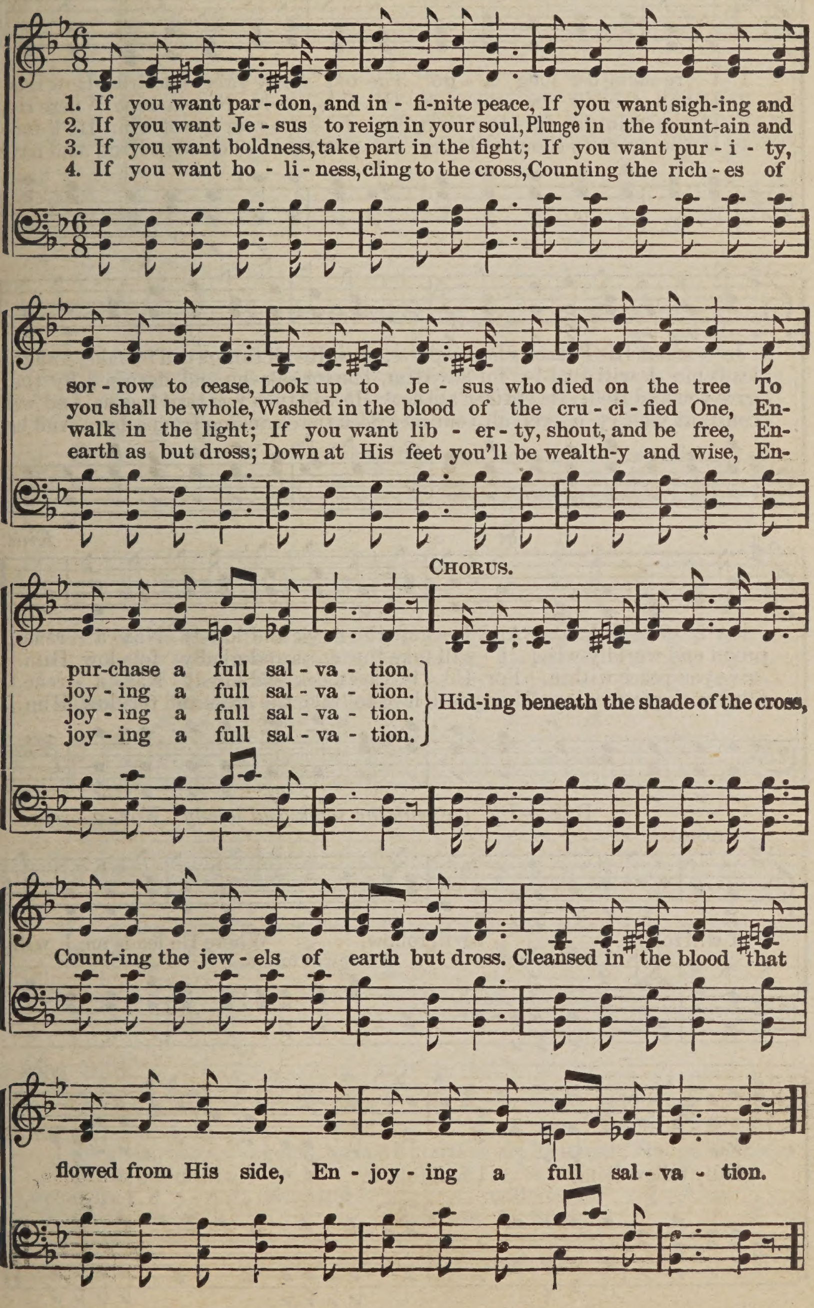
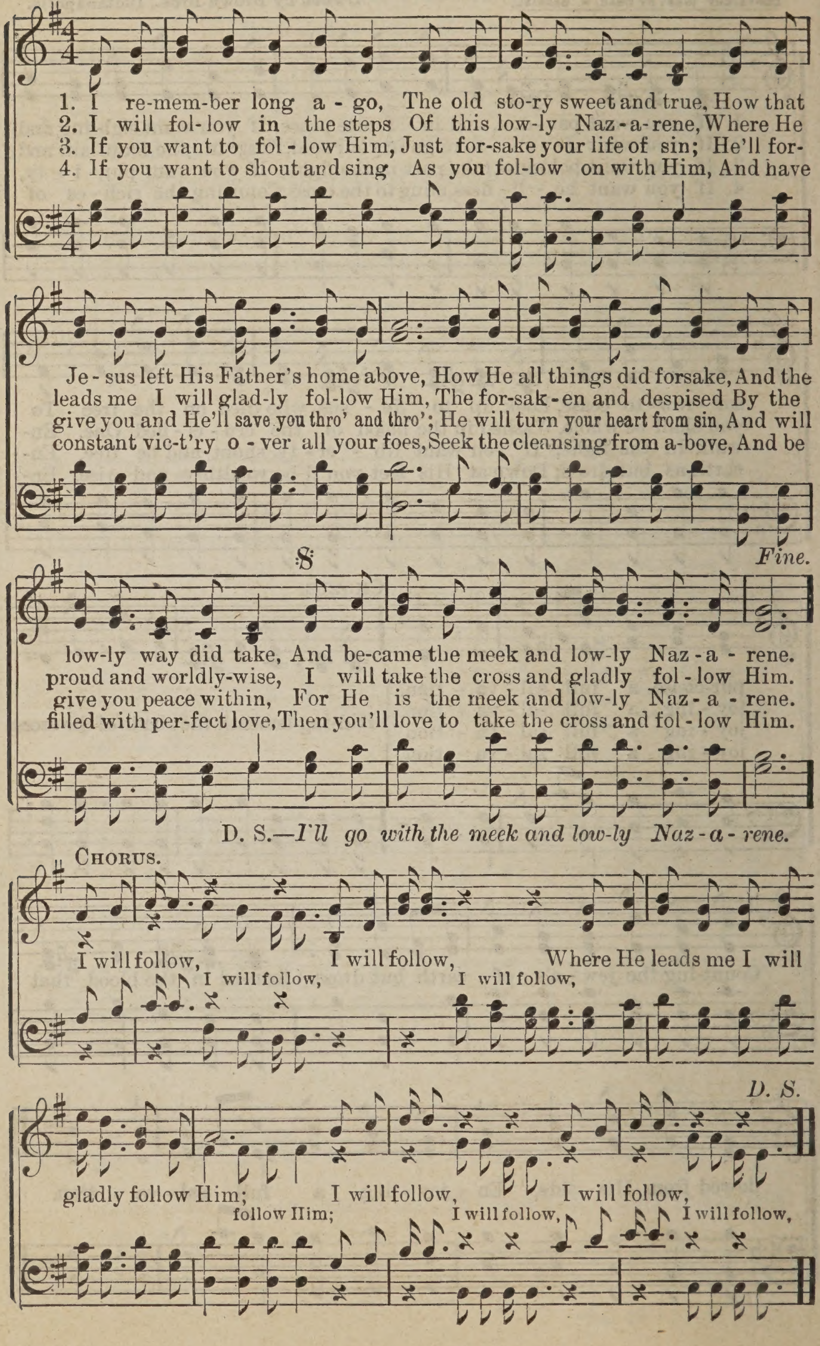


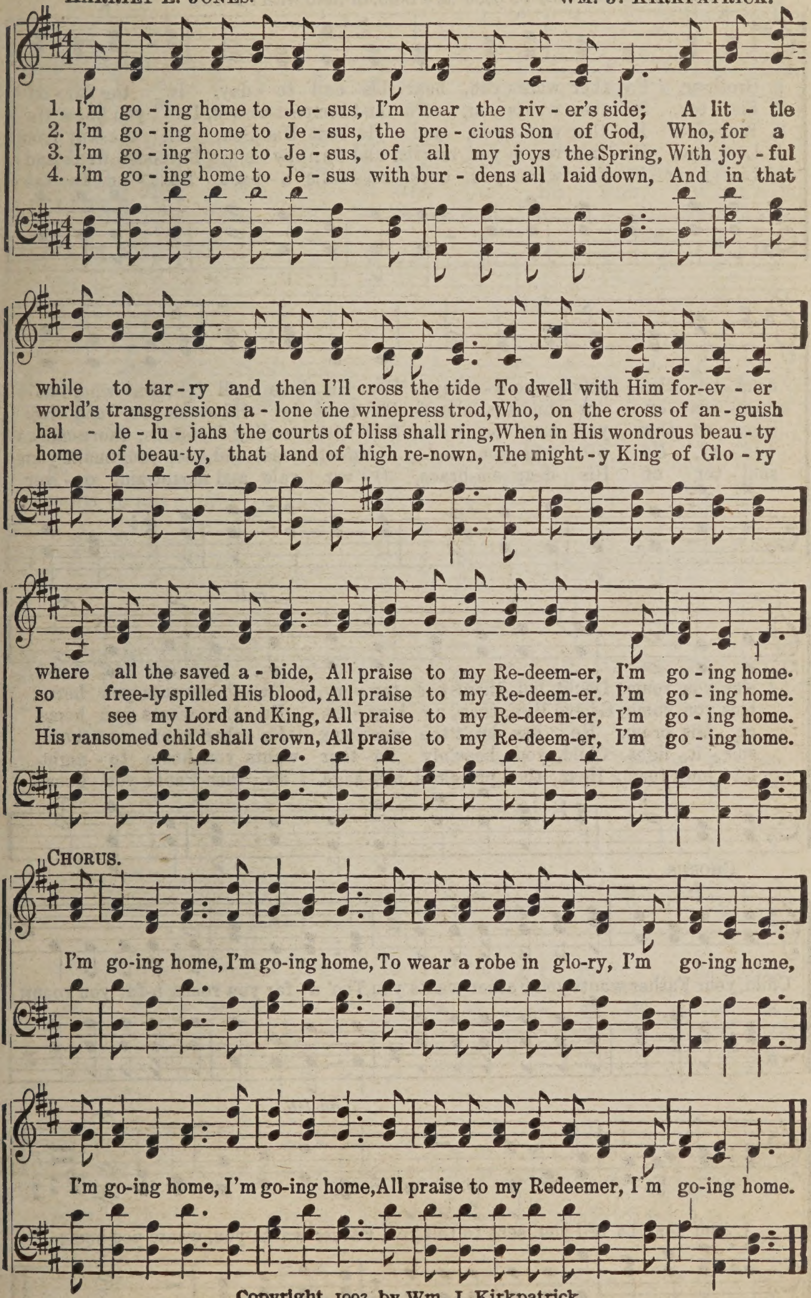
The Lowly Nazarene.

I. G. M. Copyright, 1903, by I. G. Martin. By per. I. G. MARTIN.



I'm Going Home.

HARRIET E. JONES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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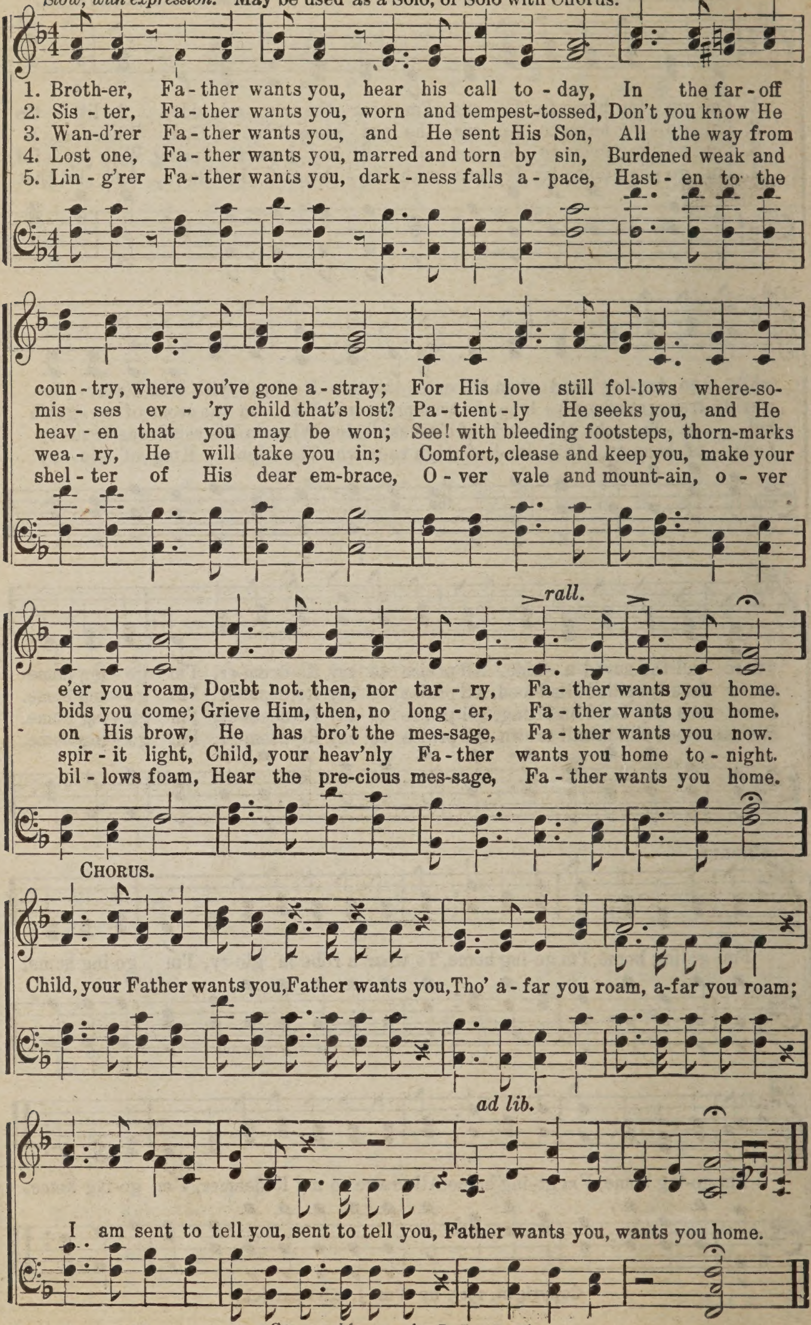
Father Wants You Home.

Mrs. E. F. S. — Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

Slow, with expression. May be used as a Solo, or Solo with Chorus.



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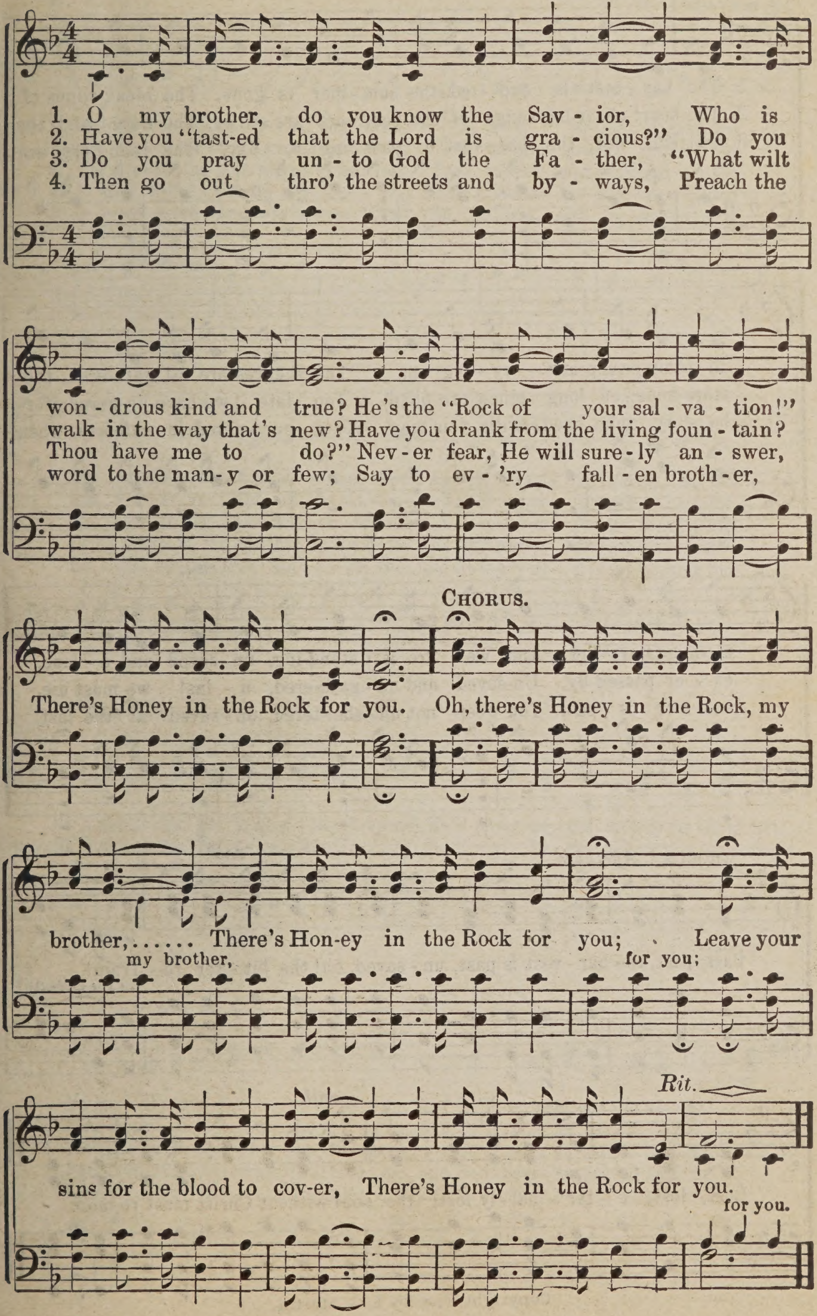
Honey in the Rock.

Copyright, 1895, by F. A. Graves. By per.

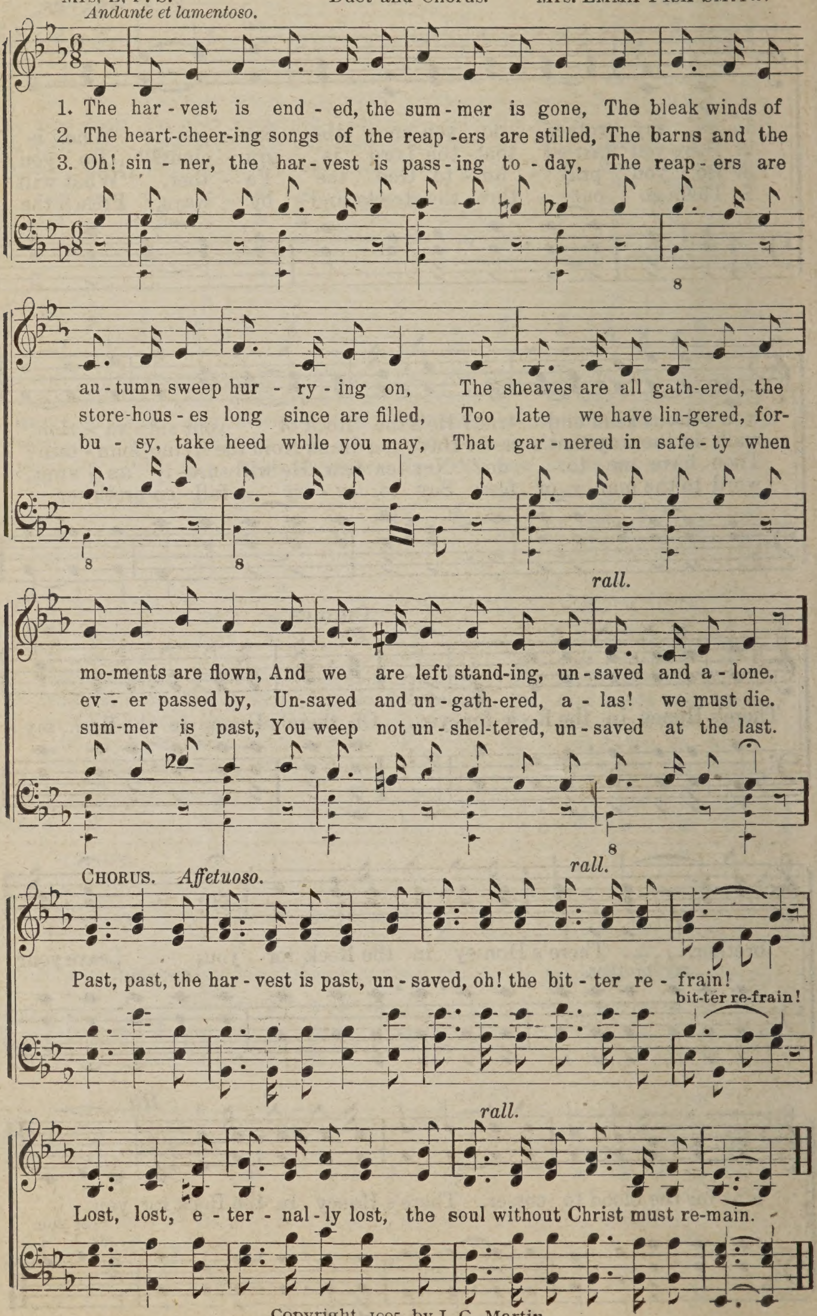
F. A. G. F. A. Graves.



Unsaved.

"The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. 8: 20.

Mrs. E. F. S. Duet and Chorus. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.



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23 He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

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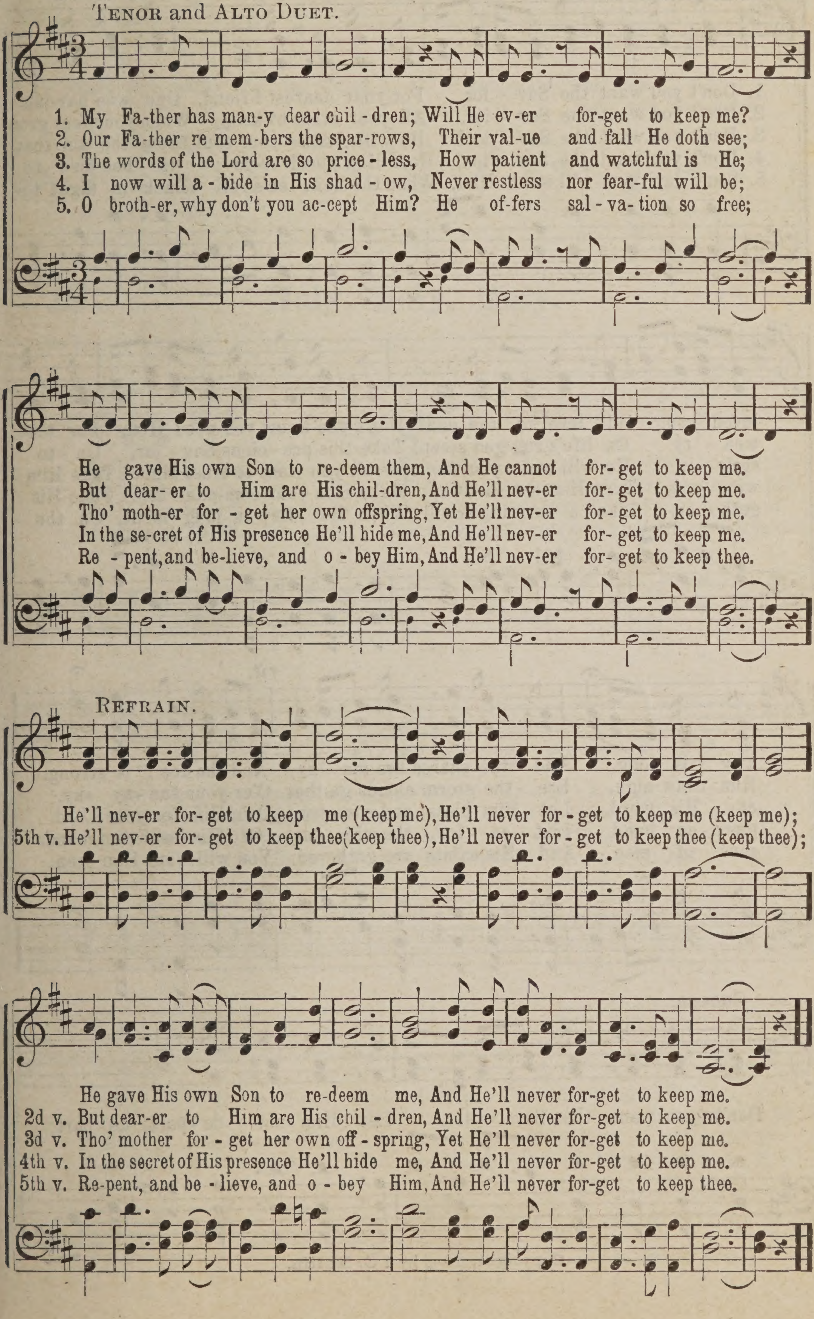
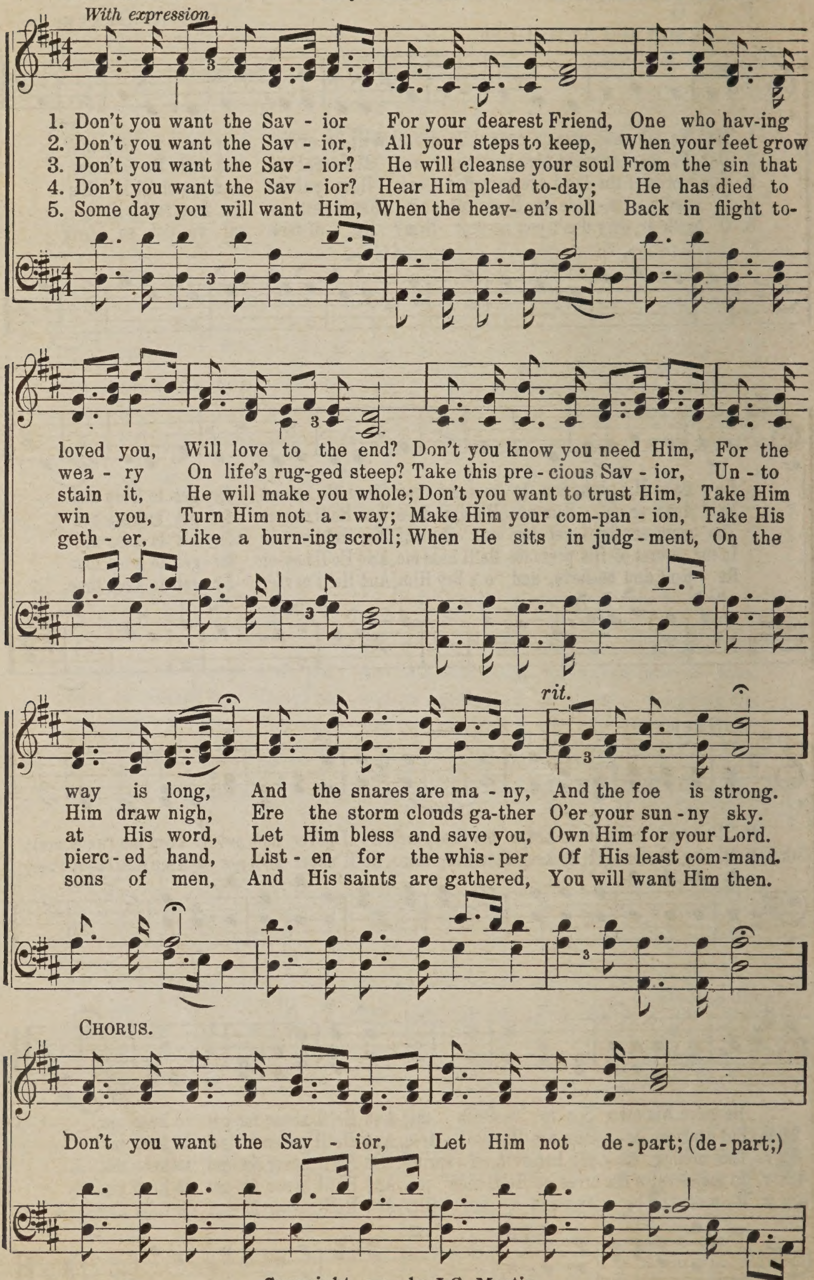
F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.



Don't You Want the Savior?

Mrs. E. F. S. May be used as a Solo. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.



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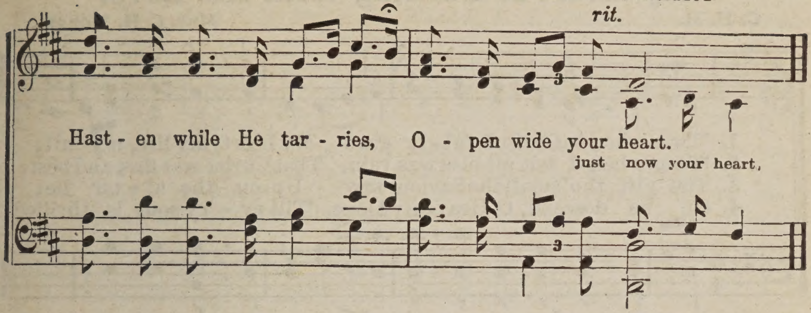
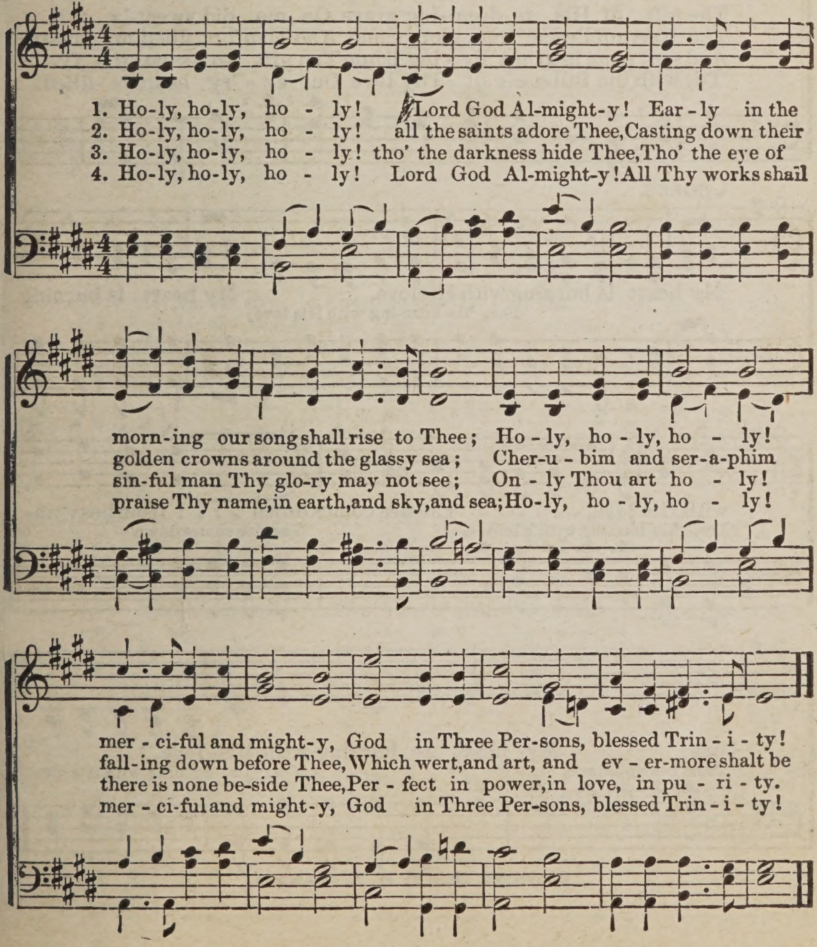
Don't You Want the Saivor? Concluded.



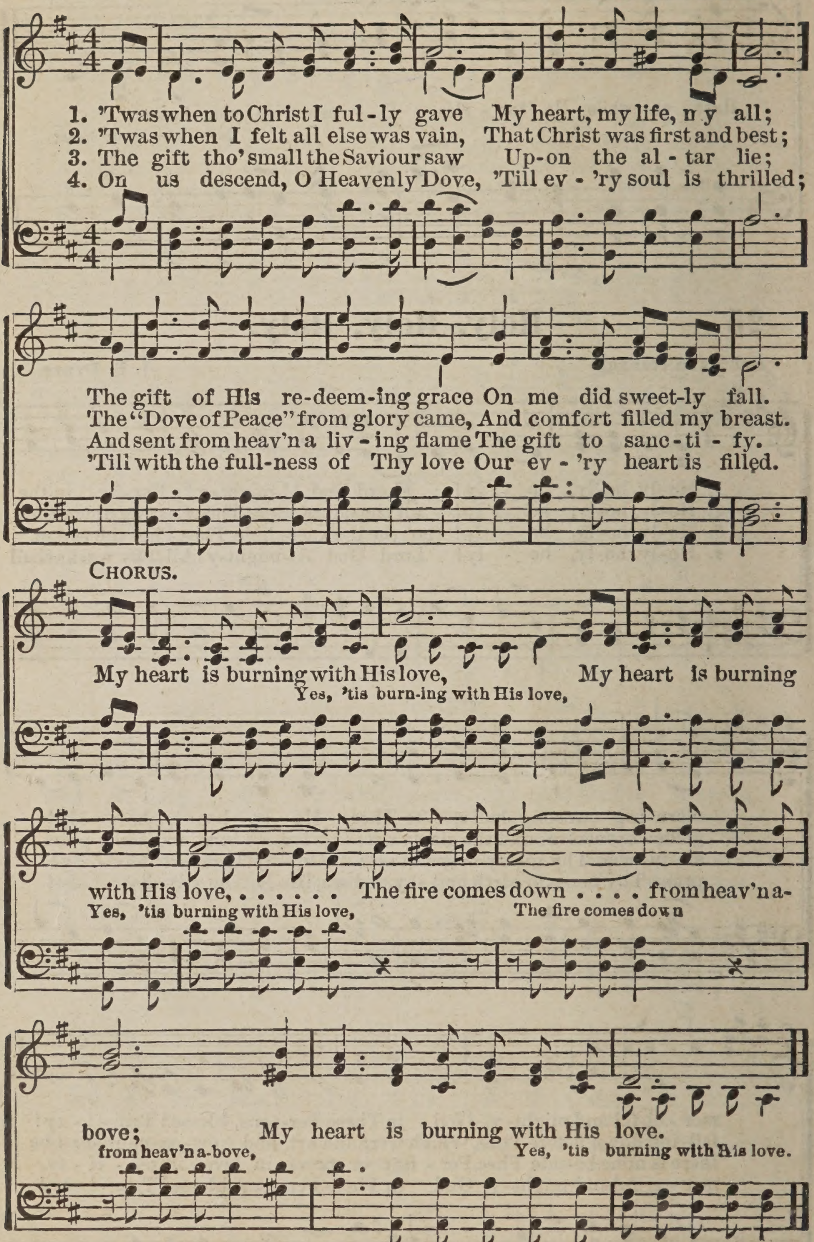
25 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. J. B. Dykes.



My Heart Is Burning With His Love.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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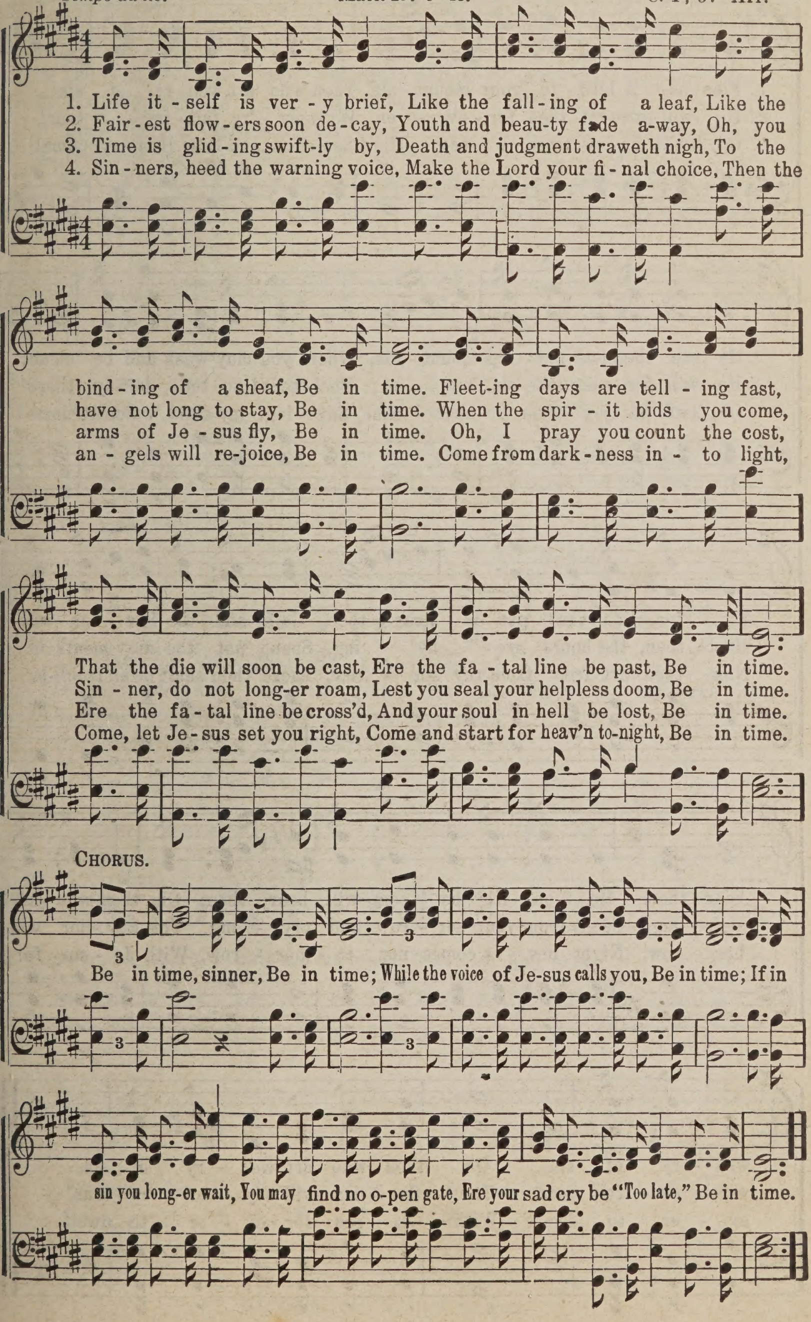
Be In Time.

As sung by Evangelists C. H. Mason, Jas. Waddell, R. H. J. Clarke, N. Stewart, et al.

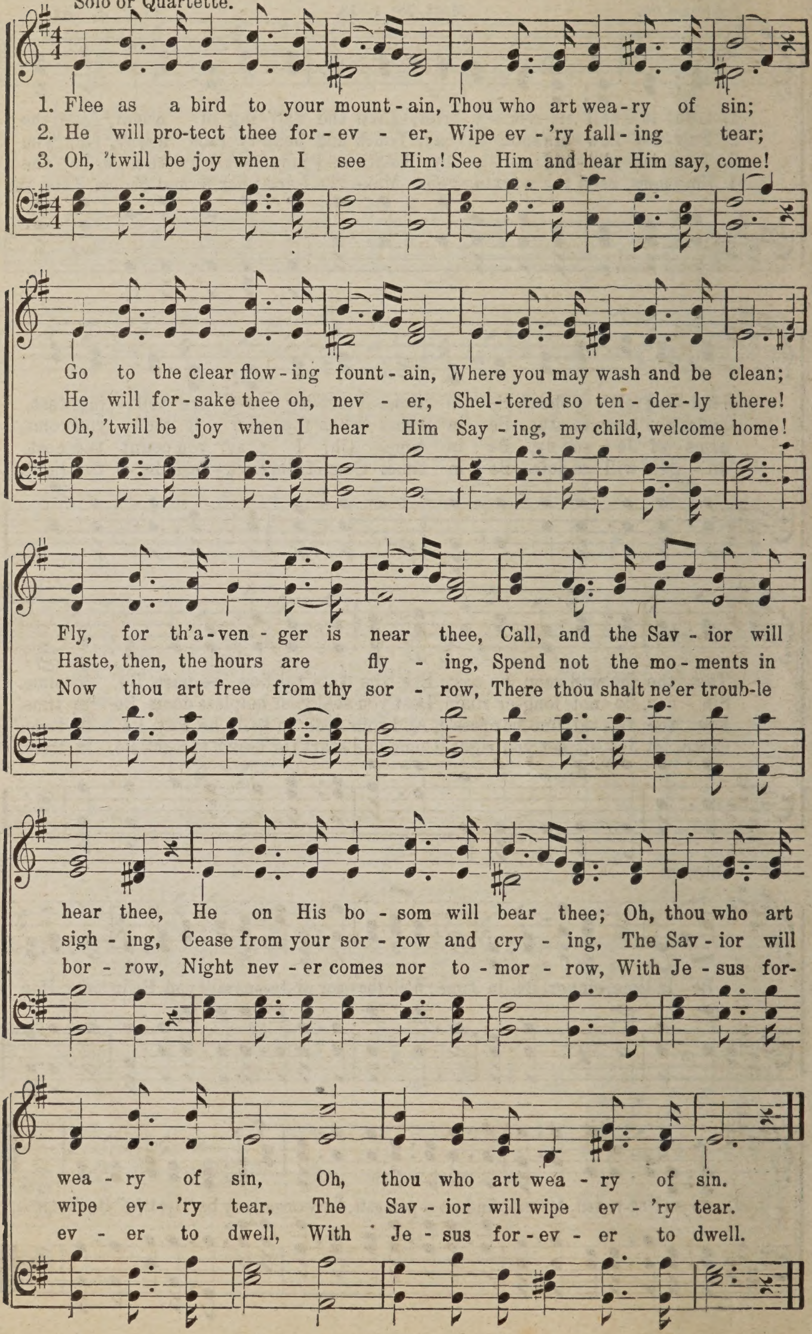
Tempo ad lib. Matt. 25: 1—13. C. P, J. Arr.



Flee as a Bird.

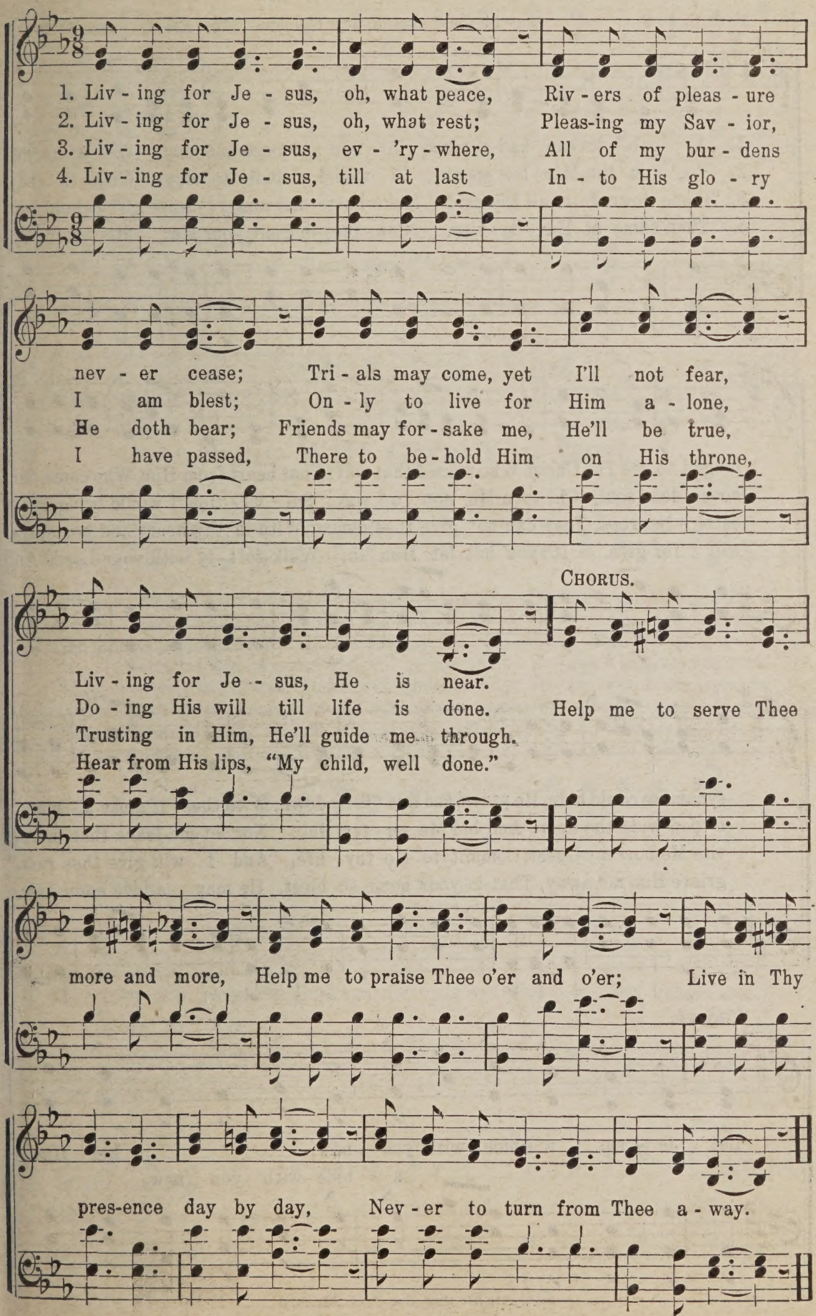
MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

Solo or Quartette.



Living for Jesus.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.



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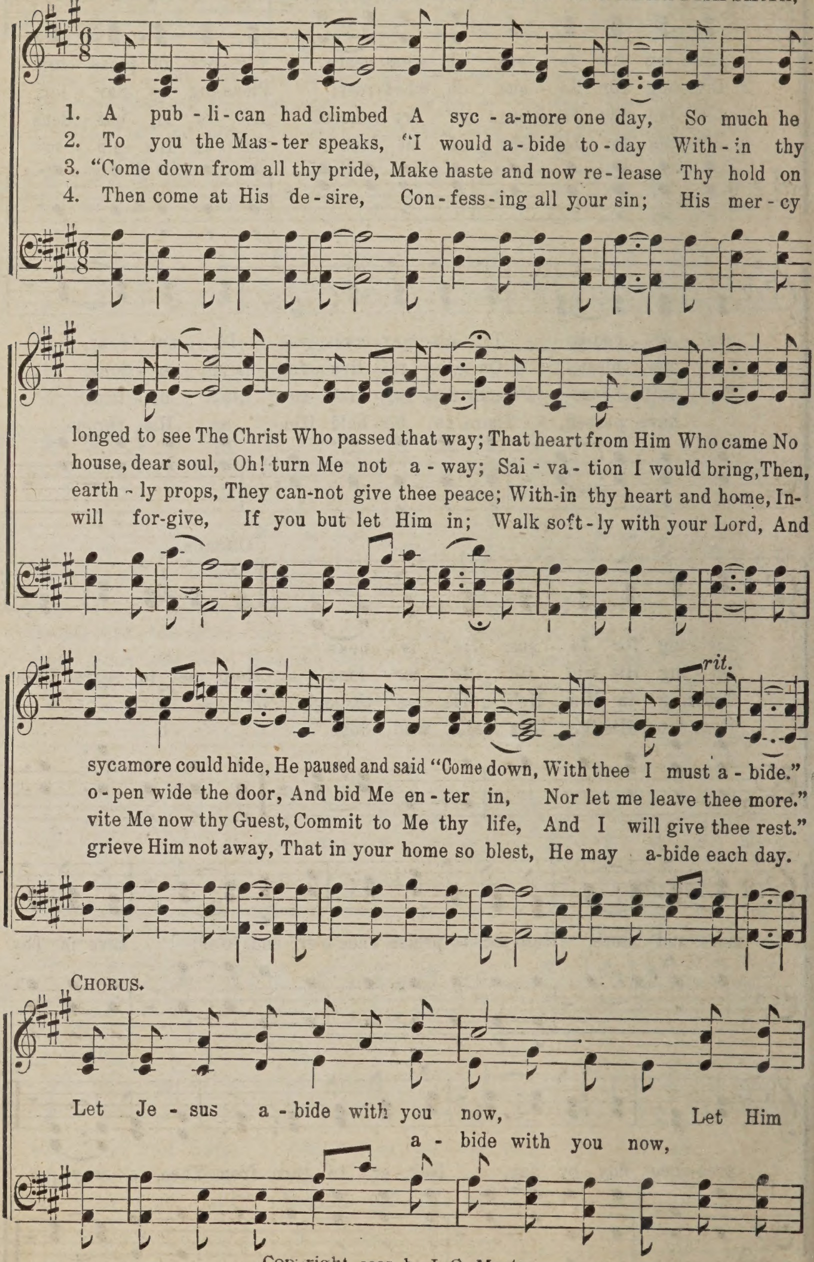
Let Jesus Abide With You.

Luke xix, 5, Today I must abide at thy house.

Mrs. E. F. S. May be used as Solo and Chorus. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.



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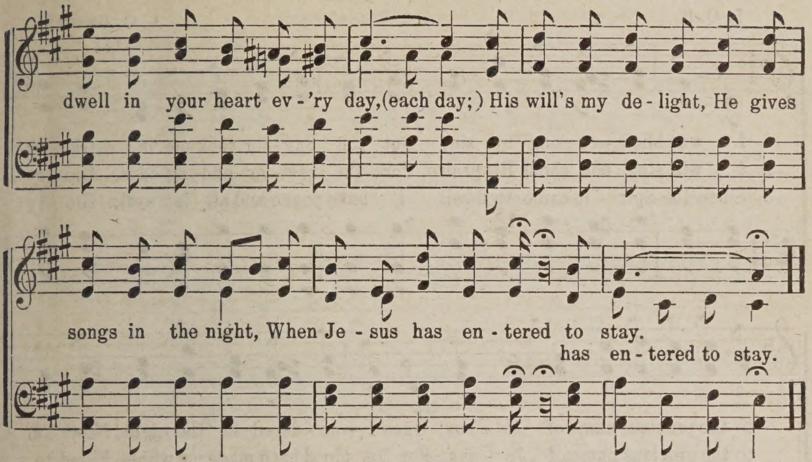
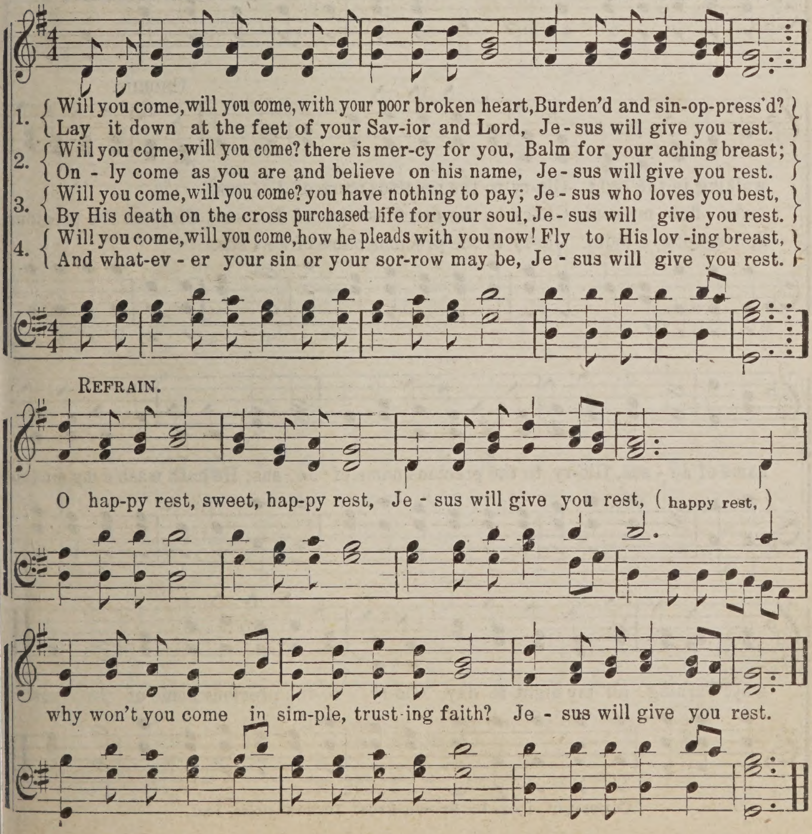
Let Jesus Abide With You. Concluded.



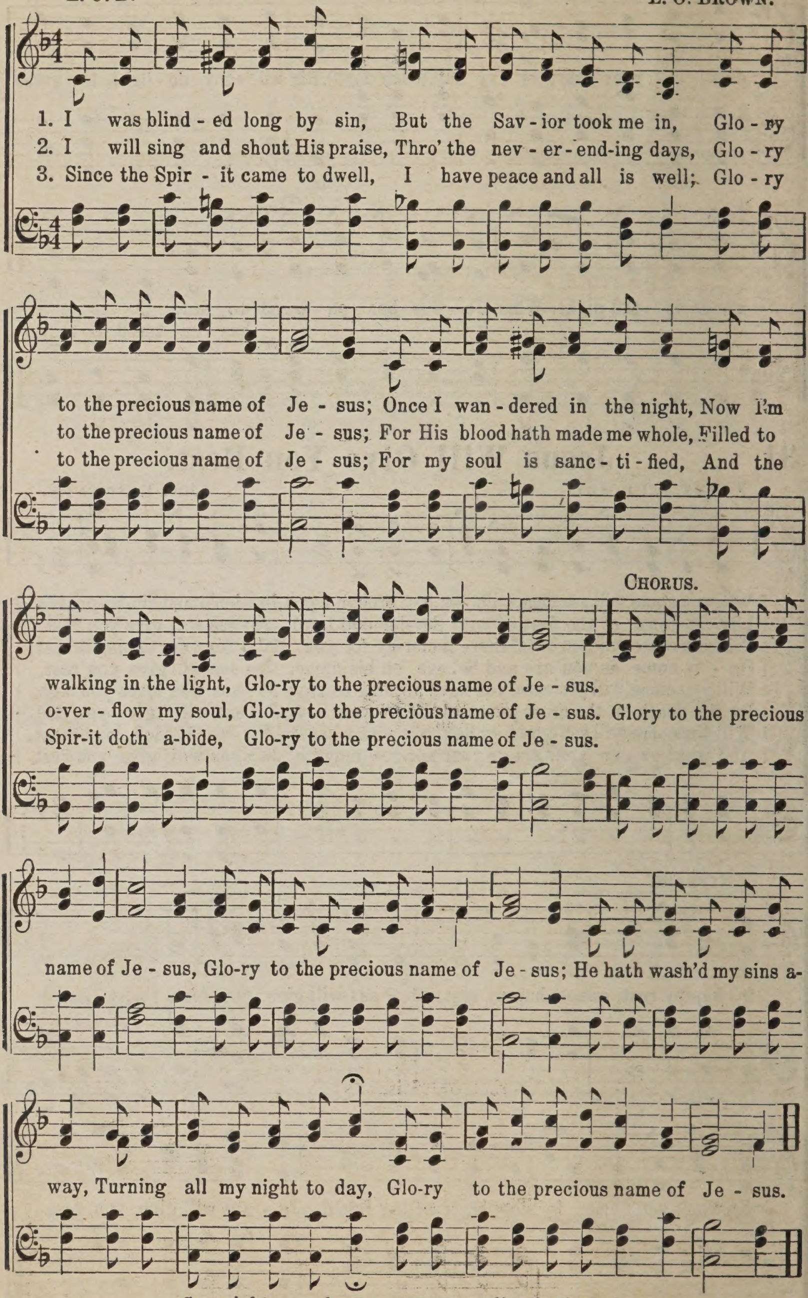
31 Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



32 Glory to the Precious Name of Jesus.

L. O. B. L. O. Brown.



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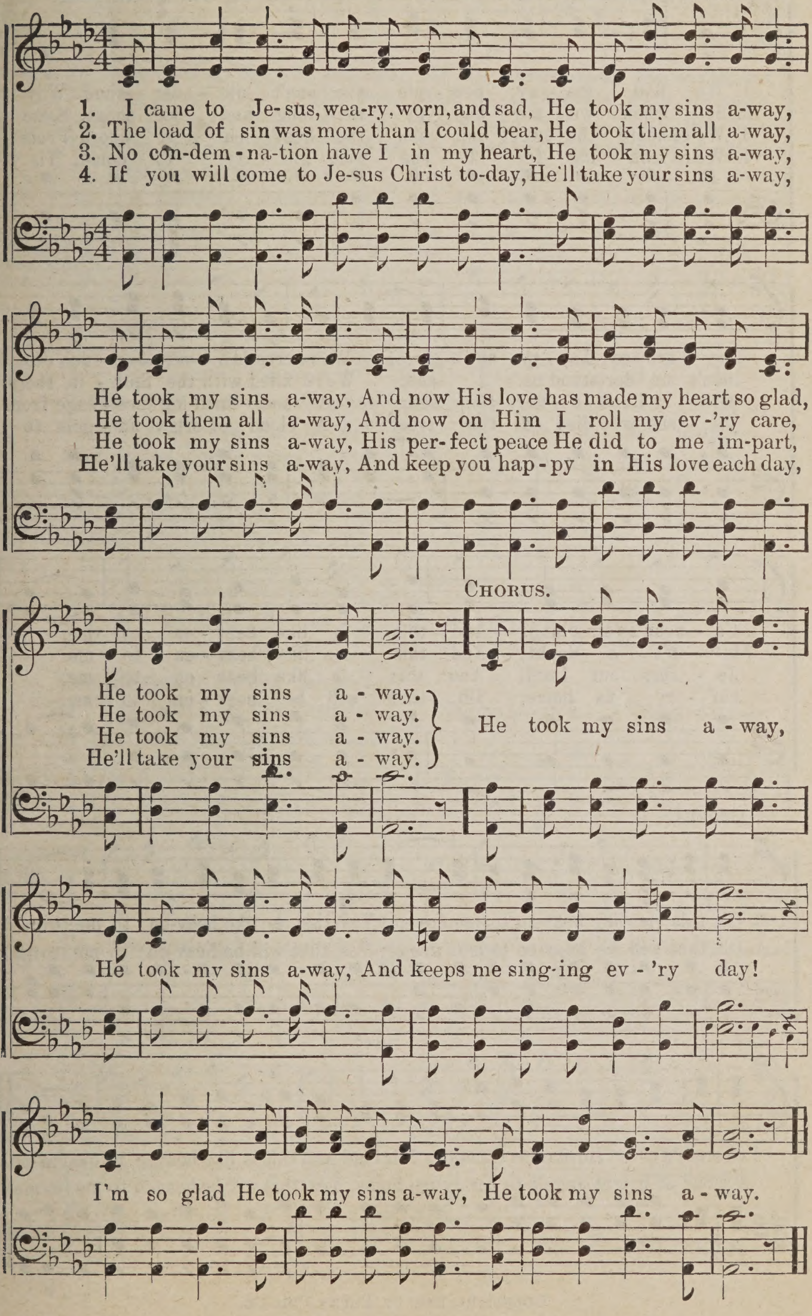
33 He Took My Sins Away.

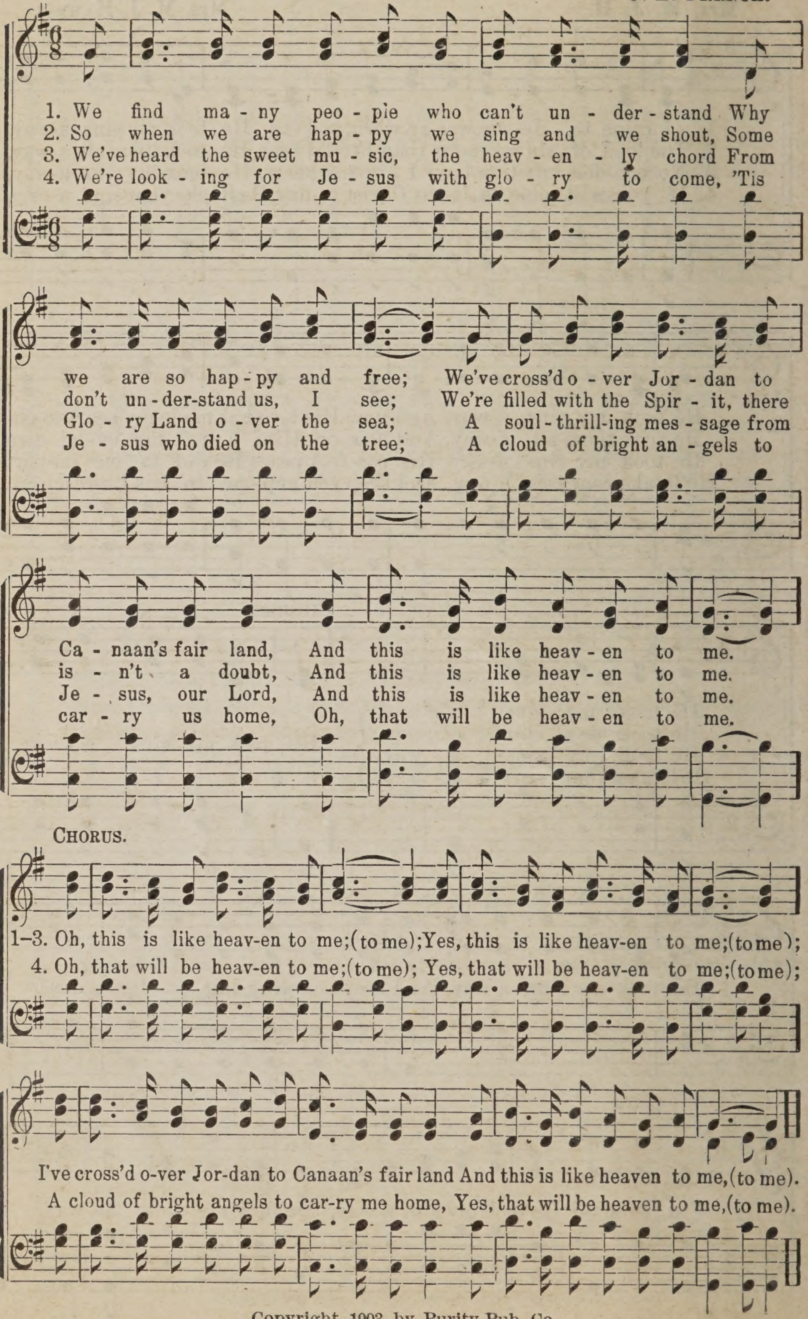
Copyright, 1903, by M. J. Harris. By per.

Mrs. M. J. H. | Mrs. M. J. Harris.



This is Like Heaven to Me.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.



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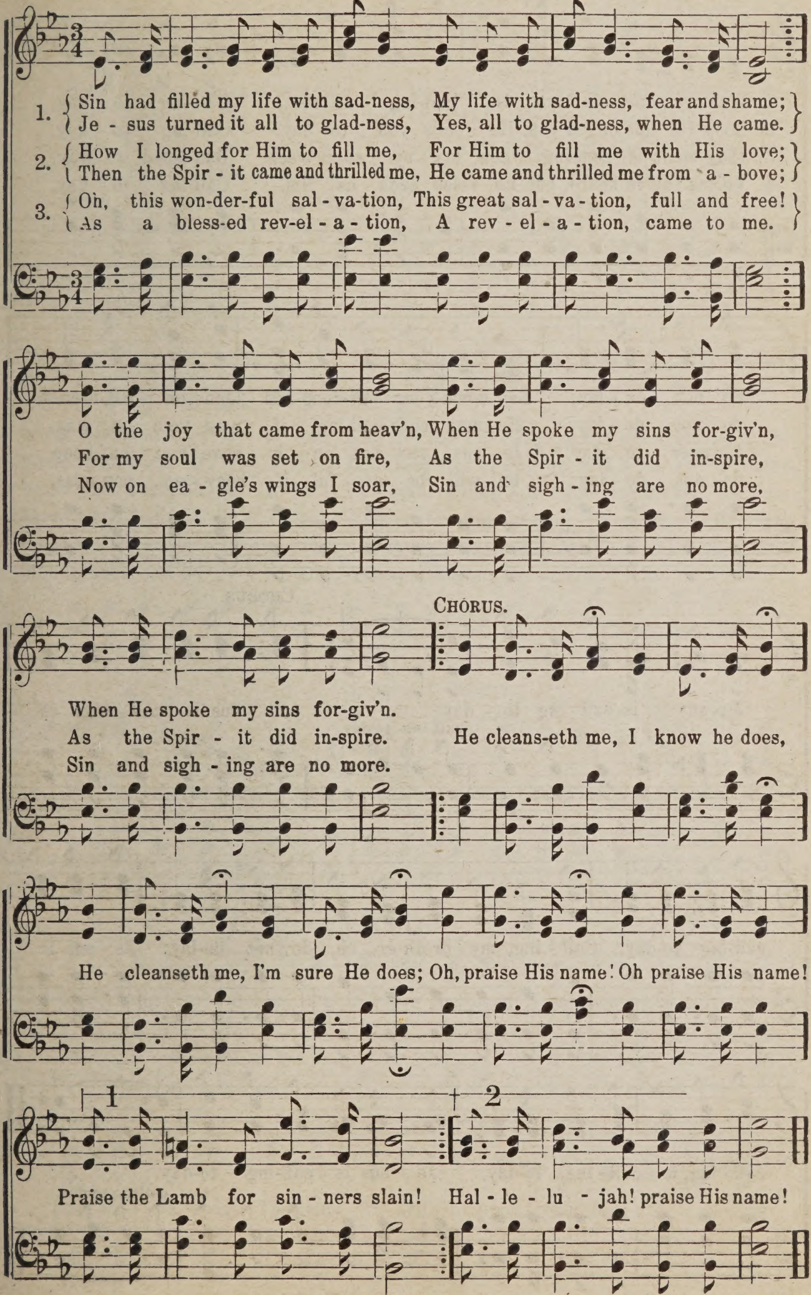
He Cleanseth Me.

C. E. Rowley. Melody and words in chorus by T. P. Hamilton.



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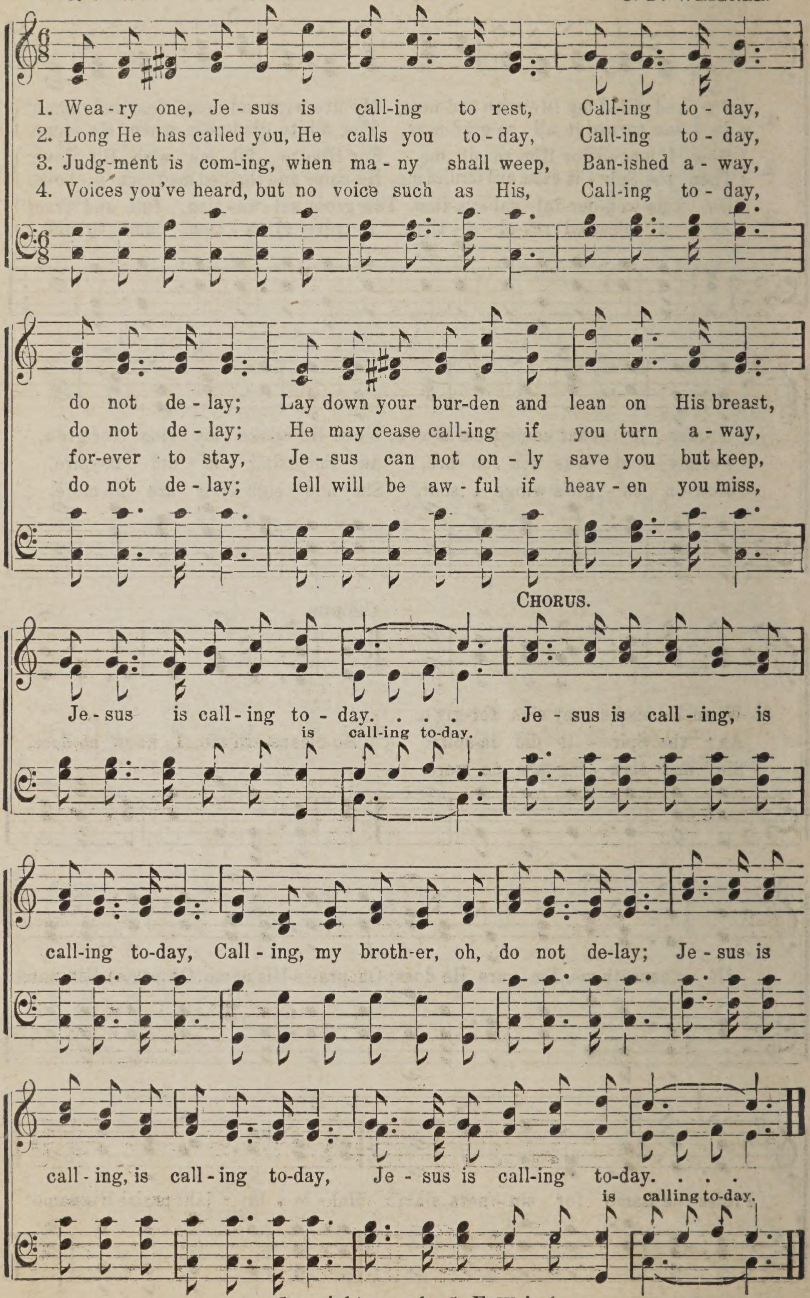
Jesus is Calling Today.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.



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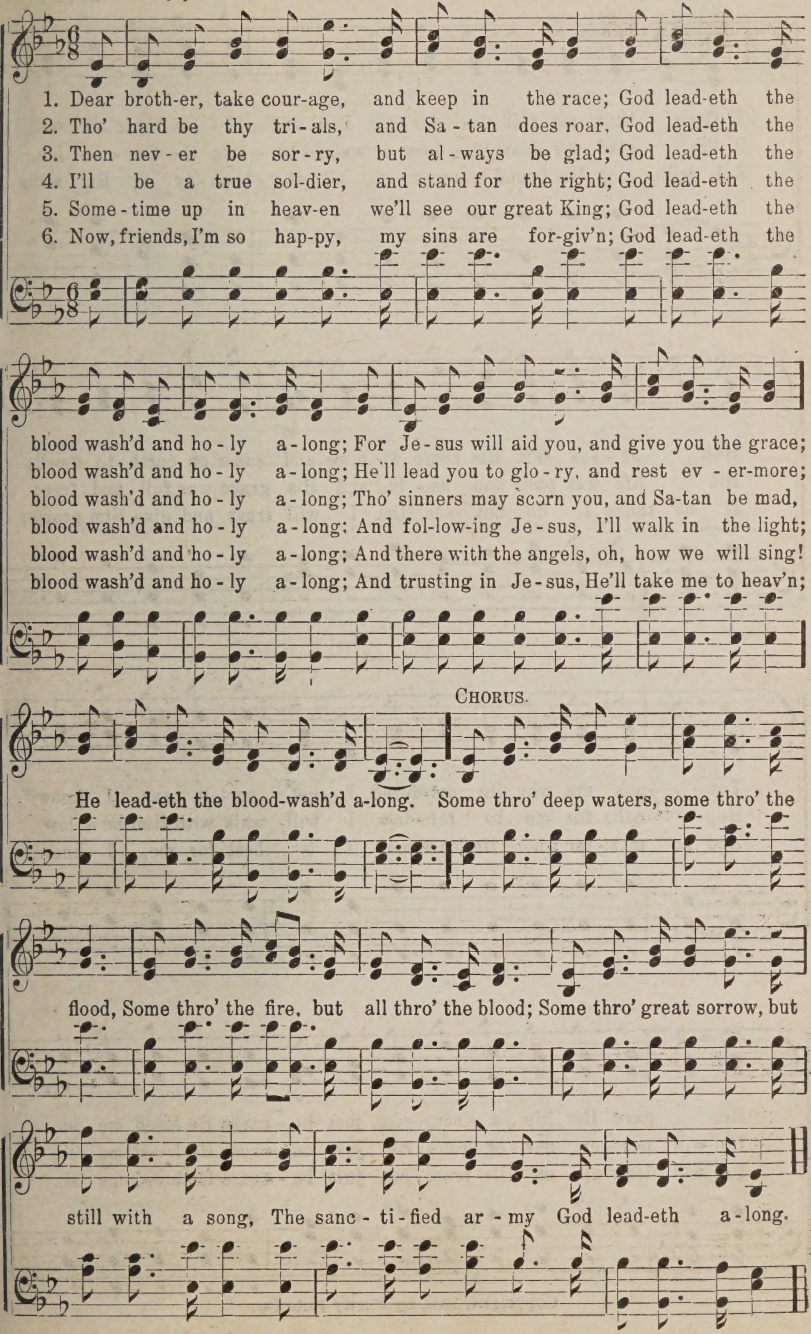
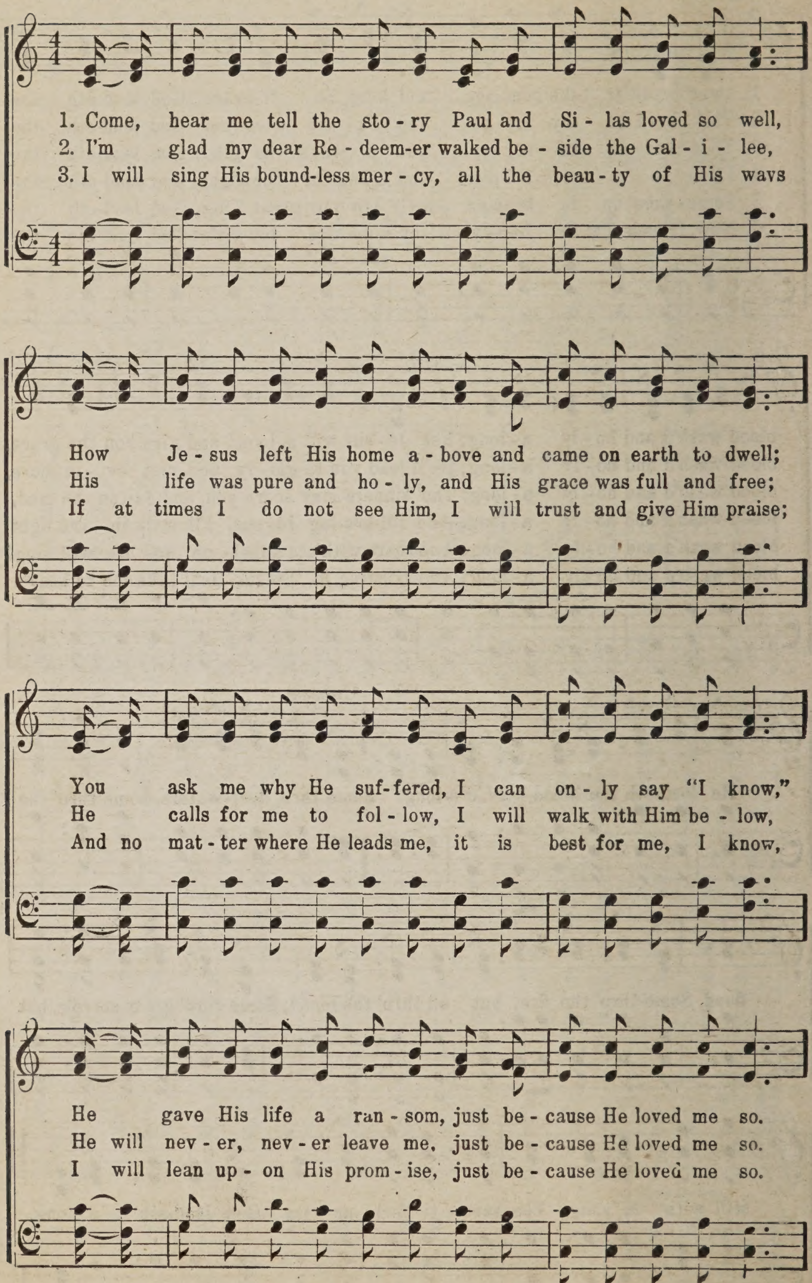
No. 37. He Leadeth the Sanctified.

F. M. G. By per. Melody anon.



No. 38. Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. French. J. E. F.



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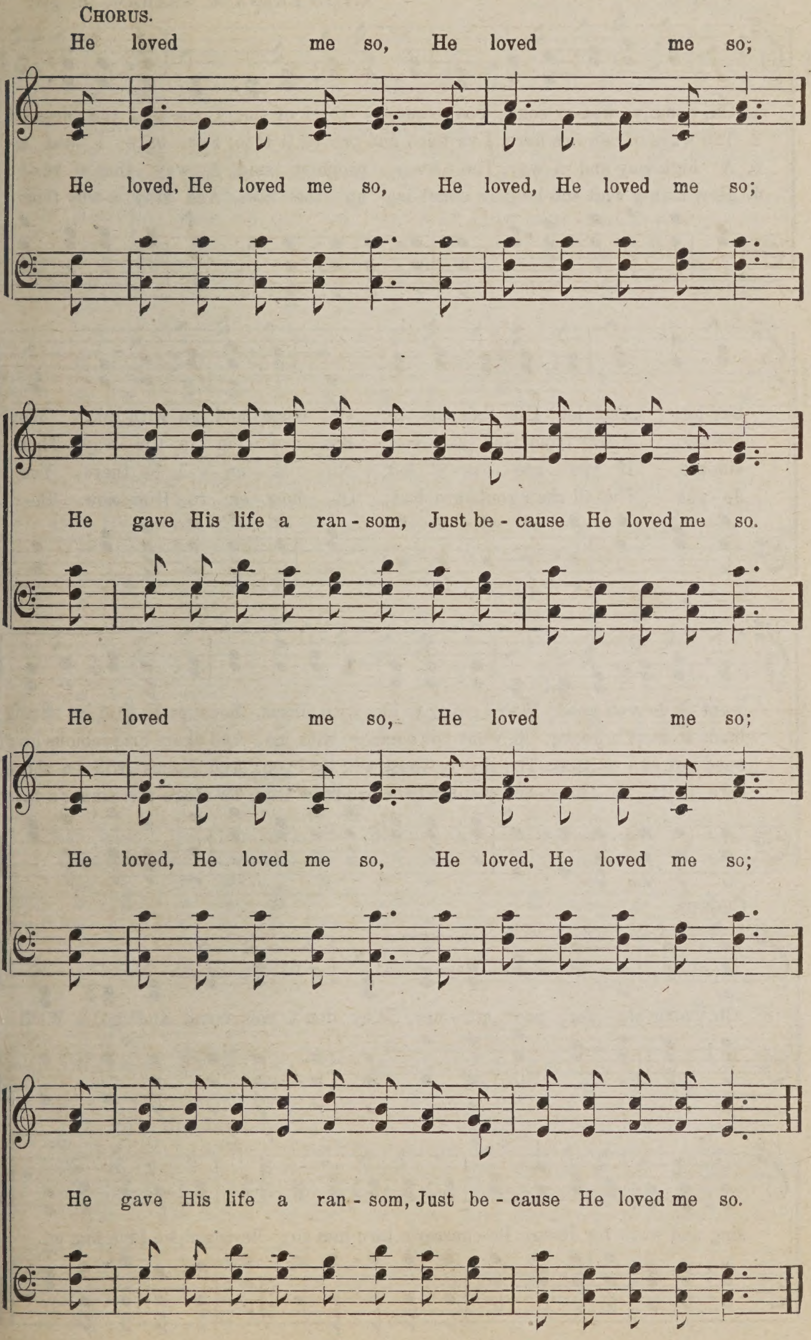
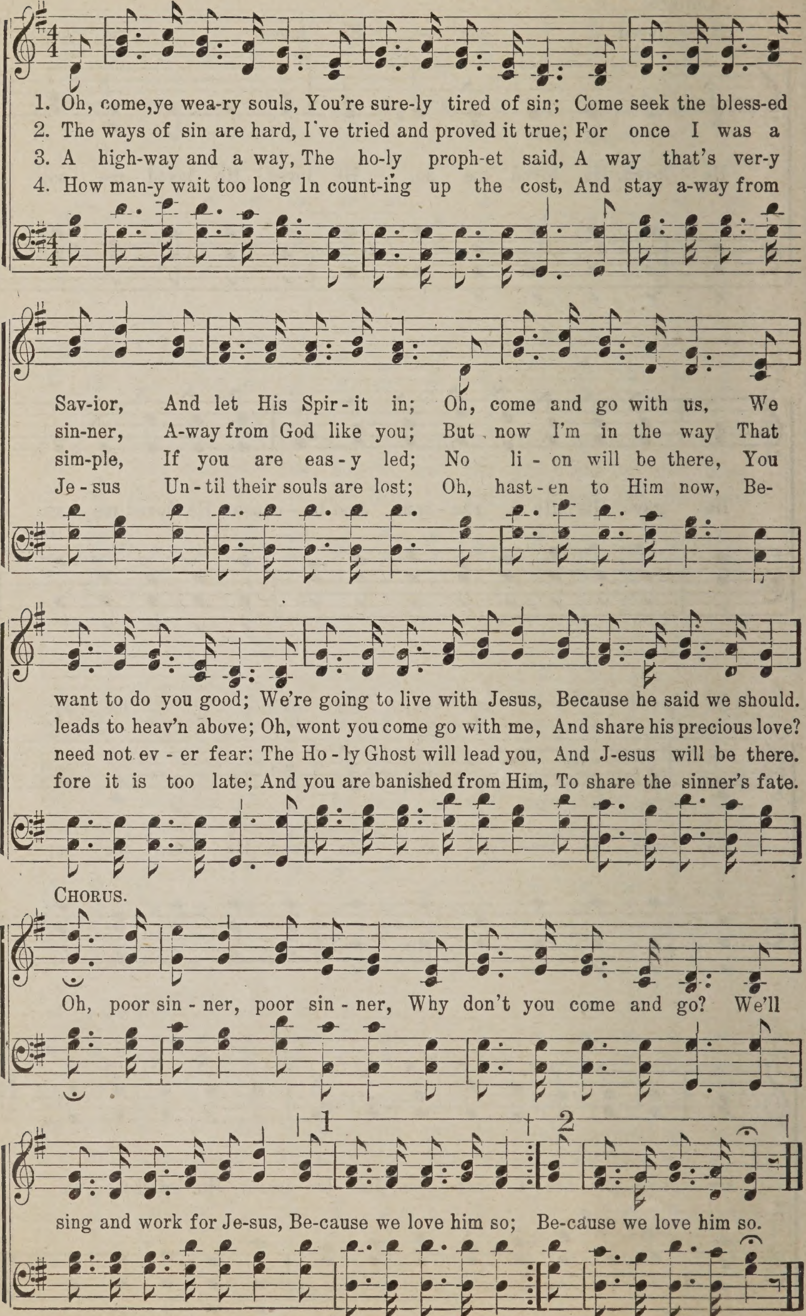
Just Because He Loved Me So. Concluded.



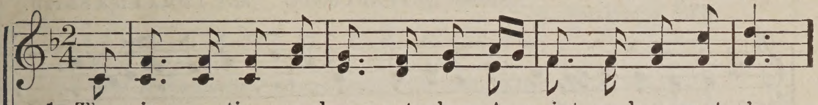
Come and Go.

F. M. G. Arr. by FRANK M. GRAHAM. By per.

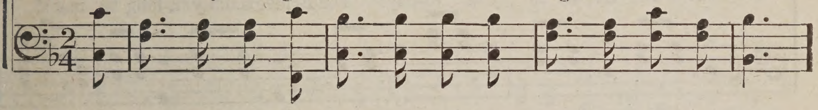


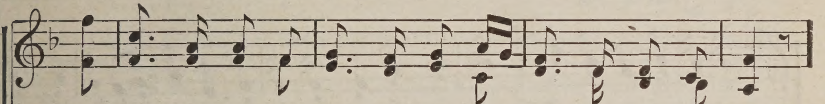
The Death Line.

Addison. Chorus by M. W. K. Scotch. Arr. and adapted.

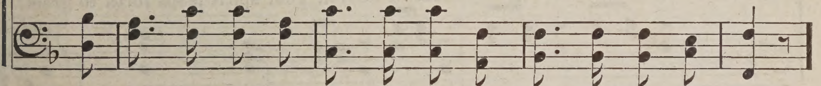


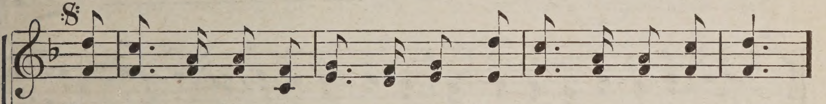
1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, To die as if by stealth;
3. But on that fore-head God has set In - del - i - bly a mark,
4. He thinks or feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?



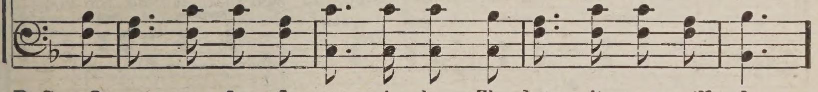


That marks the des - ti - ny of man To glo - ry or de - spair;
It does not quench the beam-ing eye, Or fade the glow of health;
Un - seen by man, for man, as yet, Is blind and in the dark;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed but damned!
Where does hope end, and where be - gin The con - fines of de - spair?



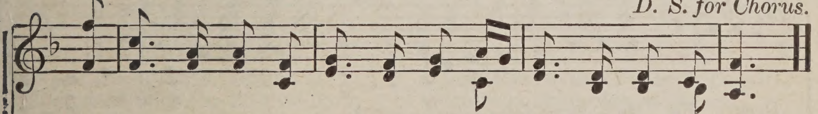


There is a line, by us un-seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path;
The conscience may be still at ease, The spir - it light and gay,
And yet the doomed man's path be - low Like E - den may have bloomed,
Oh, where is this mys- ter - ious bourn By which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, Ye that from God de - part,

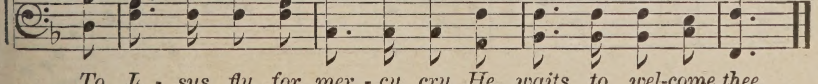


D. S.—*O come to - day, do not de - lay, Too late it soon will be;*

D. S. for Chorus.



The hid - den bound-a - ry between God's pa-tience and His wrath.
That which is pleas-ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way:
He did not, does not, will not know Or feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which God Himself hath sworn That he who goes is lost?
While it is called "to-day" re - pent, And hard - en not your heart.

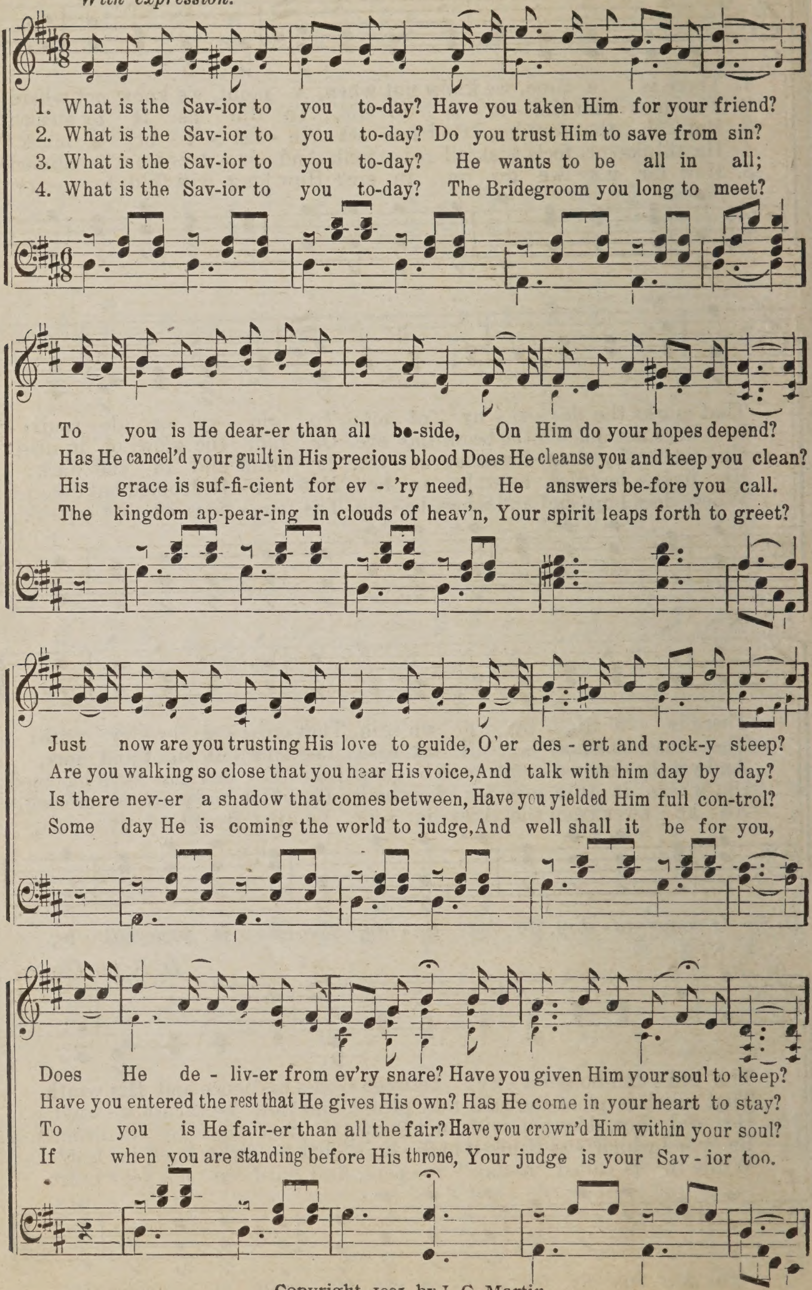


To Je - sus fly, for mer - cy cry, He waits to wel-come thee.

What is the Savior to You?

Mrs. E. F. S. Soprano Solo with Chorus. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

With expression.



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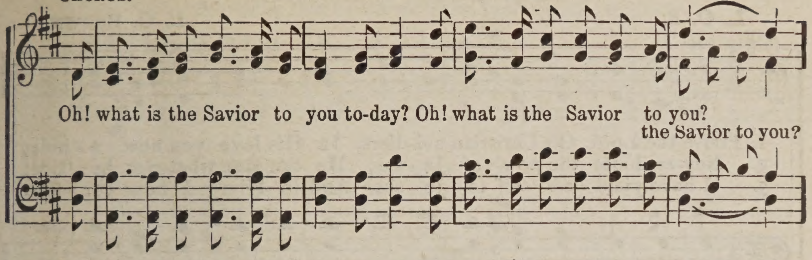
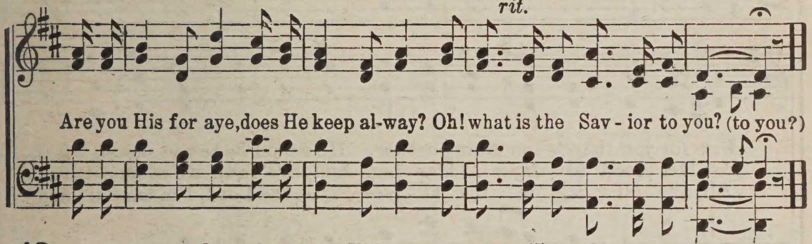
What is the Savior to You? Concluded.

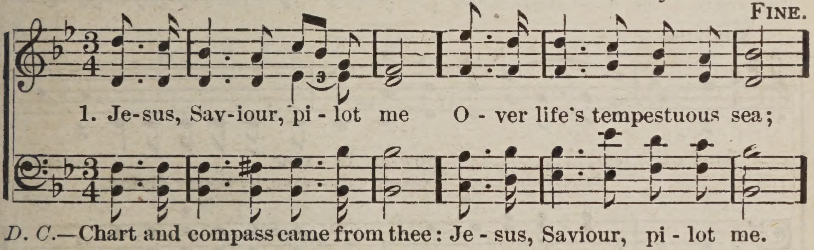
CHORUS.

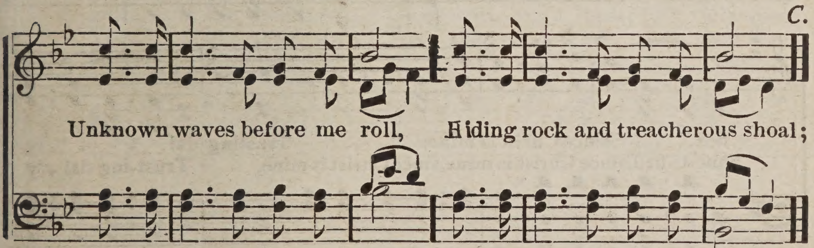




42 Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s, 61.

REV. EDW. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.





2 When the apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

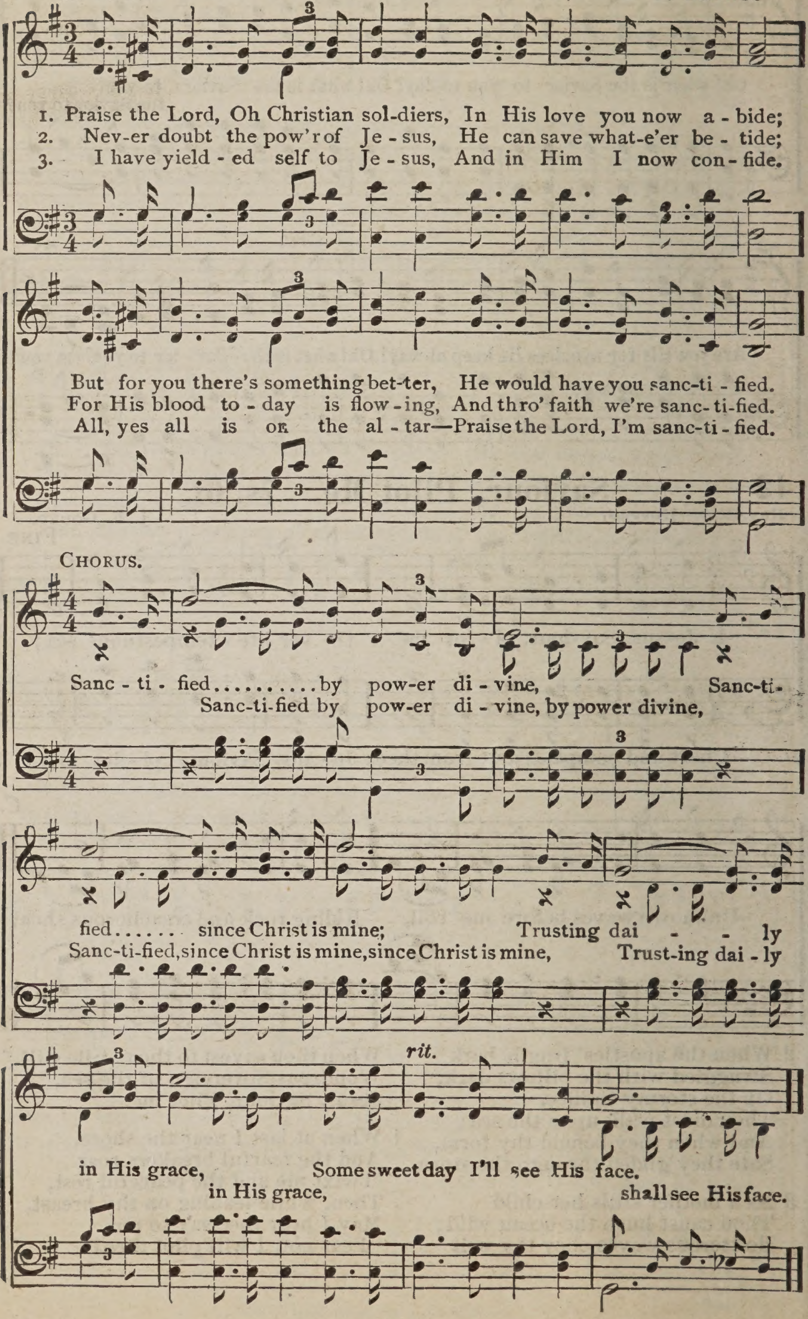
3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me.

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Sanctified by Power Divine.

Copyright, 1898, by L. O. Brown.

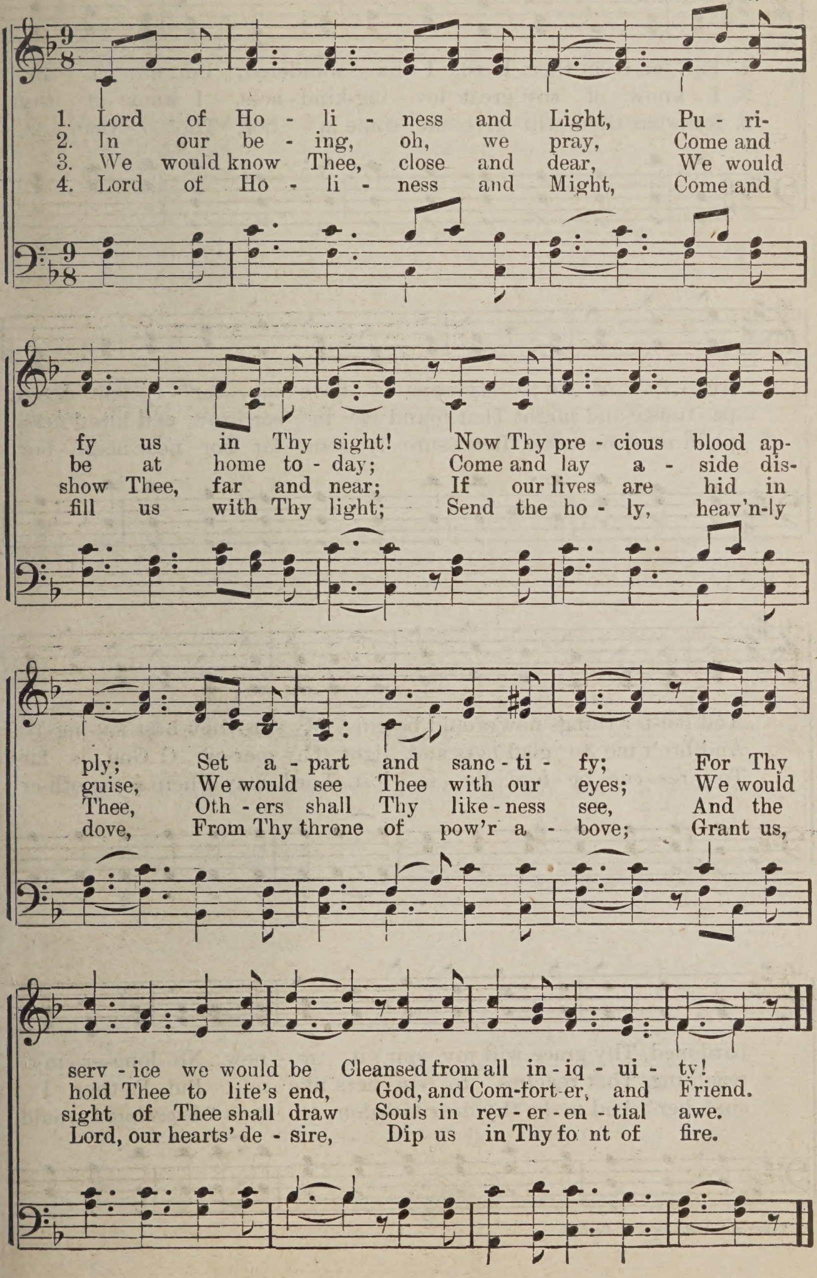
L. O. B. L. O. BROWN.



Lord of Holiness and Light.

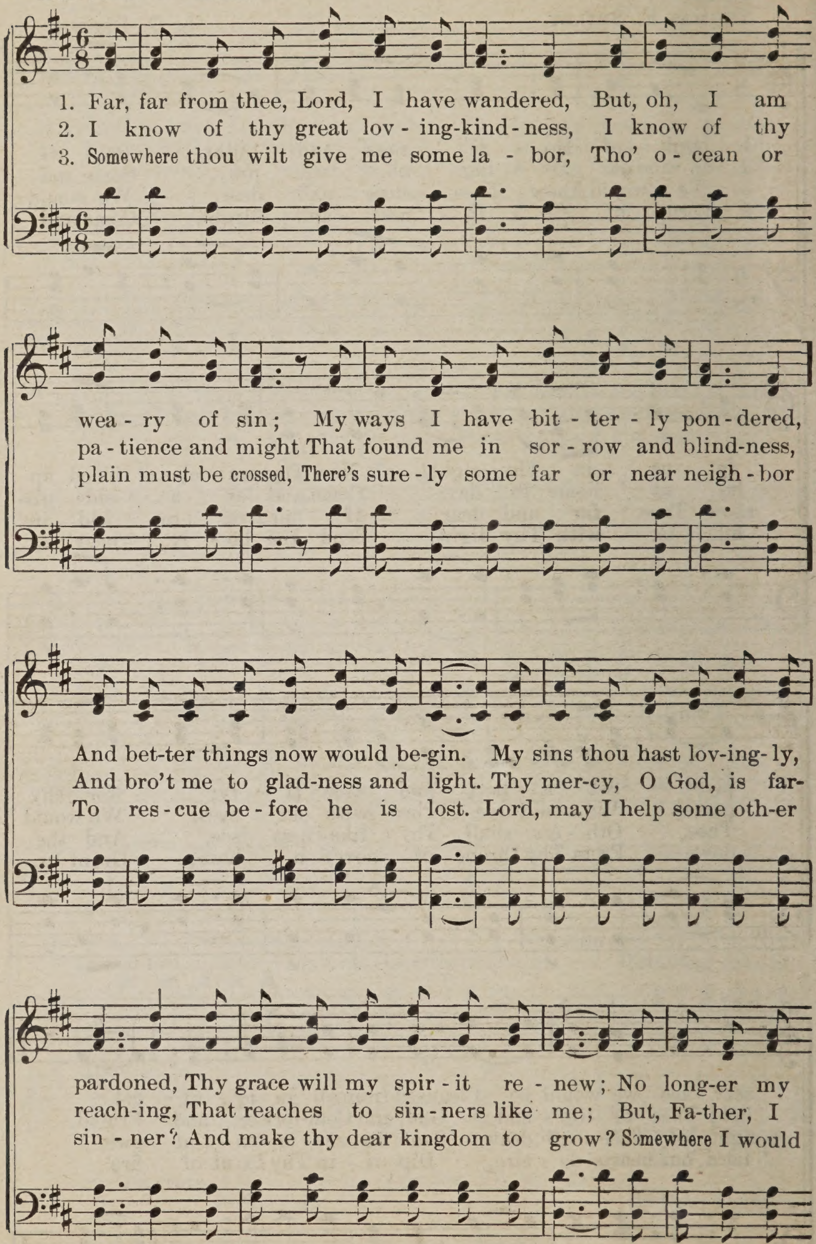
Copyright, 1903, by Brown Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

THOMAS E. SMILEY. L. O. BROWN.



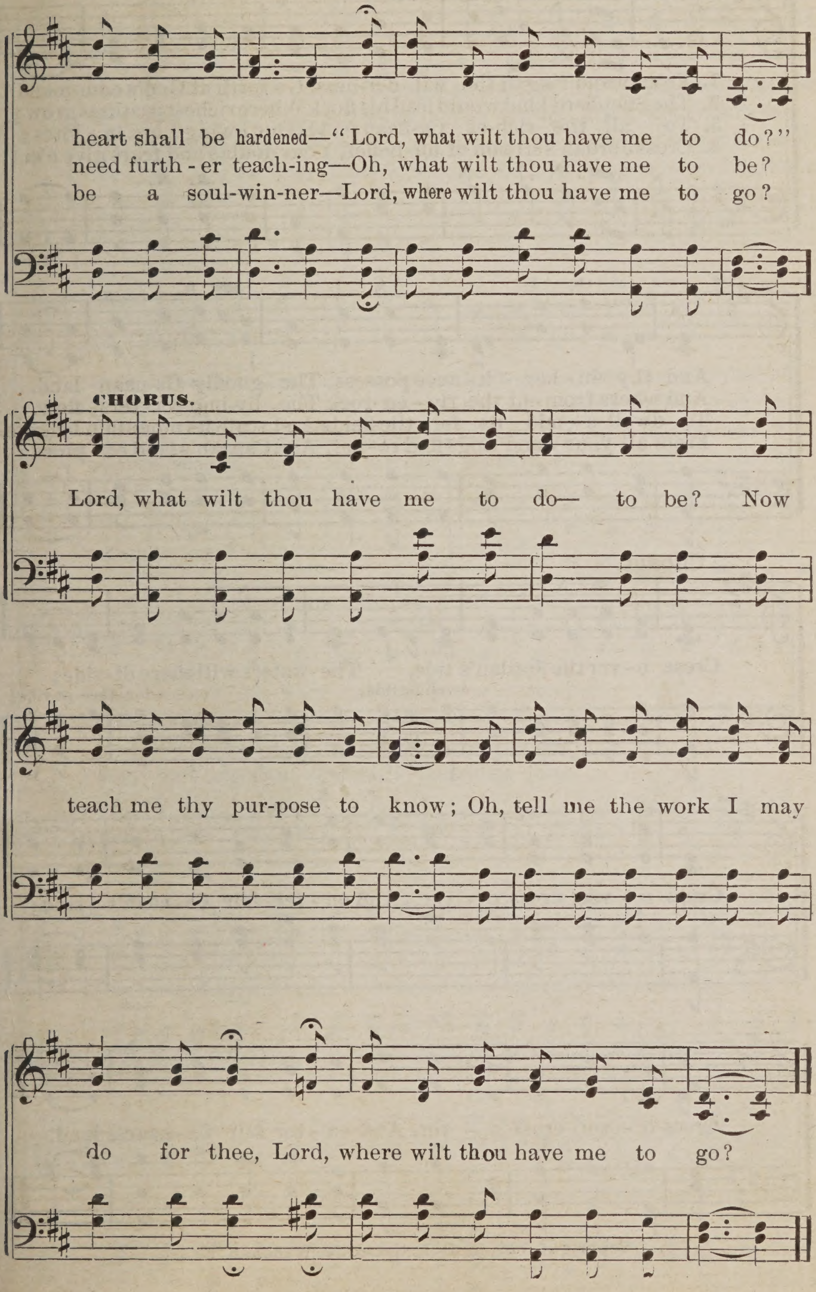
WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME DO?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. C. E. CORNELL.



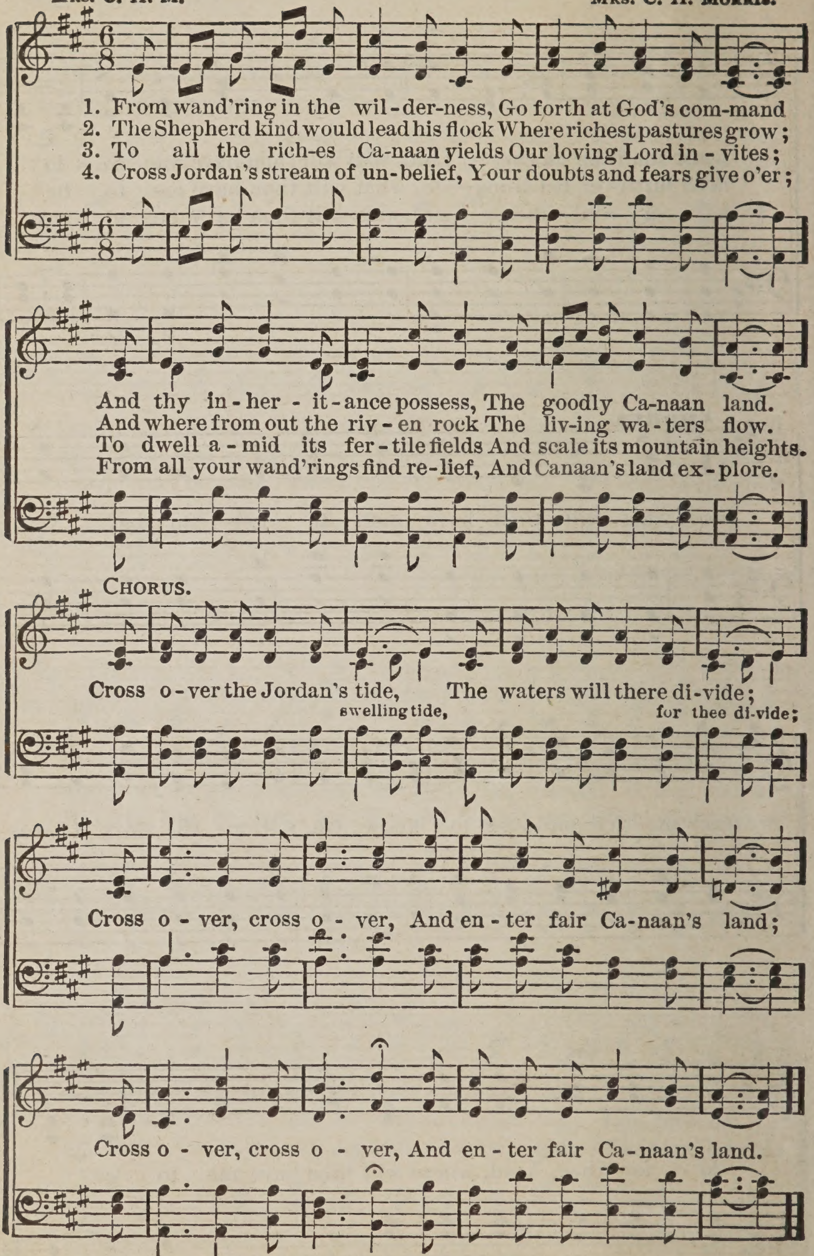
Copyright 1896 by C. E. Cornell.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE? Concluded.



Cross Over.

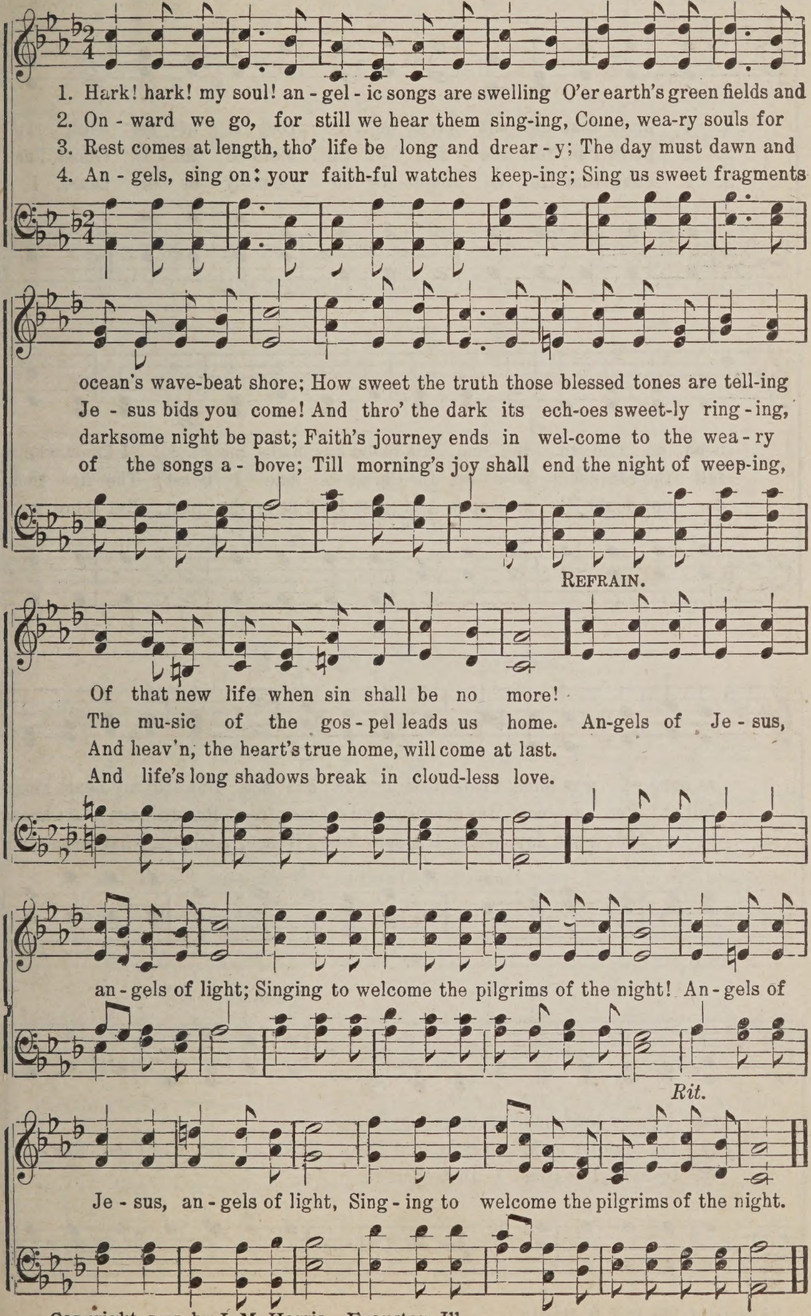
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

Hark! Hark! My Soul!

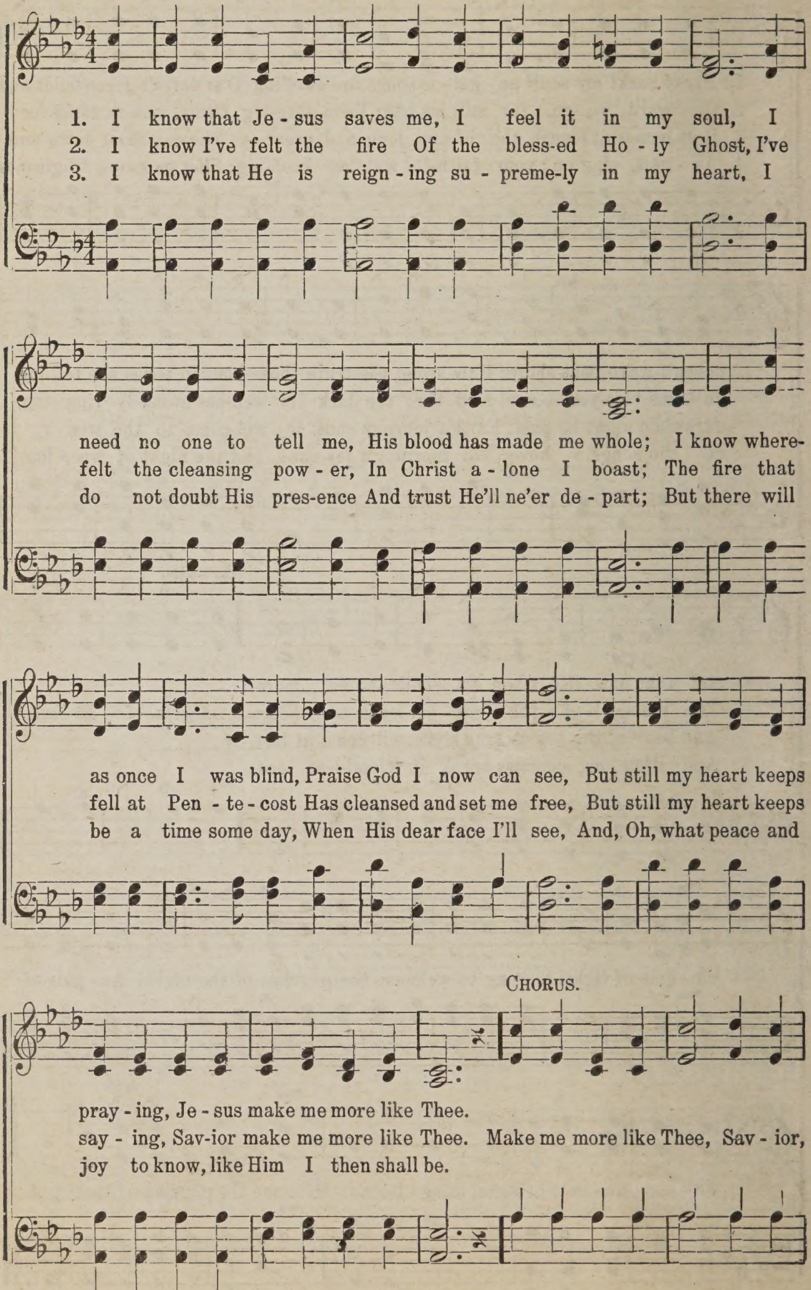
FREDERICK W. FABER. J. M. HARRIS.



Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris. Evanston, Ill,

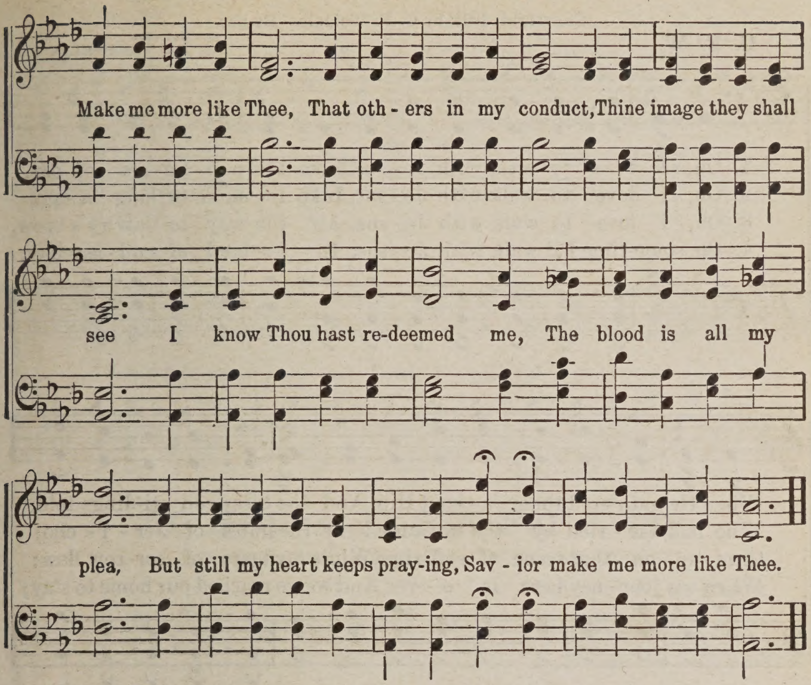
Make Me More Like Thee.

H. B.

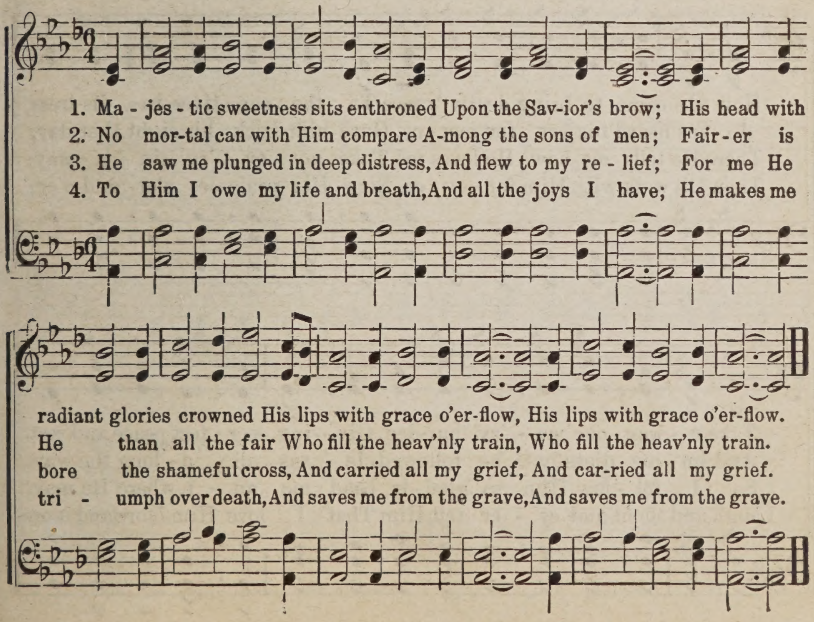


Copyright, 1904, by I. G. Martin.

Make Me More Like Thee.—Concluded.



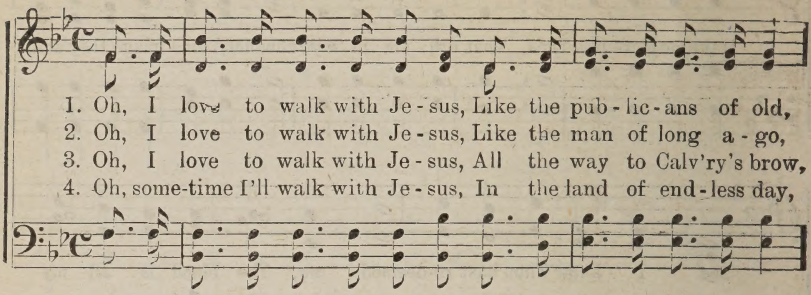
49 Majestic Sweetness.

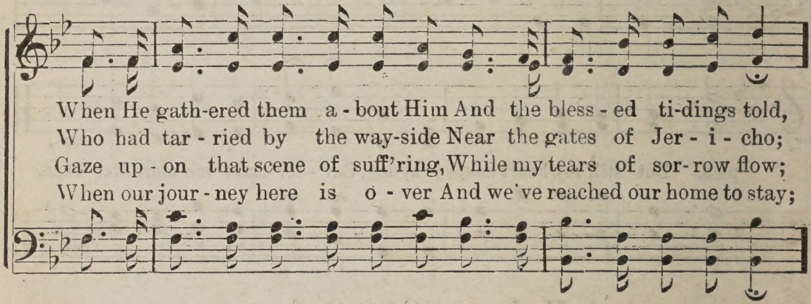


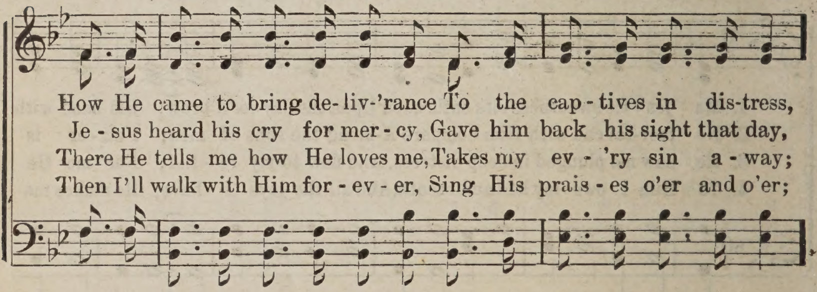
I Love to Walk with Jesus.

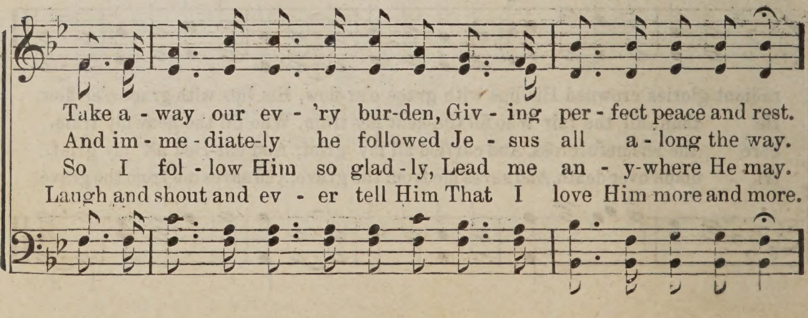
Copyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigele. By per.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

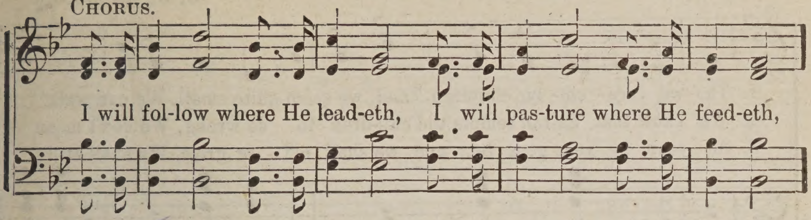


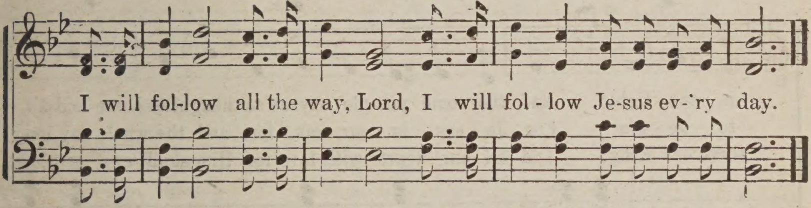






I Love to Walk with Jesus—Concluded.

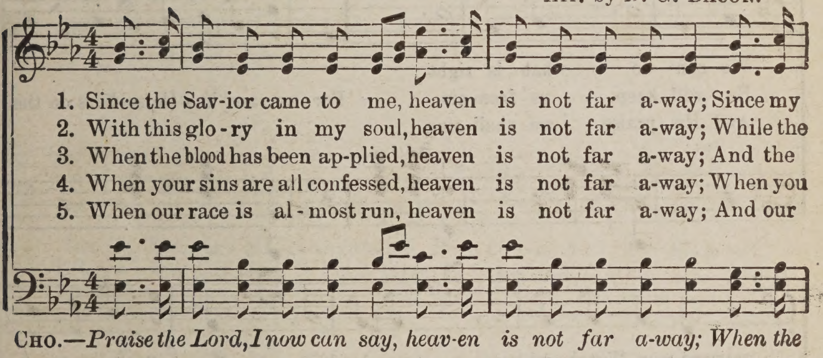


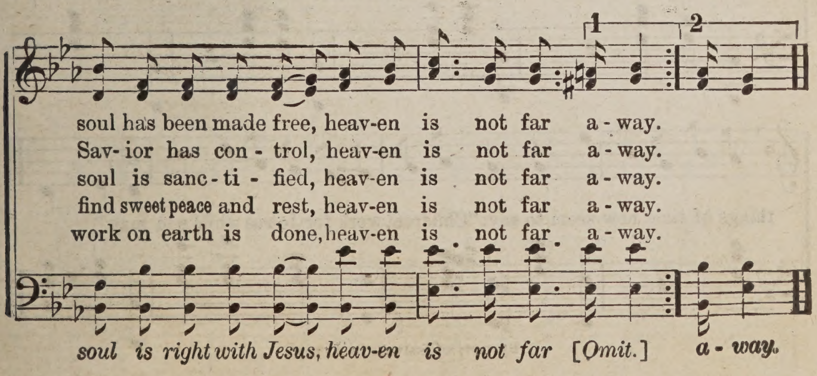


51 Heaven Is Not Far Away.

Copyright, 1903, by Brown Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

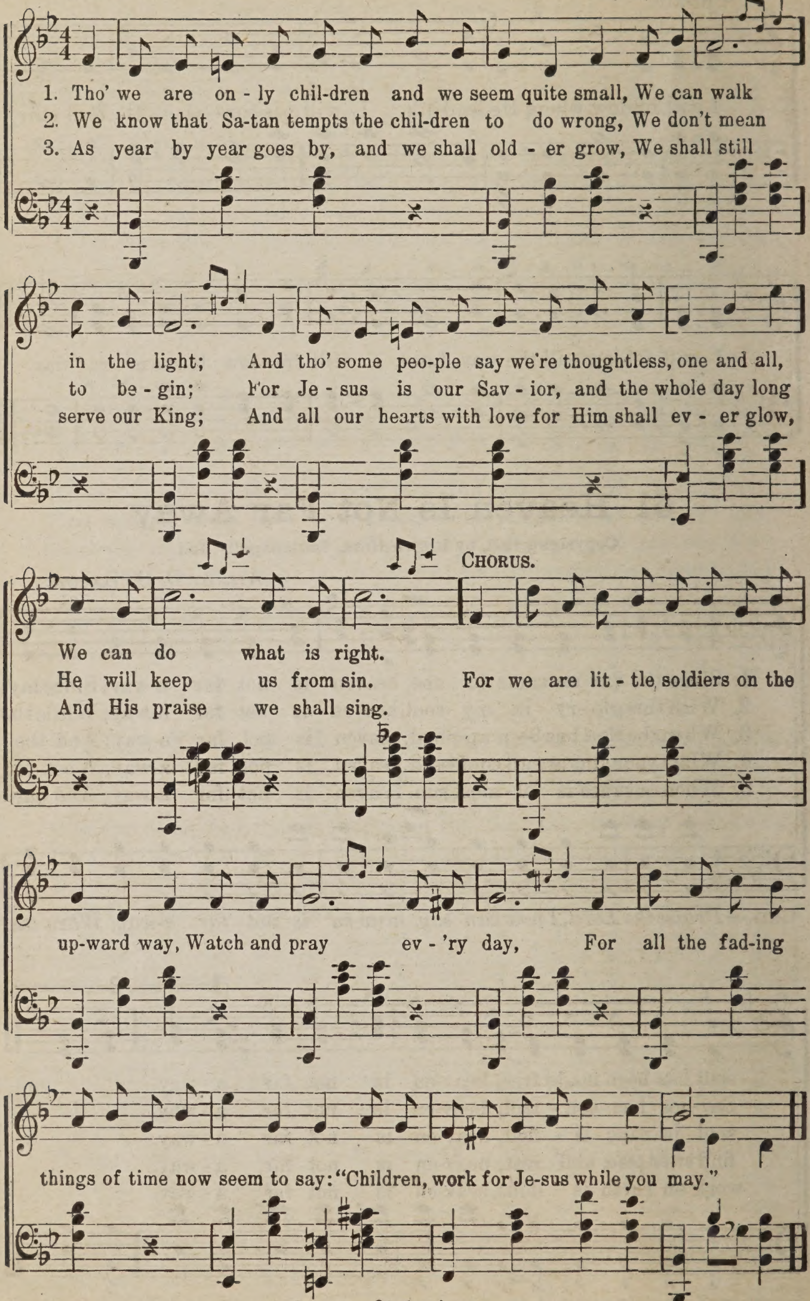
Arr. by D. G. Bacon.





Little Soldiers,

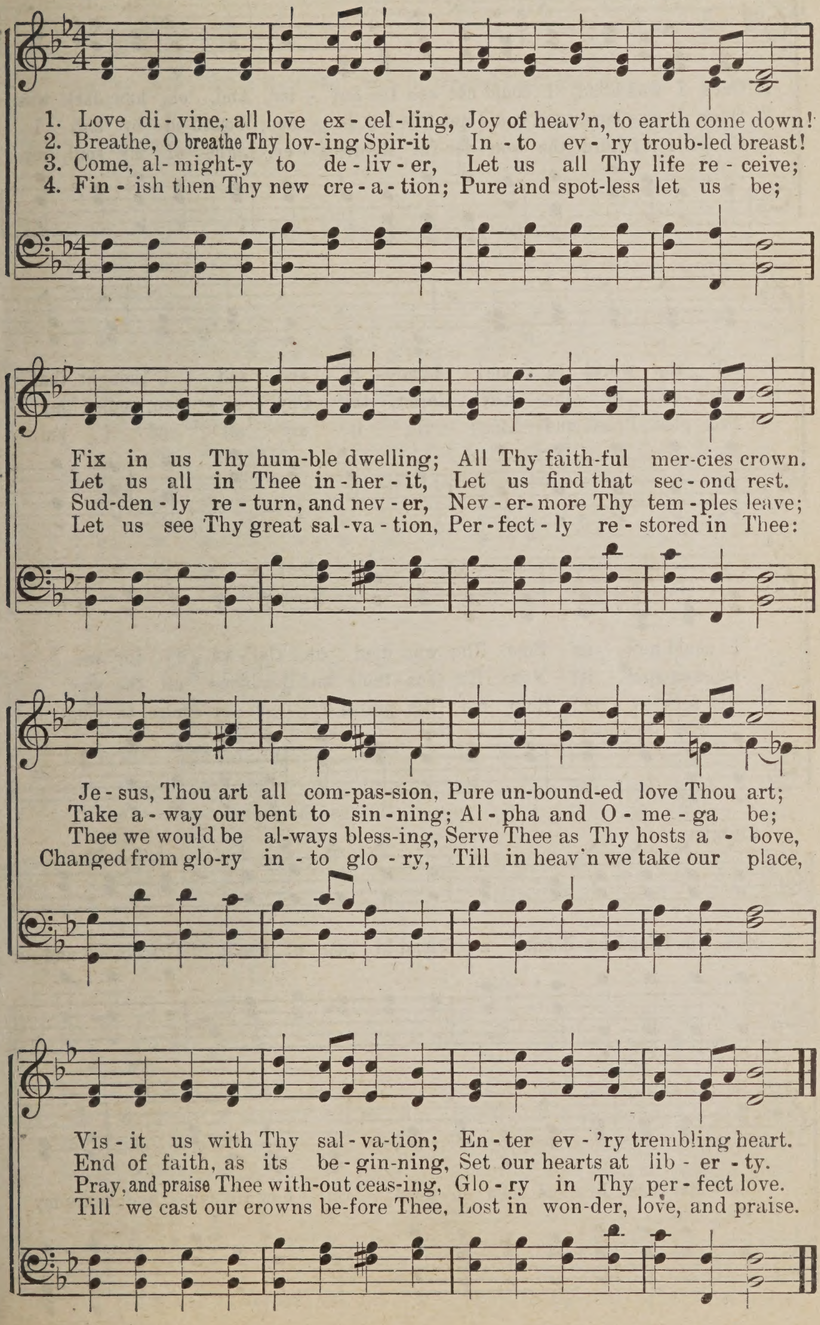
C. W. W. C, W, WAGGONER.



By per. of Salvation Army.

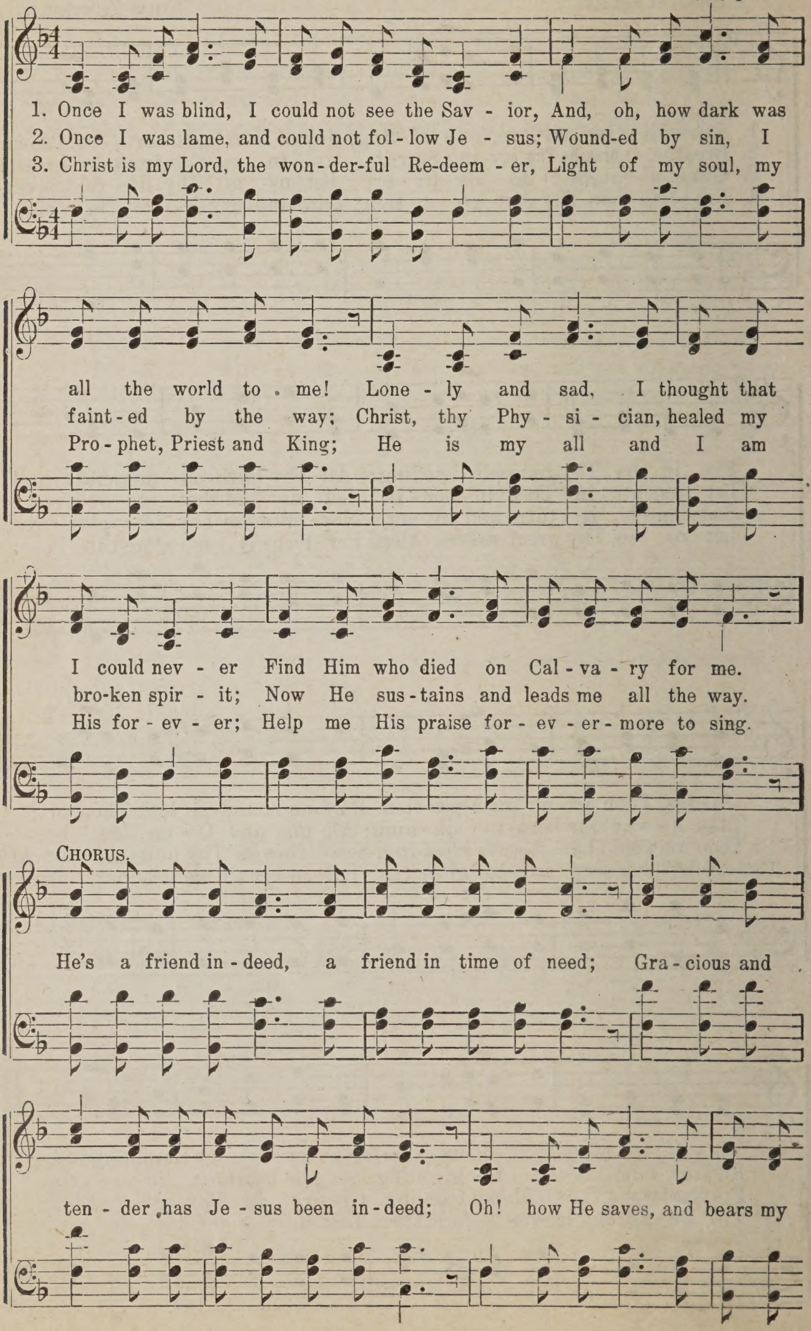
Love Divine.

Chas. Wesley. John Zundel.

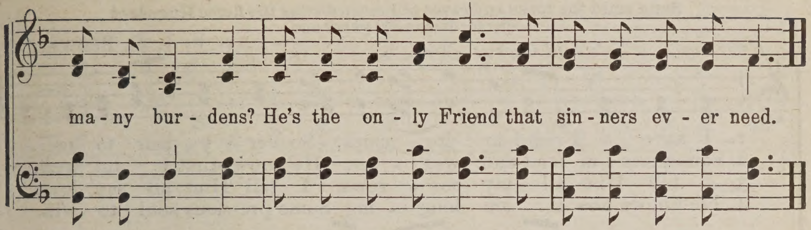


54 He Is a Friend Indeed.

L. W. Rev. L. White, by per.

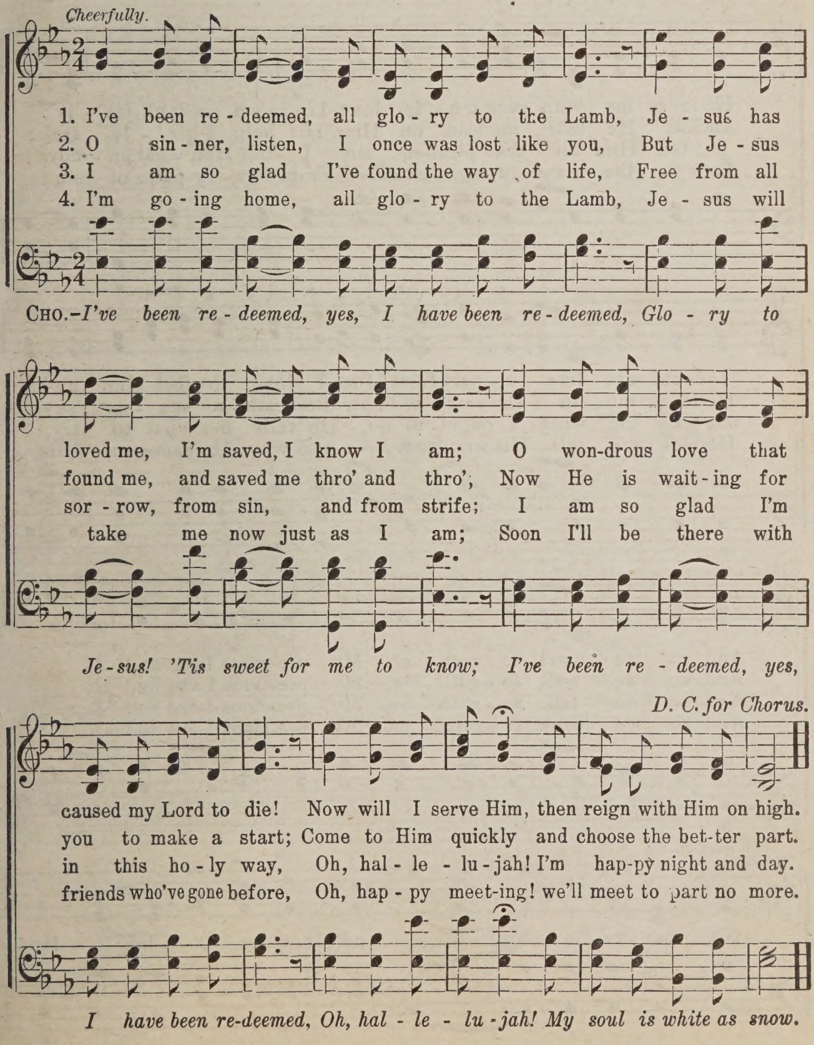


He Is a Friend Indeed. Concluded.



55 I've Been Redeemed.

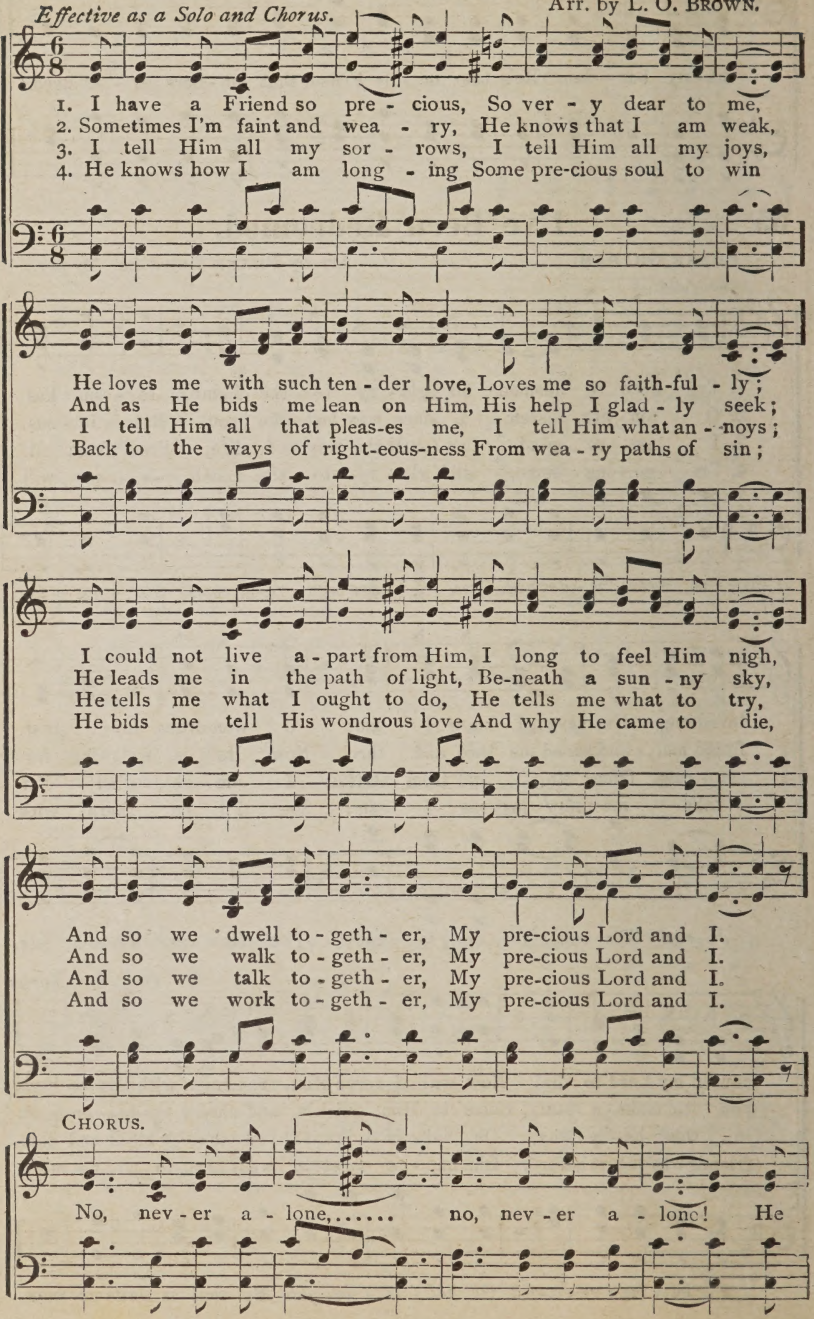
Frank Graham. Arr. by Frank Graham. By per.



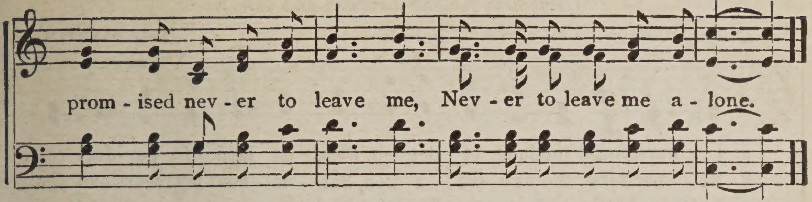
My Lord and I.

Sung amid the rocks and caves of France during the fierce Huguenot persecutions 300 years ago.

Arr. by L. O. Brown.

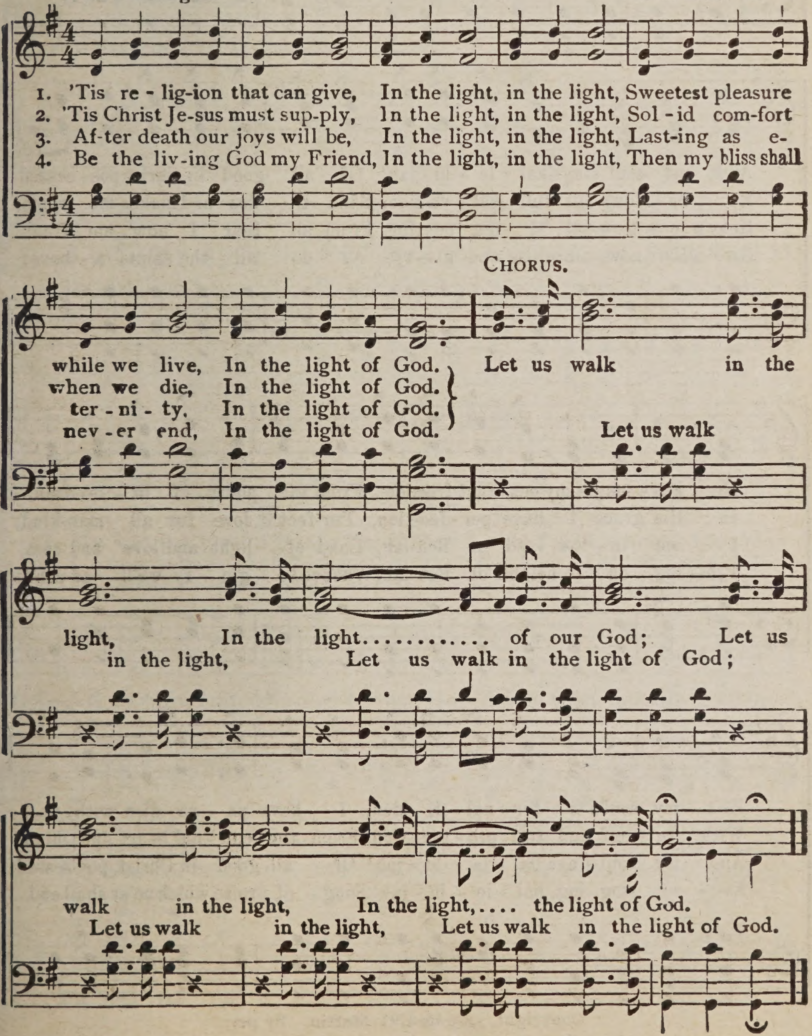


My Lord and I. Concluded.



57 Let Us Walk in the Light.

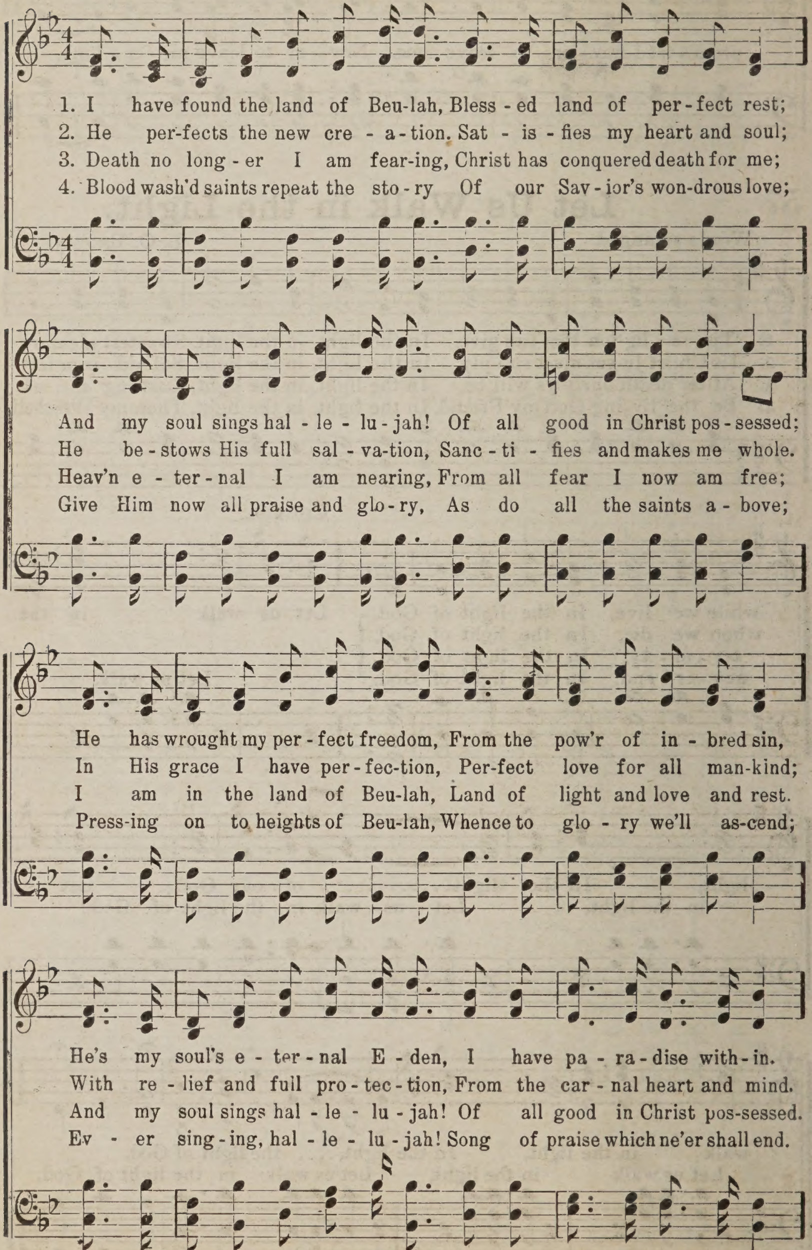
Words arranged. L. O. Brown.



The Beulah Land.

(*Dedicated Arthur Johnston and wife.*)

N. W. DICKSON. Last stanza by L. B. K. I. G. MARTIN.



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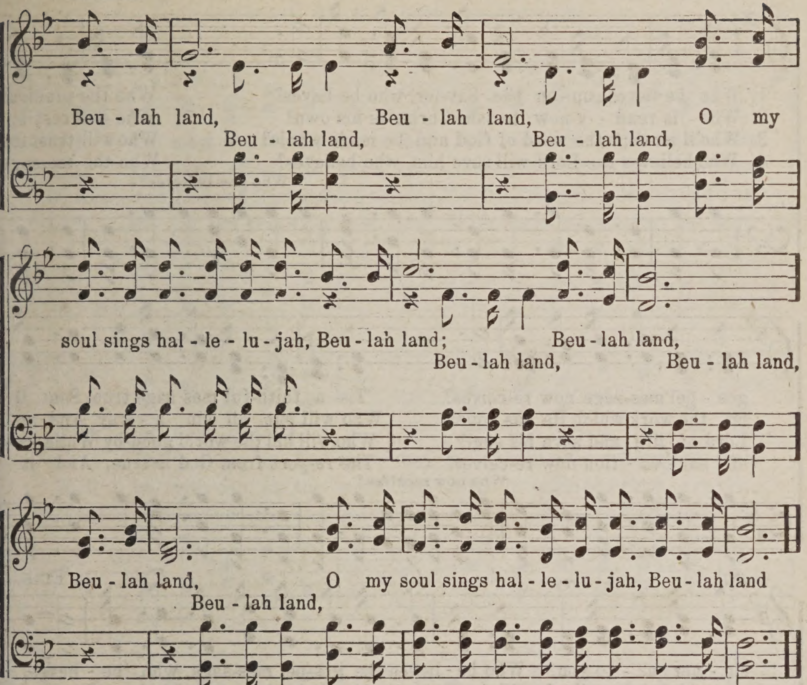
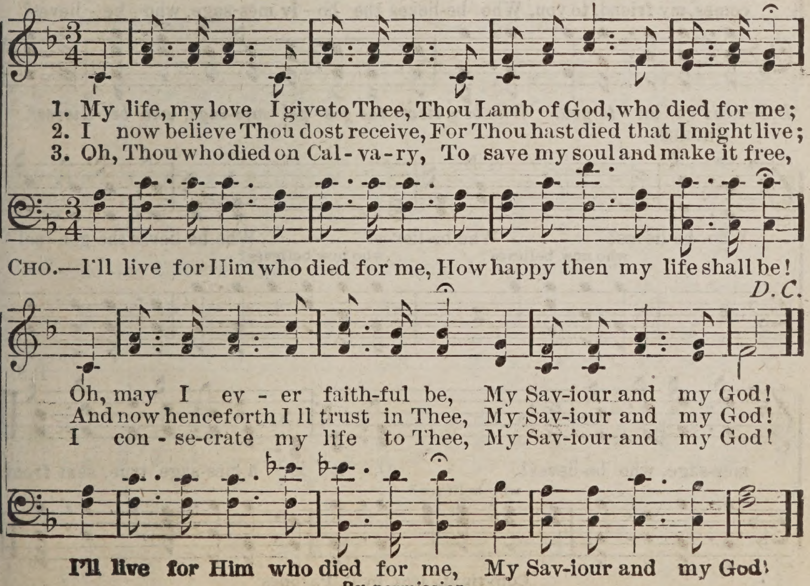
The Beulah Land. Concluded.

Chorus.



59 I'll Live for Him.

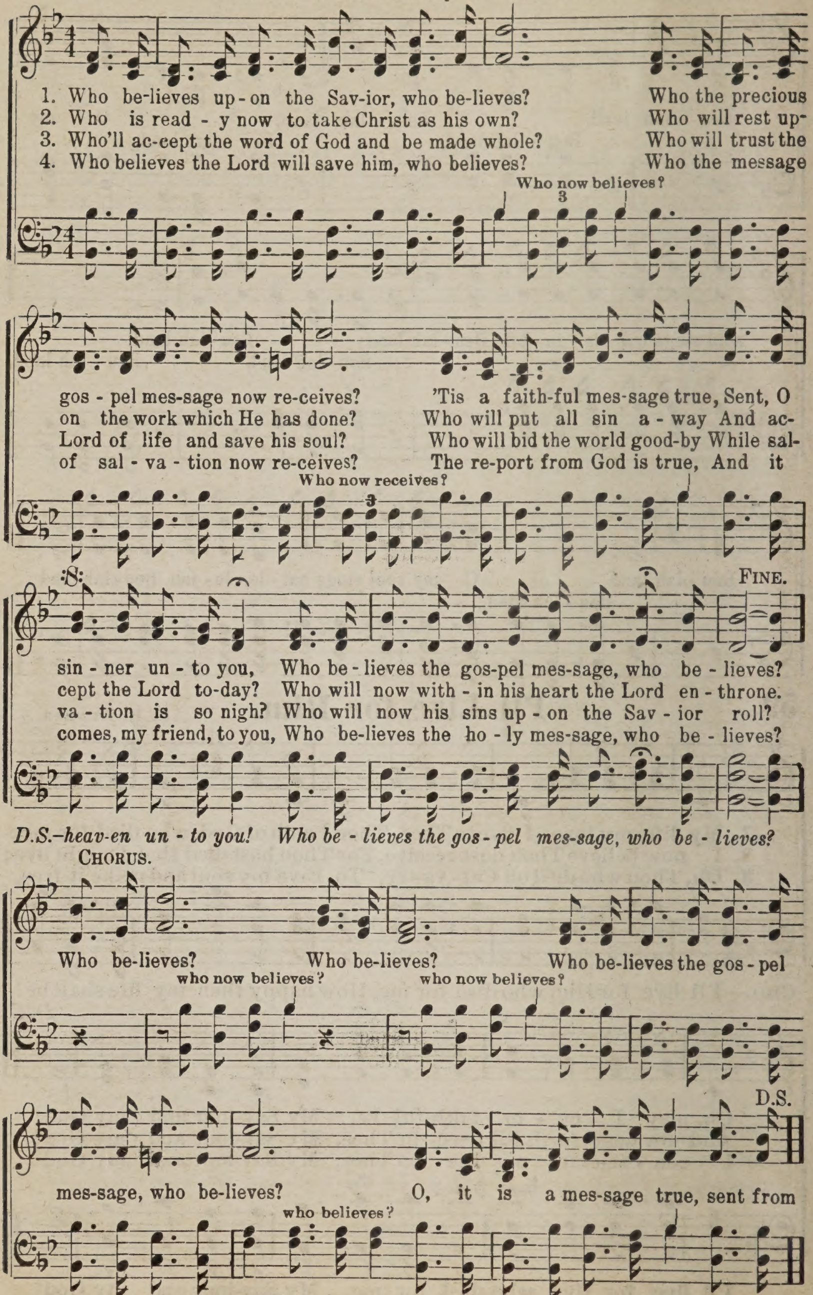
C. R. Dunbar.



By permission.

Who Believes?

C. P. J. "Who hath believed our report?"—Isa. 53:1. C. P. JONES.



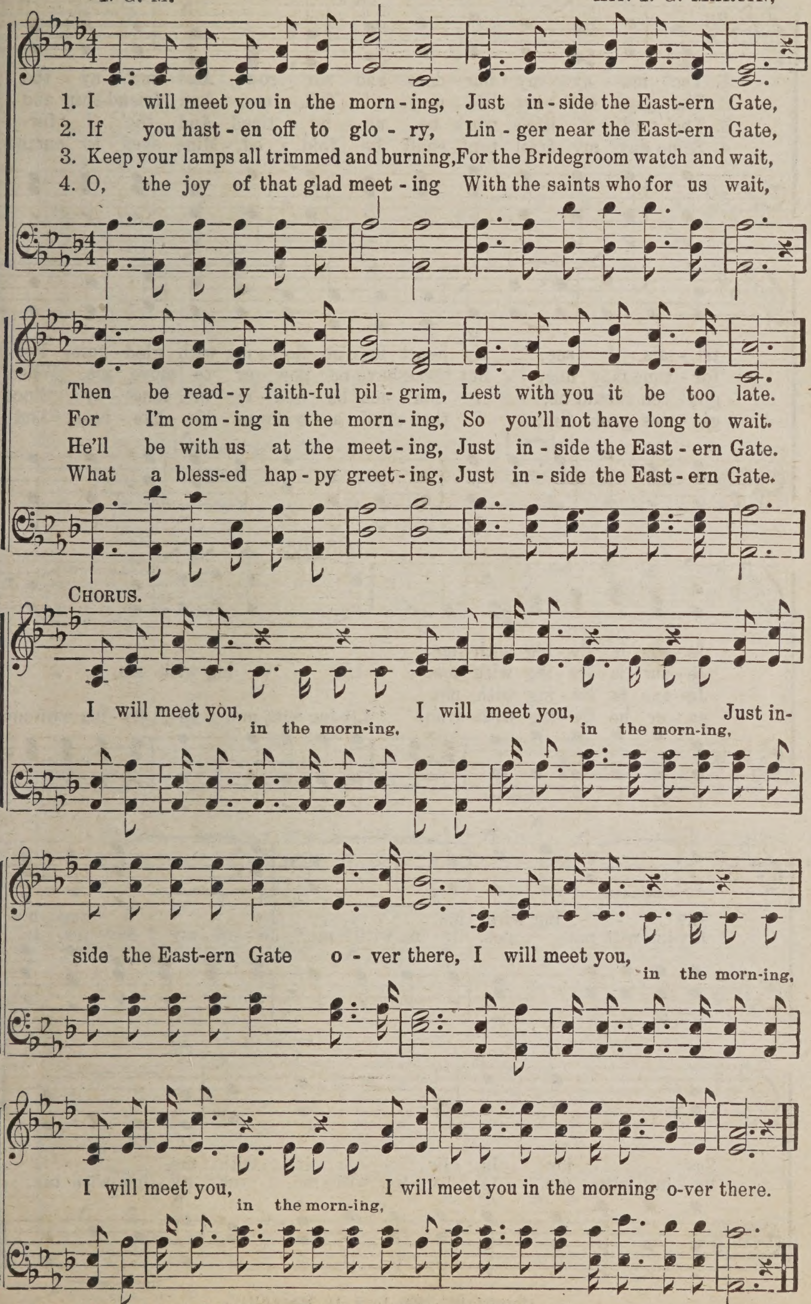
Copyright, 1903, by C. P. Jones

61

The Eastern Gate.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angles, Cal.

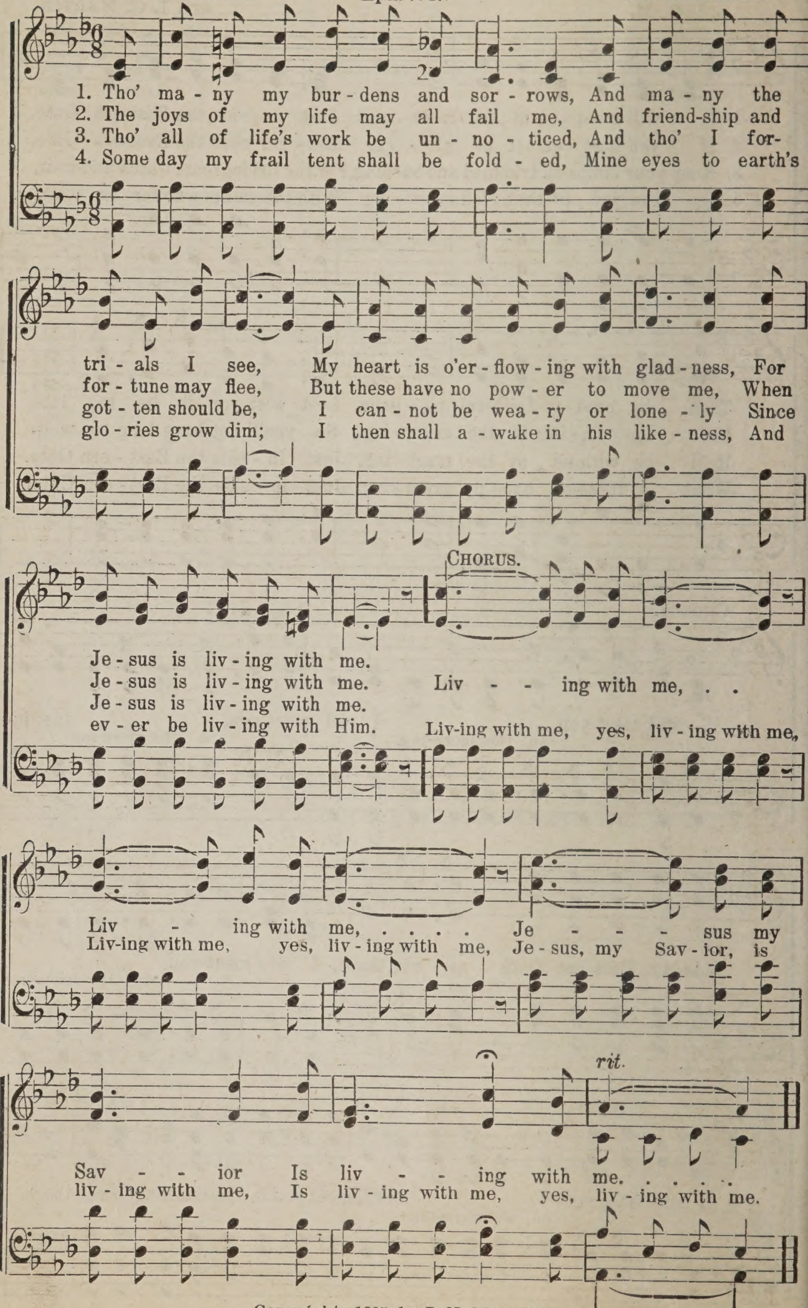
I. G. M. — Arr. I. G. Martin,



Copyright 1905, by I. G. Martin. By per.

Jesus is Living with Me.

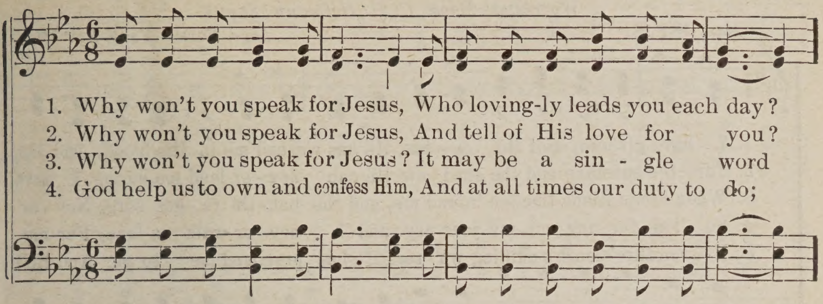
Mrs. W. G. Moyer. Eph. 7: 17. I. H. Meredith.

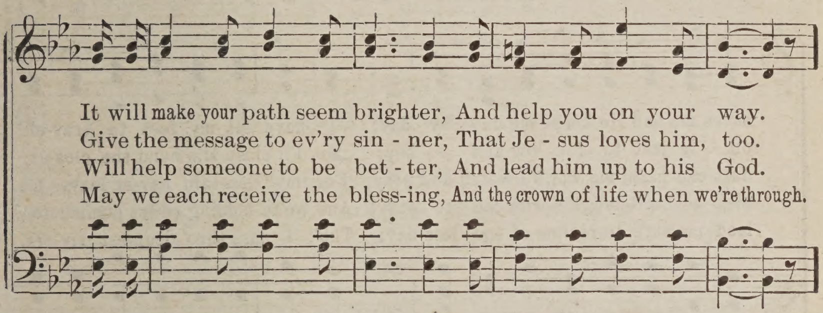


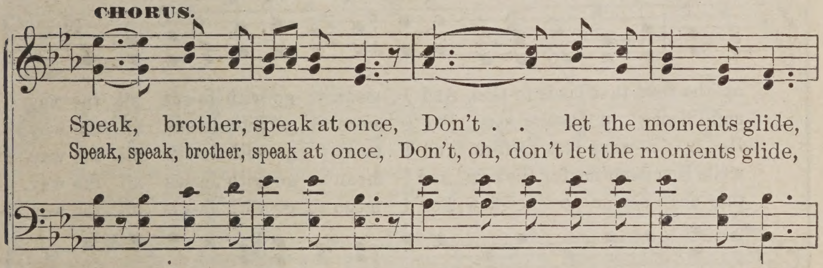
Copyright, 1895, by I. H. Meredith.

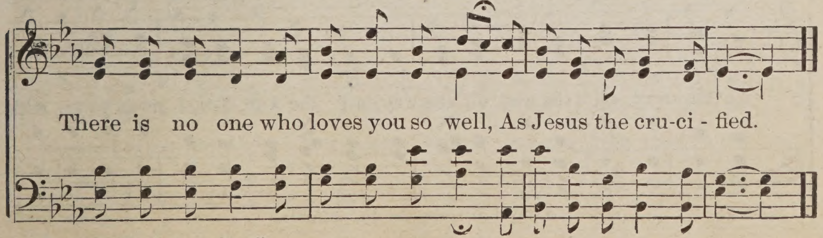
63 WHY WON'T YOU SPEAK FOR JESUS?

A. J. D. C. E. CORNELL.







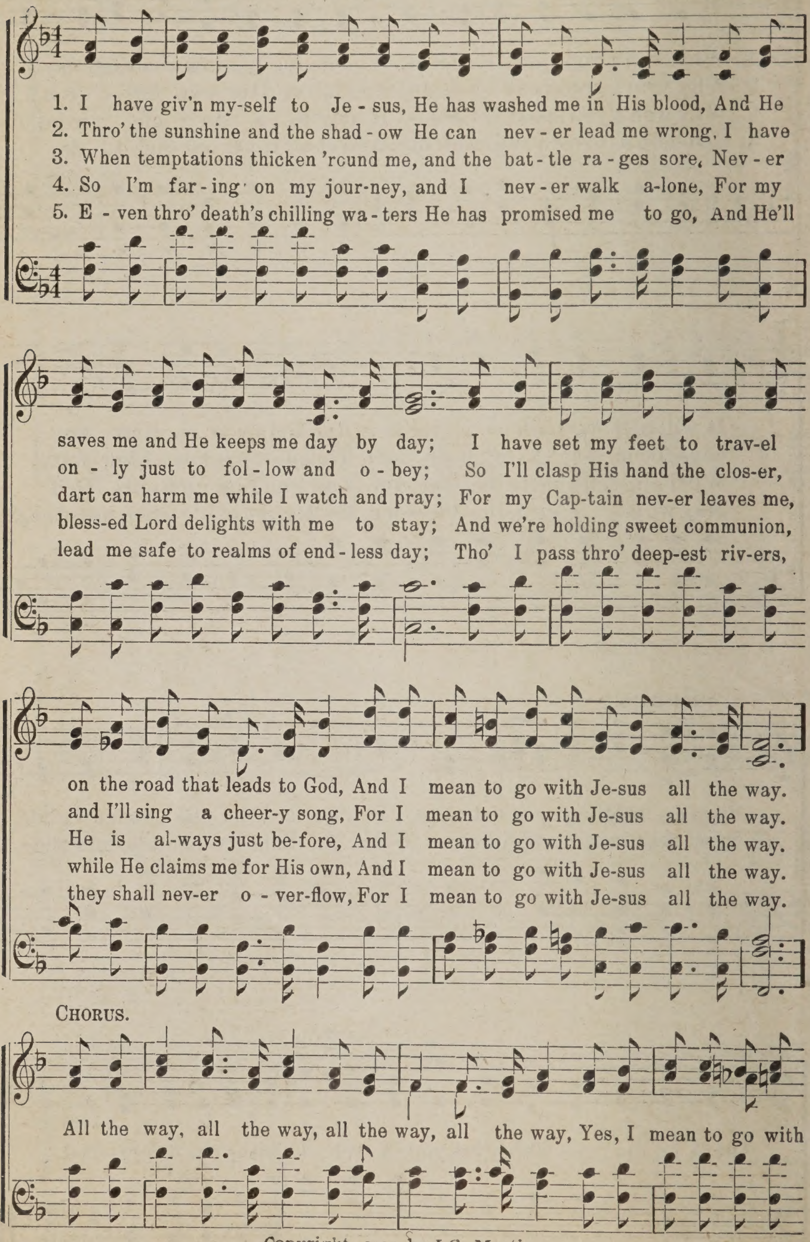


Copyright, 1896 by C. E. Cornell

All The Way.

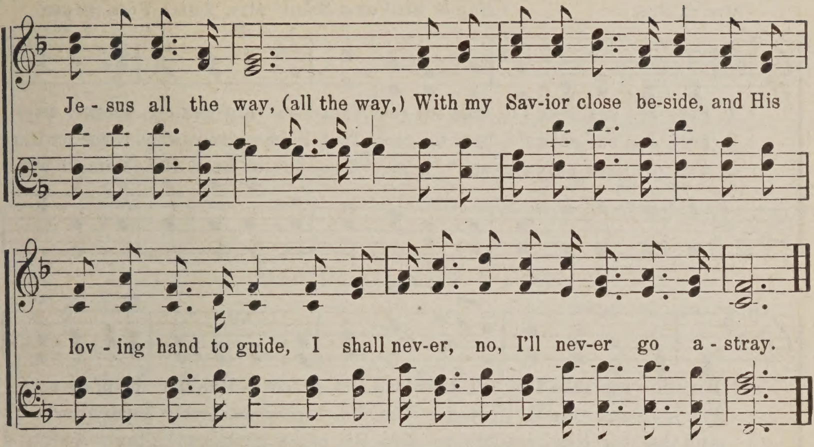
(To the children of the Christian Home, 53 Laurel St., Worcester, Mass., C. H. Hofmann, Supt.)

Mrs. E. F. S. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

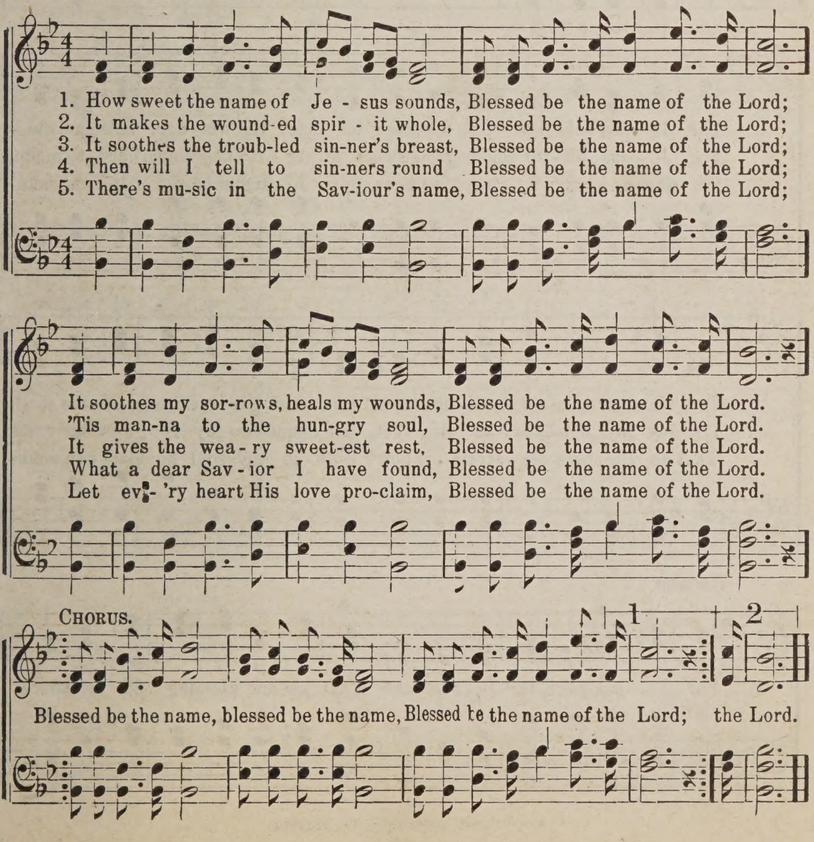


Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin.

All The Way. Concluded.

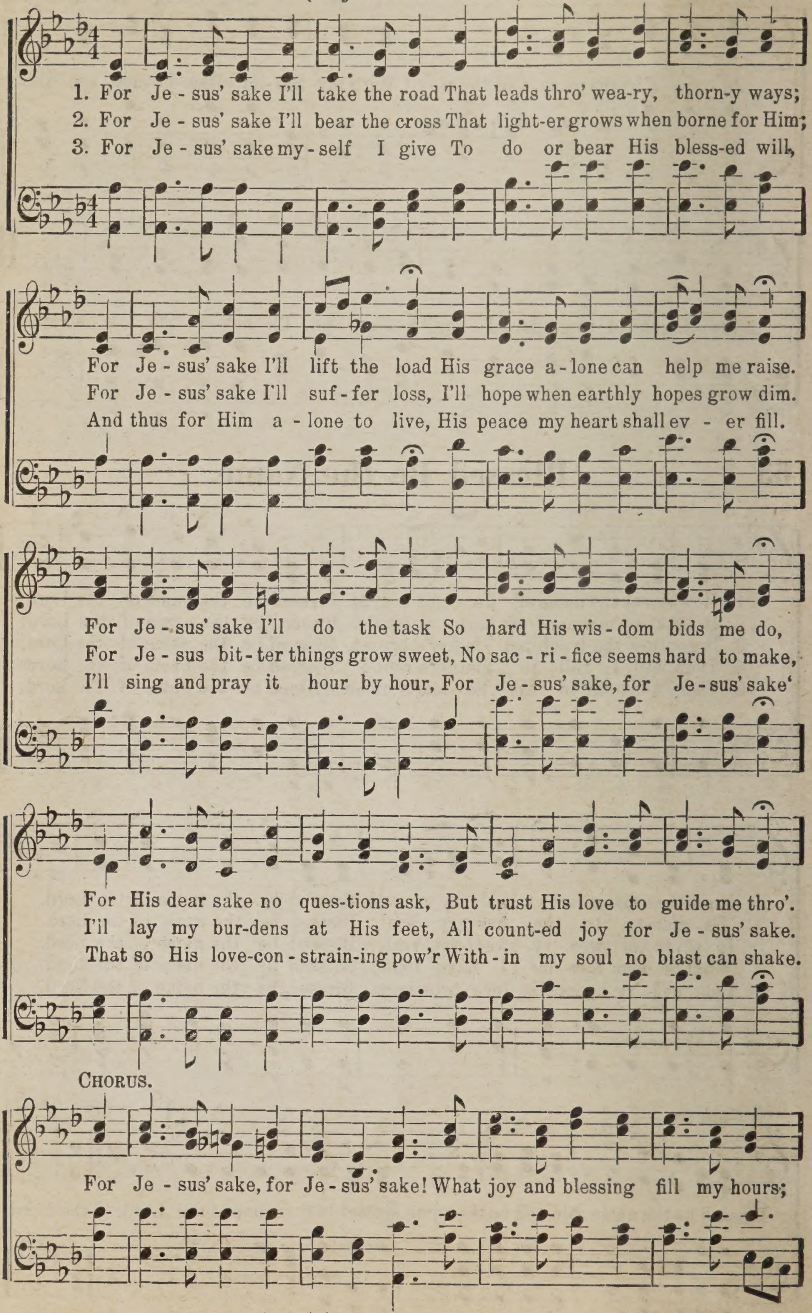


65 Blessed Be the Name.



For Jesus' Sake.

Mrs. E. F. S. *(May be used as a Solo.)* Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.



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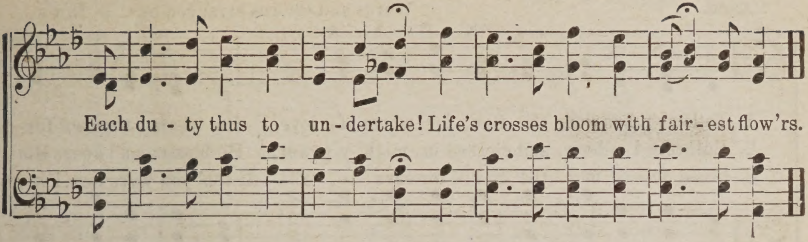
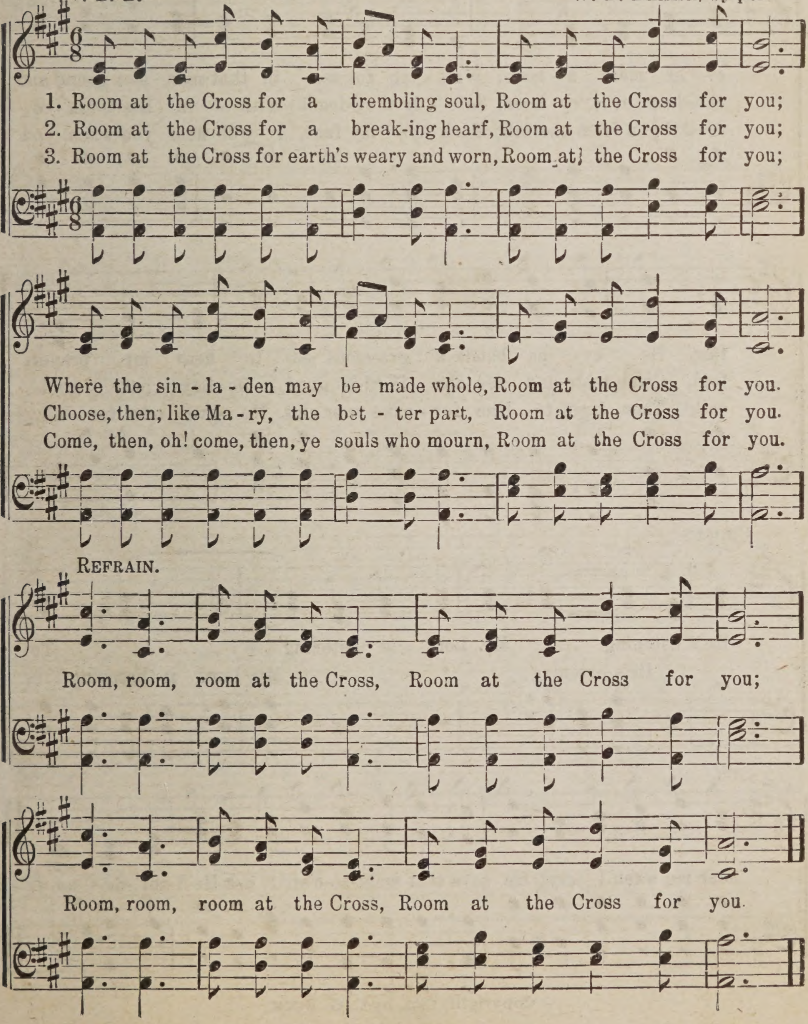
For Jesus' Sake. Concluded.



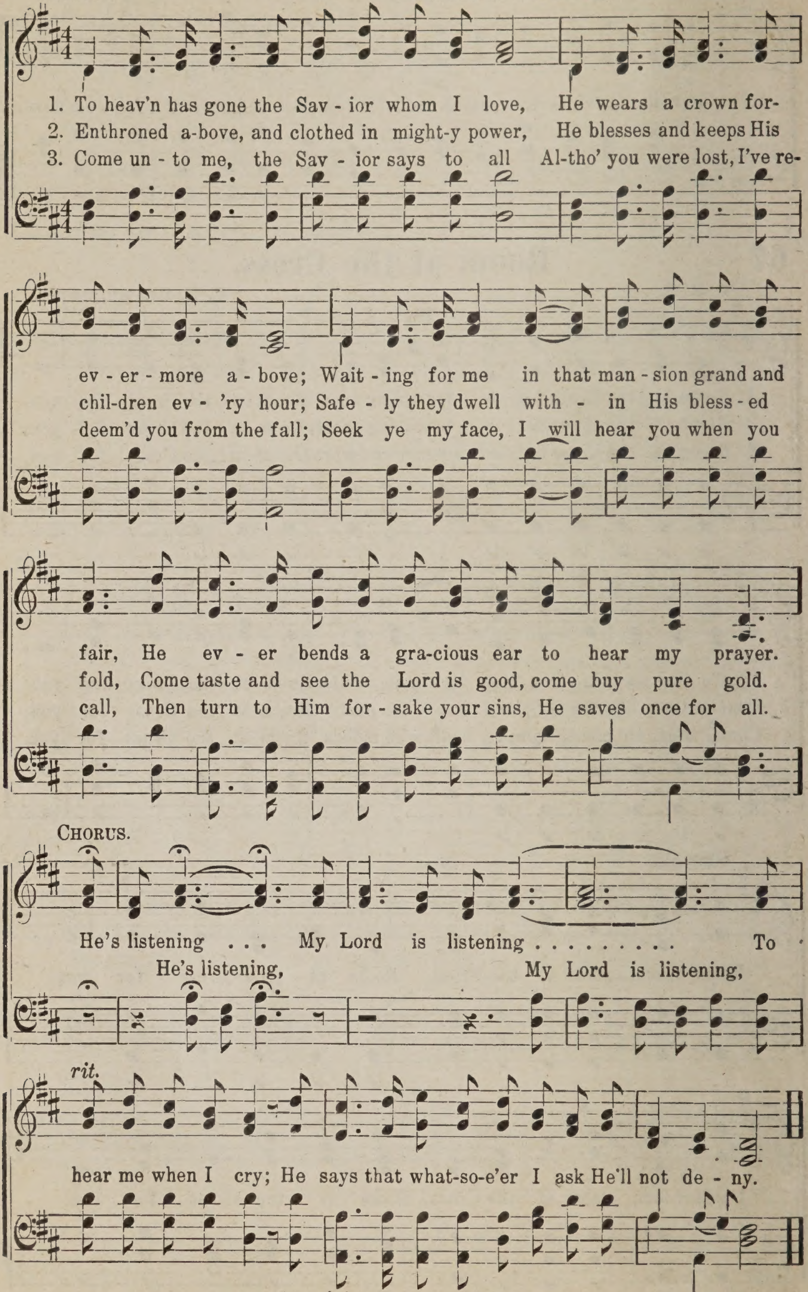
67 Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. — W. B. BLAKE, by per.



He's Listening.

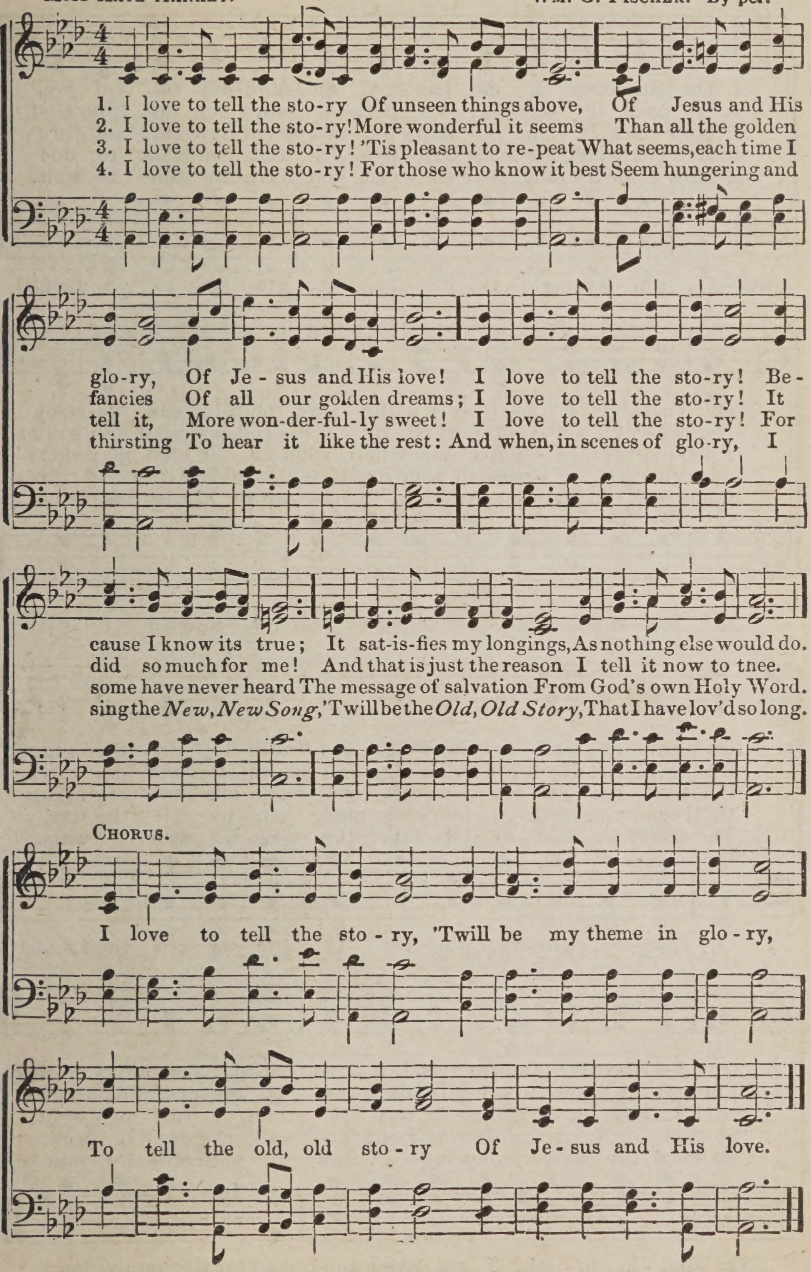
Anon. Words and Chorus arranged by C. G. Buck.



Copyright, 1892, by C. G. Buck

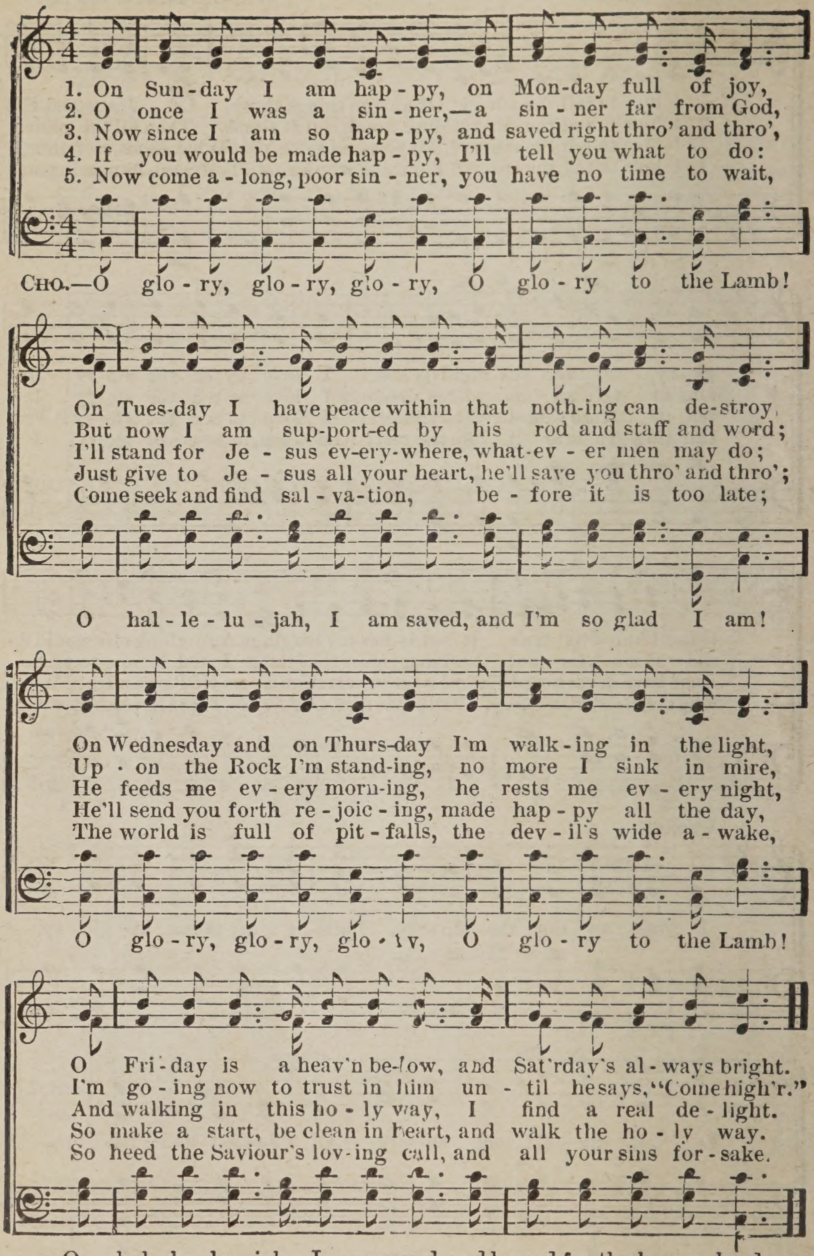
I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



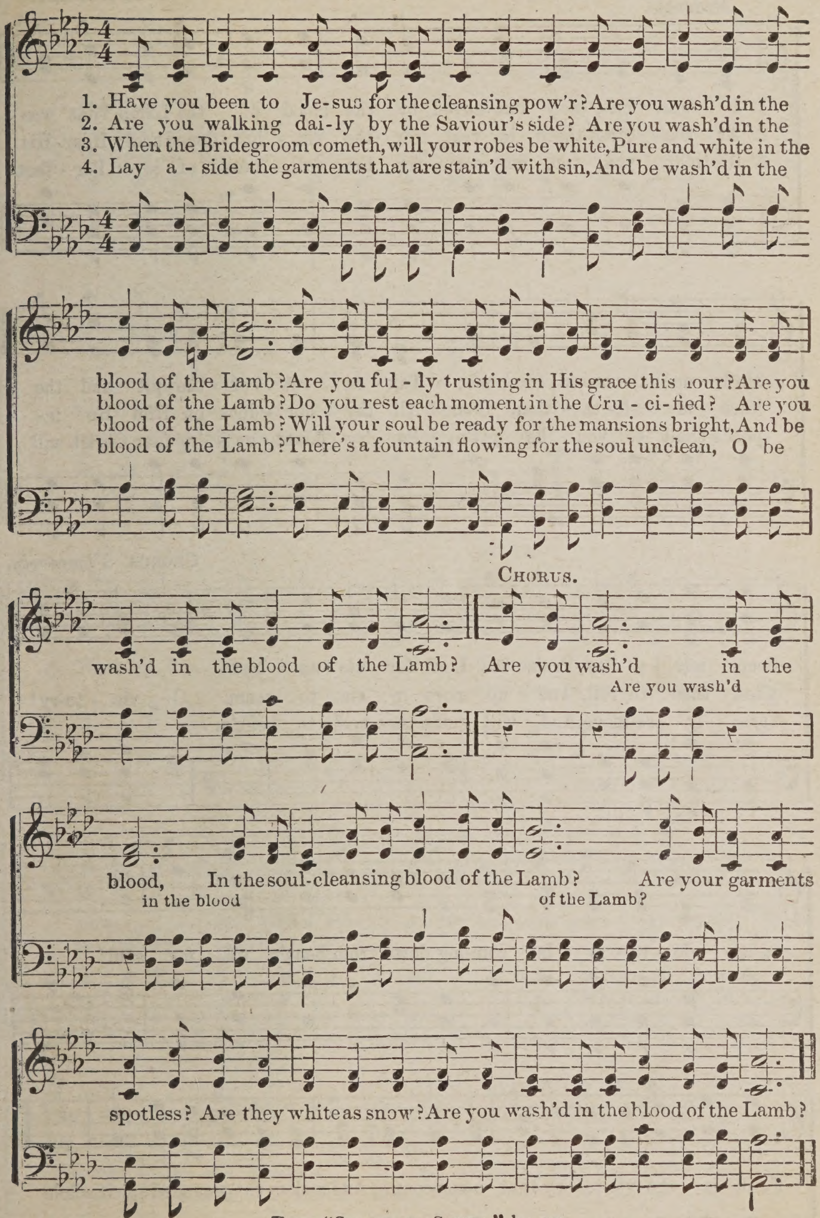
Saved Every Day.

Anon. — Arr. for this Work.



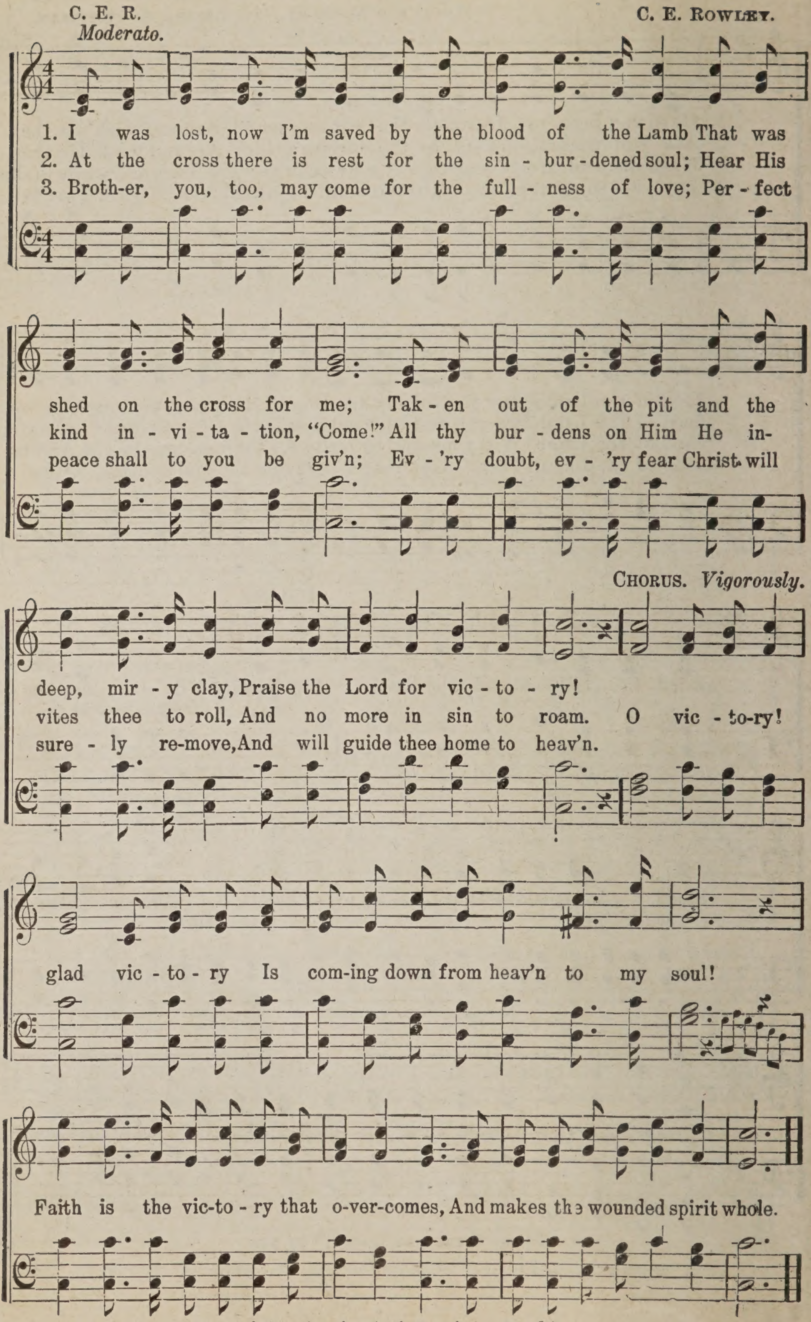
Are You Wash'd in the Blood?

Words and Music by Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

O Victory!



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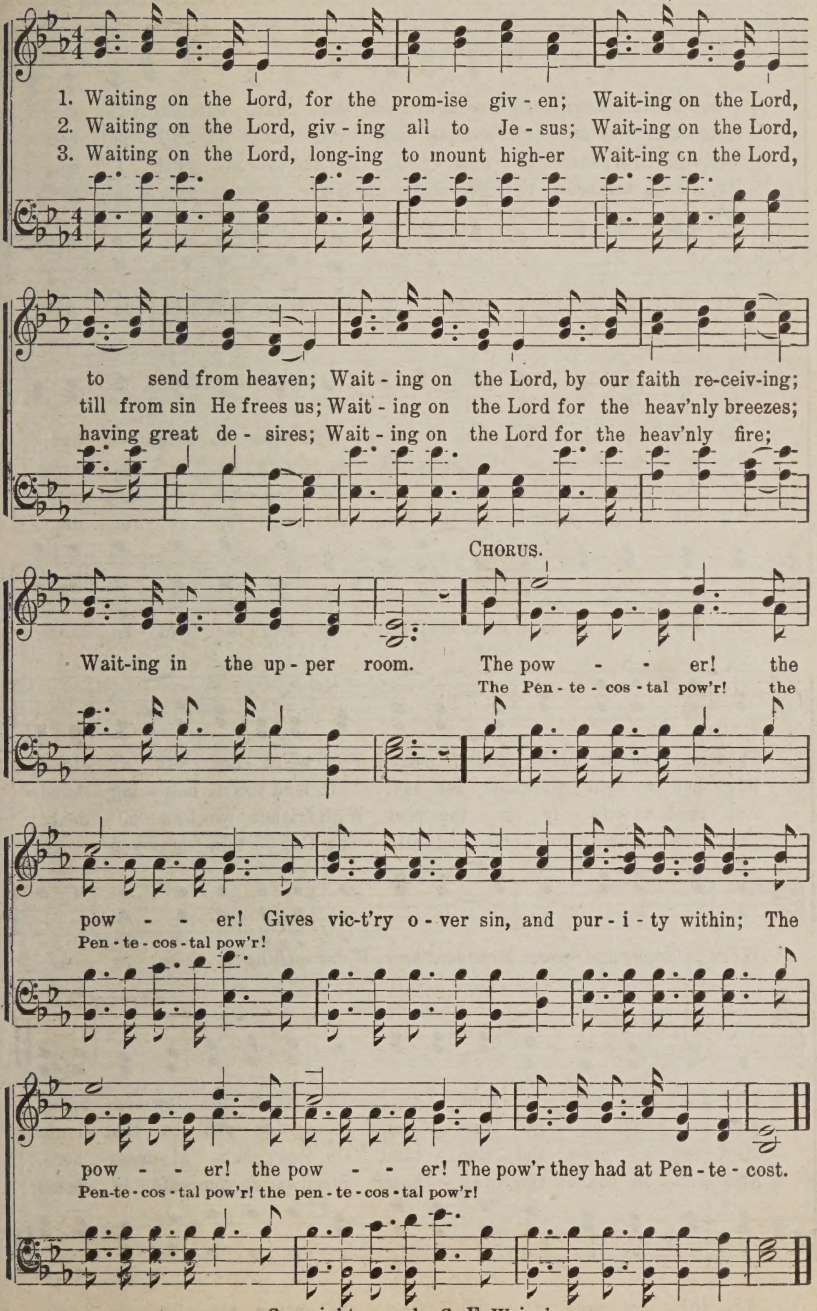
73

Waiting On the Lord.

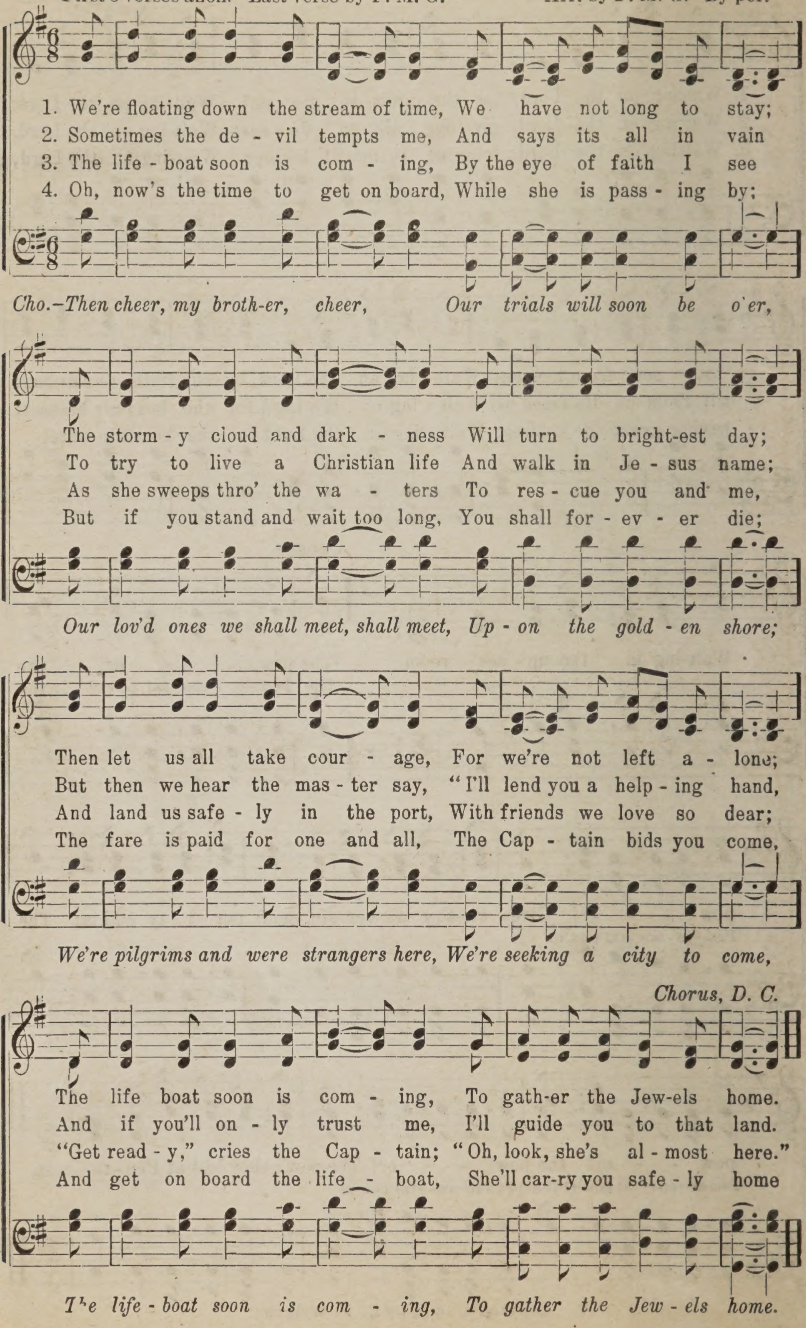
C. F. W. C. F, Weigele.



Copyright, 1903, by C. F. Weigele,

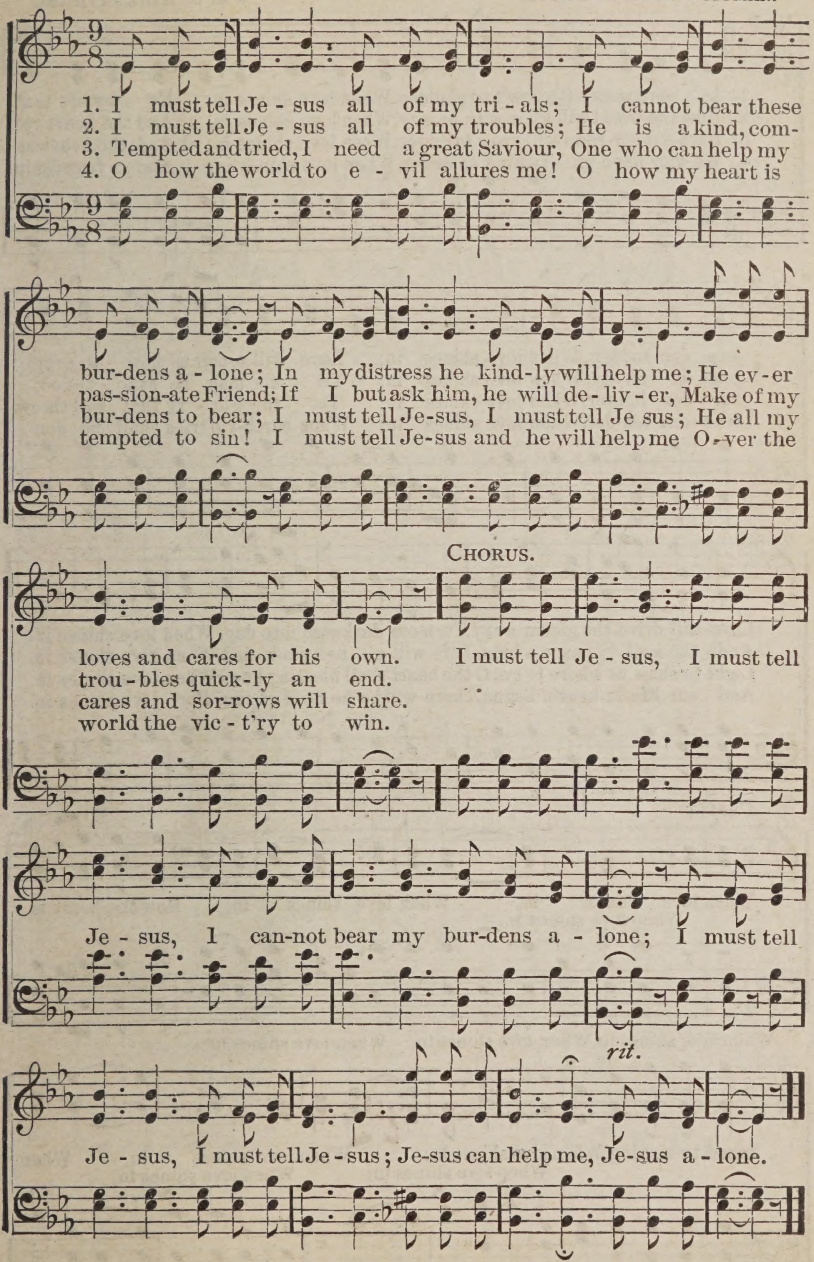
The Life Boat.

First 3 verses anon. Last verse by F. M. G. Arr. by F. M. G. By per.



I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. | Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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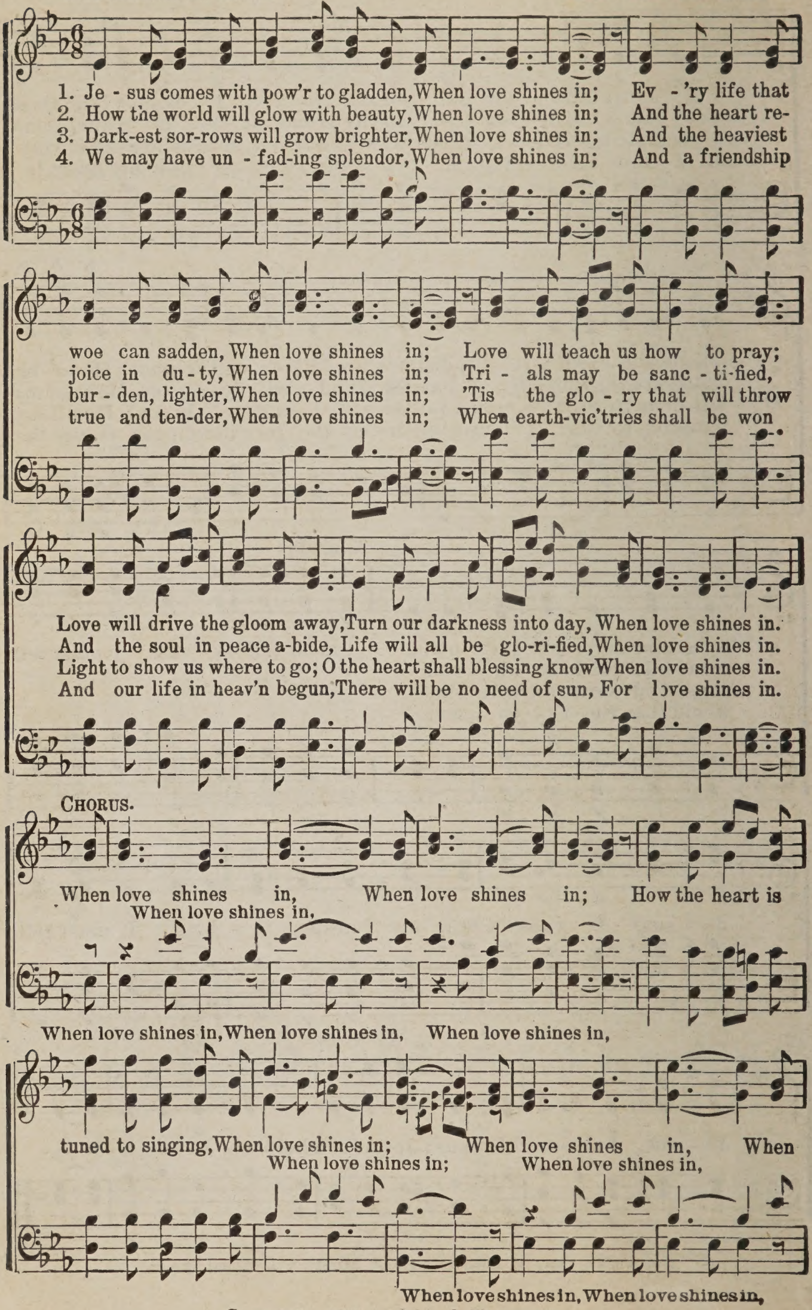
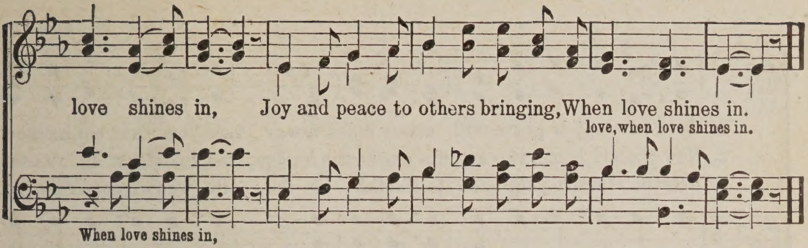
When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



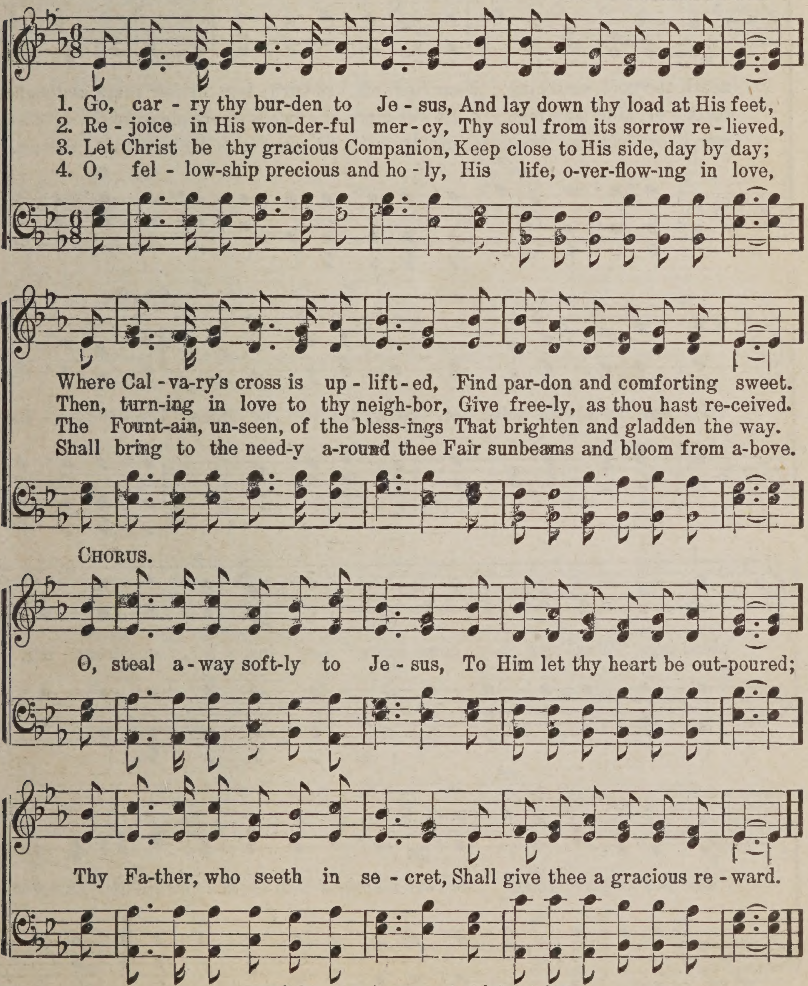
Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

When Love Shines In. Concluded.



77 O, Steal Away Softly to Jesus.

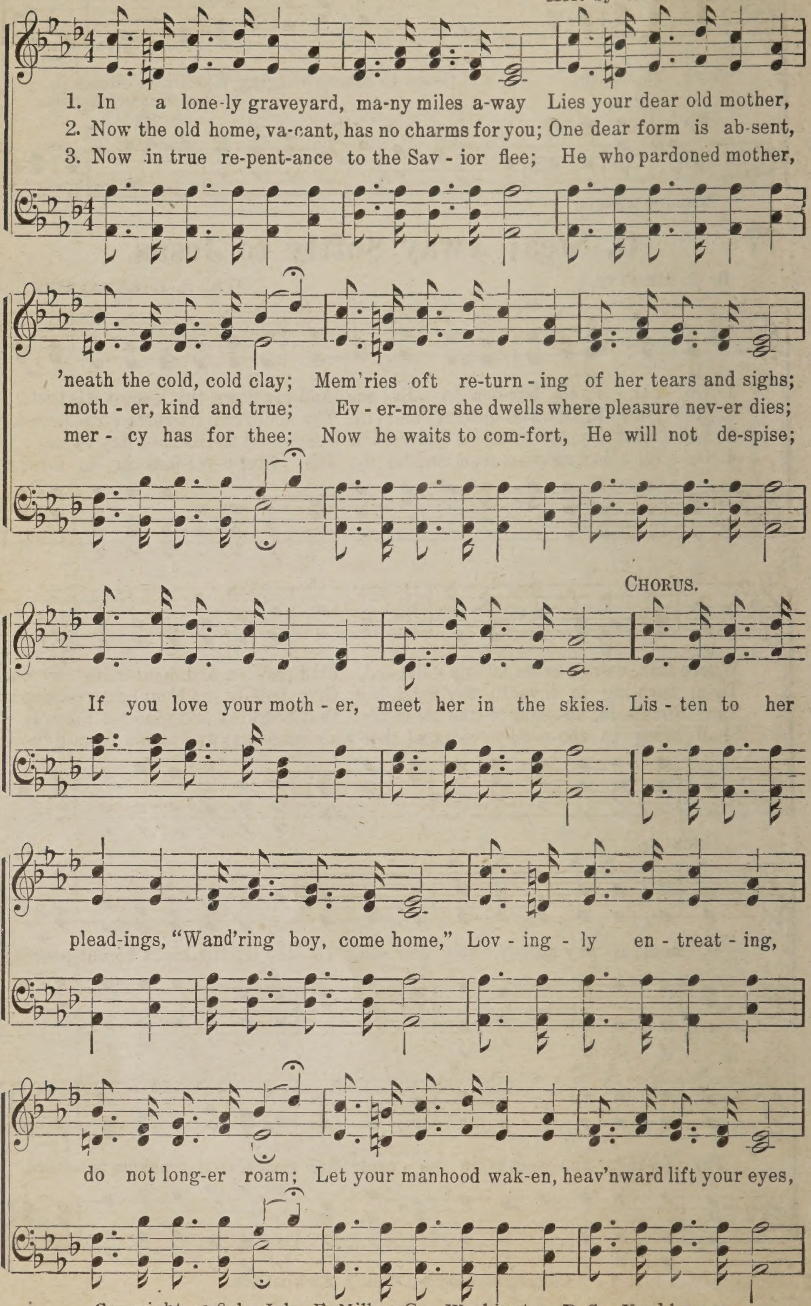
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.



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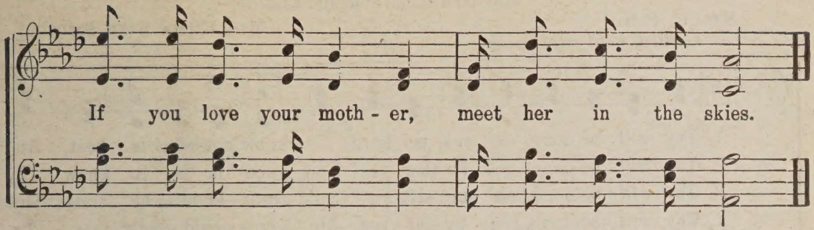
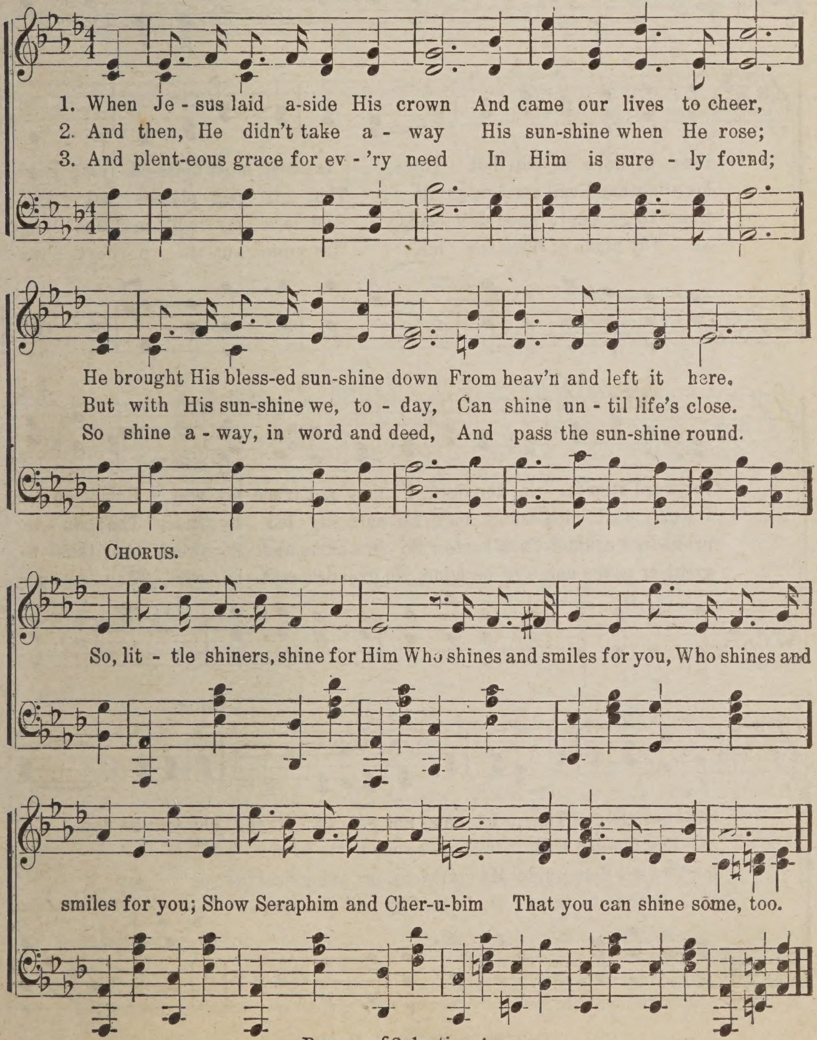
Meet Mother in the Skies. Concluded.



79 Sunshine.

J. H. BUTLER. For Children. C. W. WAGGONER.

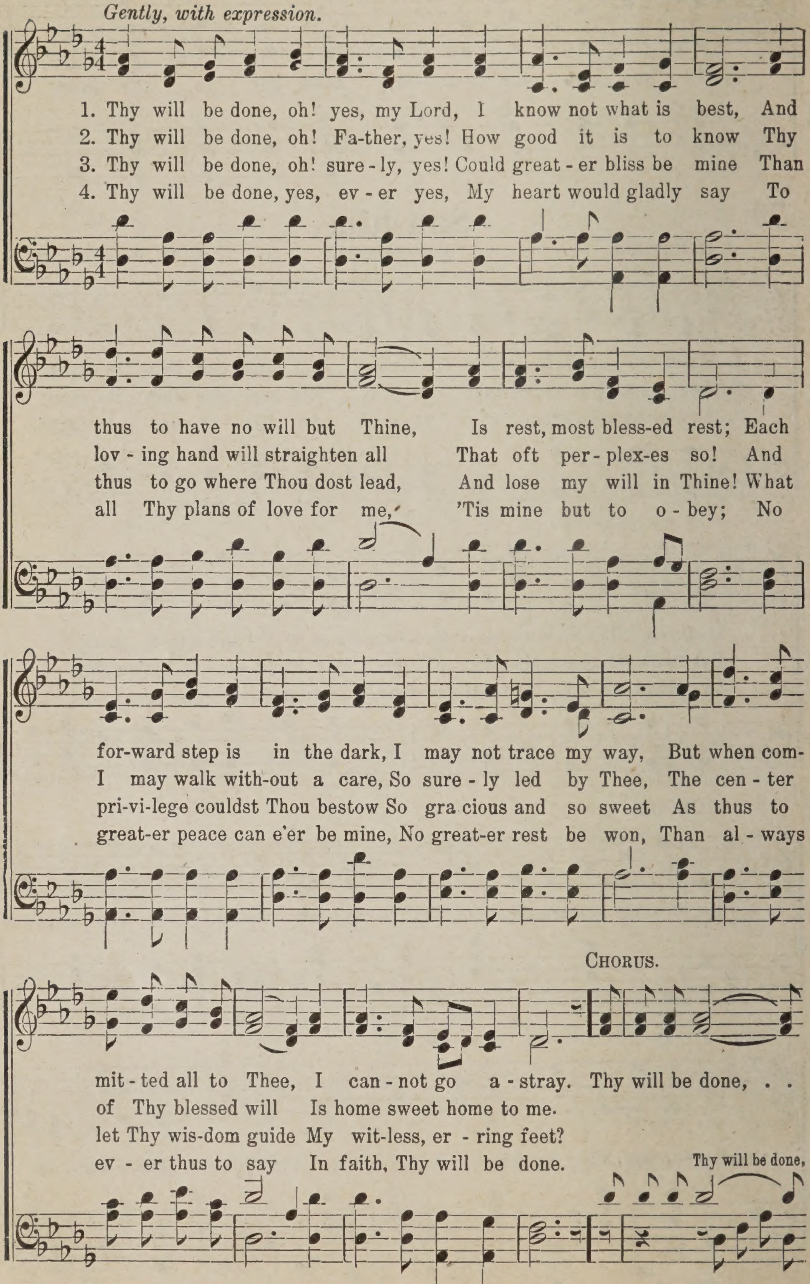


By per. of Salvation Army.

Thy Will Be Done.

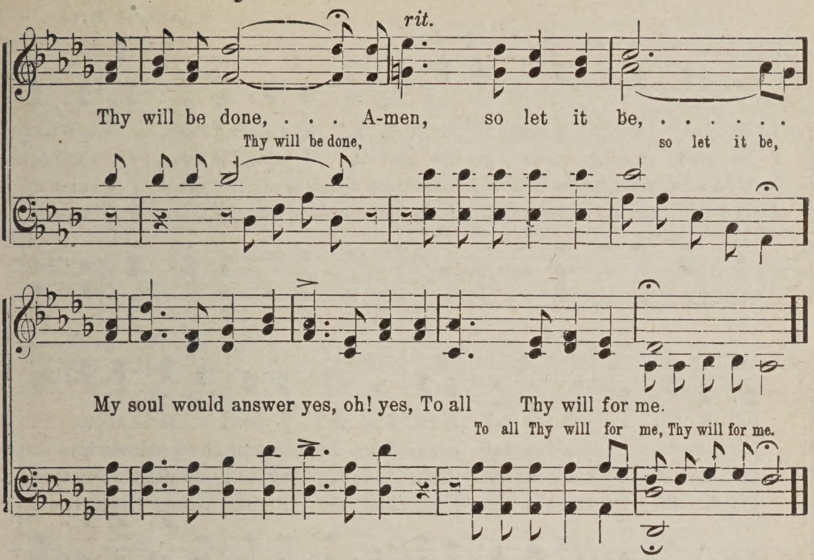
May be used as Solo and Chorus.

Mrs. E. F. S. | Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

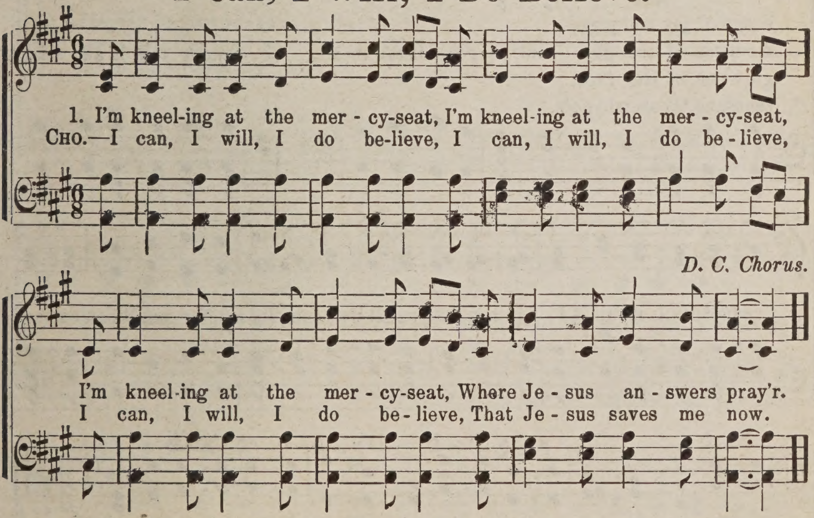


Copyright, 1905, by I. G. Martin.

Thy Will Be done. Concluded.



81 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

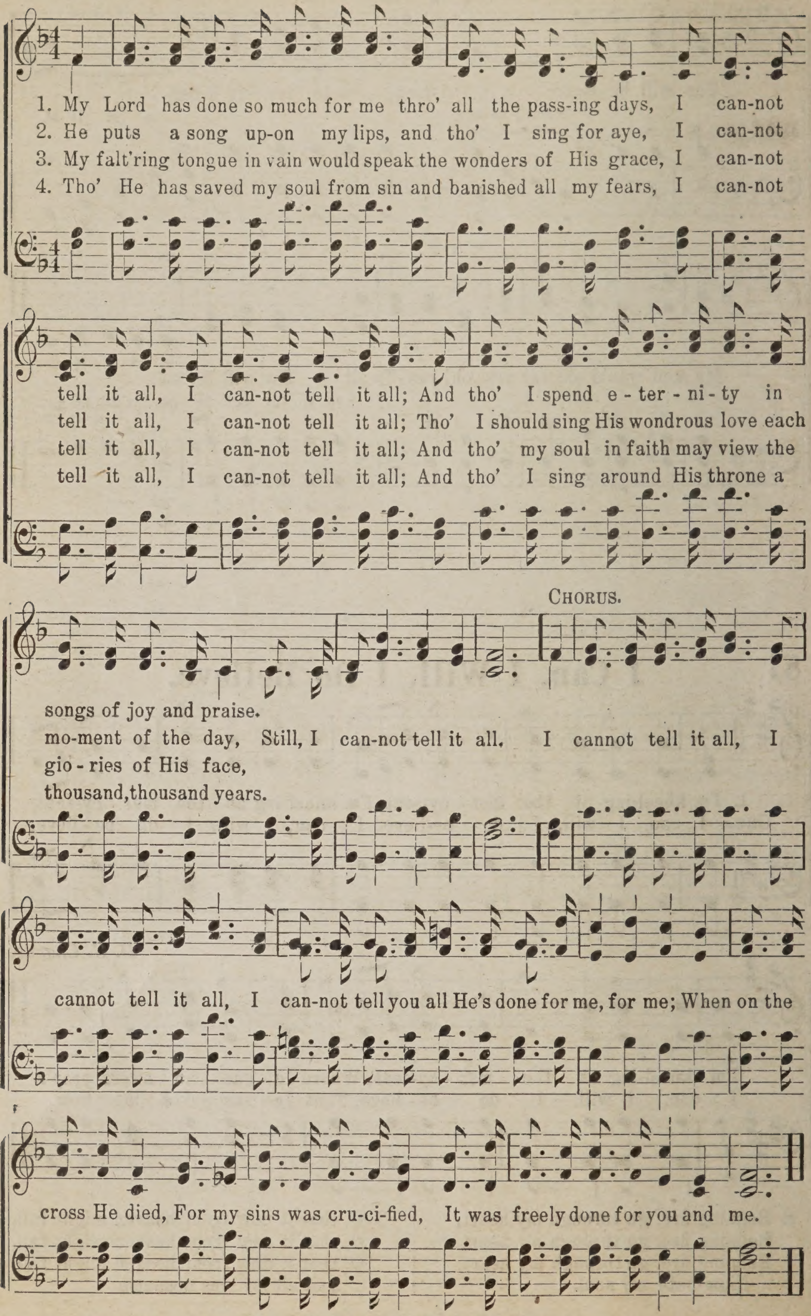


2 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Refining fire, go through my heart,
Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul.

3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
O, that it now from heaven might fall,
O, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume.

I Cannot Tell It All.

C. A. M. — C. Austin Miles.



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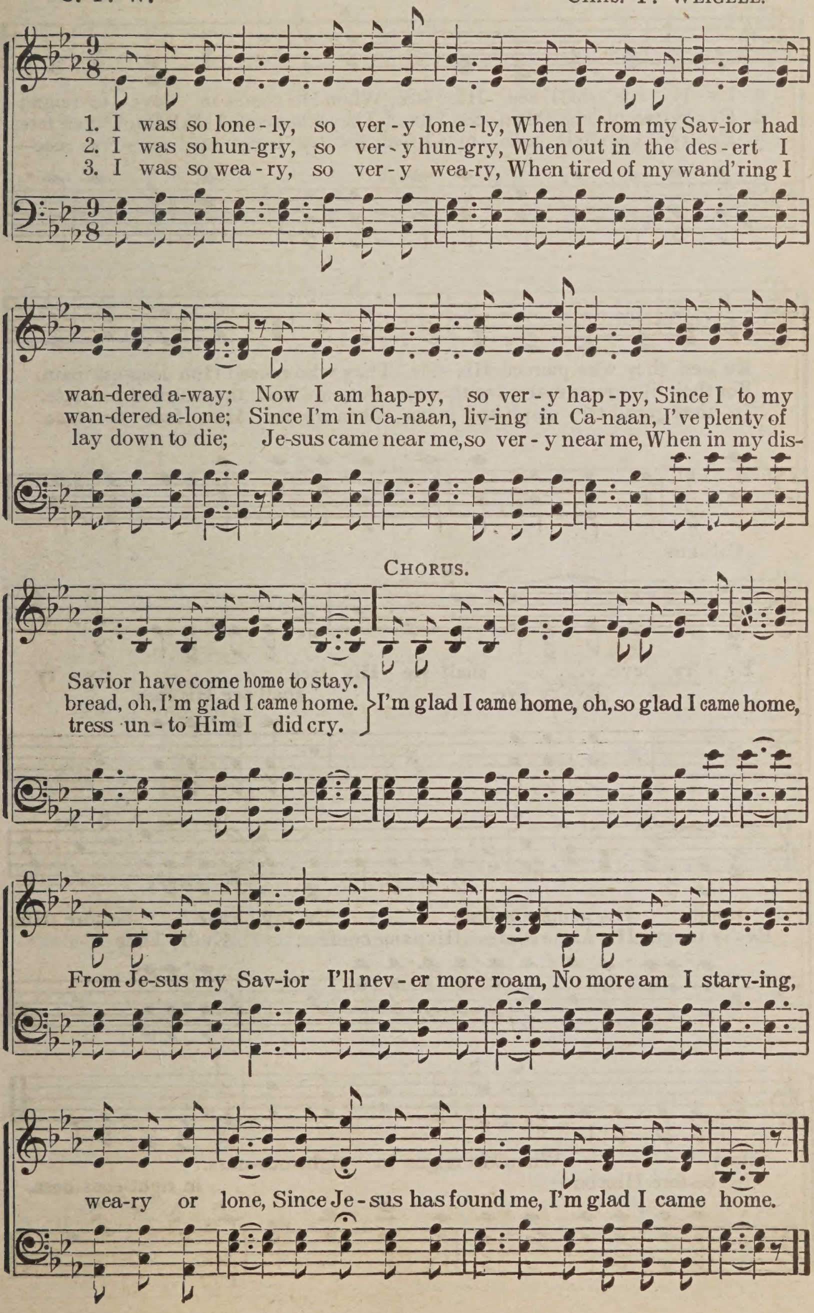
I'm Glad I Came Home.

Copyright, 1901, by Brown Bros, Indianapolis, Ind. By per.

C. F. W. — CHAS. F. WEIGELE.



"When He Comes."

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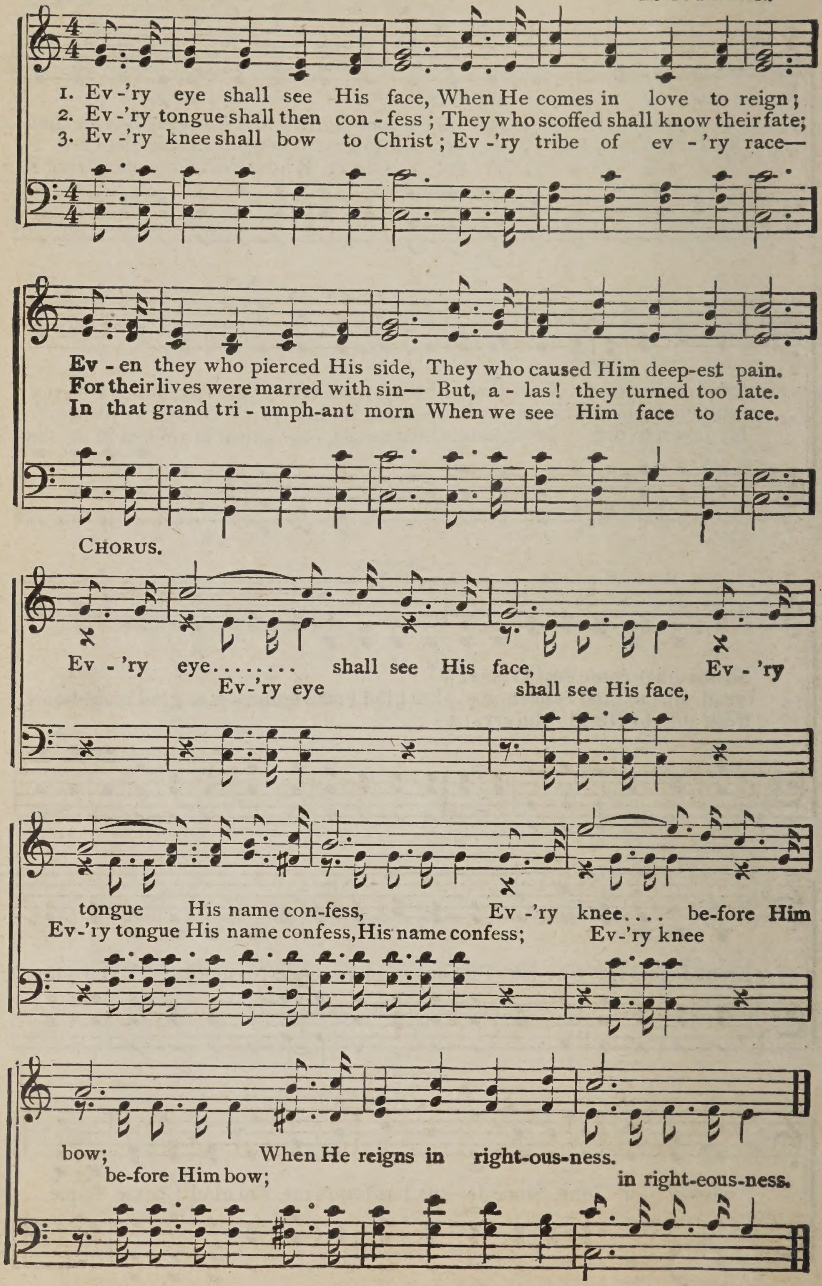
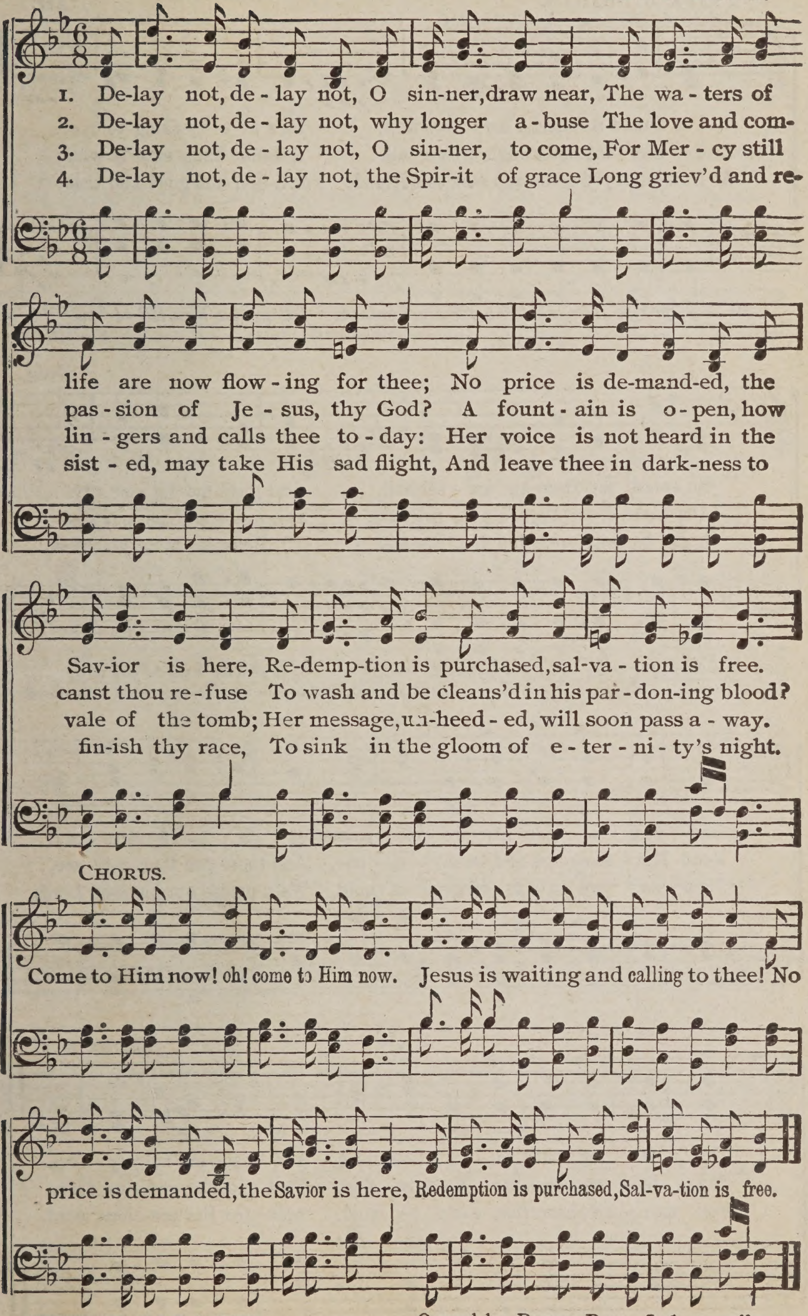
JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



Delay Not.

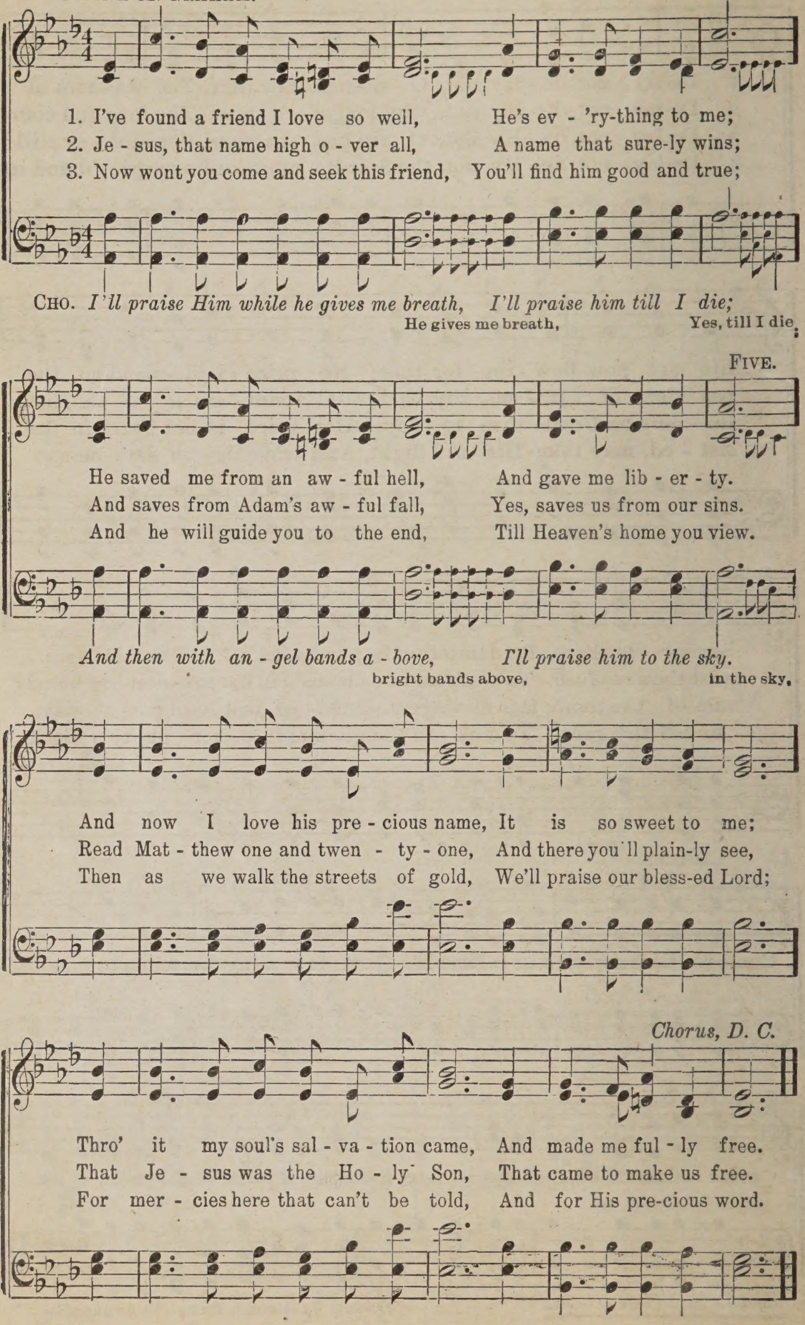
Chas. H. Gabriel.



Copyright, 1897, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Owned by Brown Bros.. Indianapolis.

I've Found a Friend.

FRANK M. GRAHAM. Arr.



Not Made With Hands.

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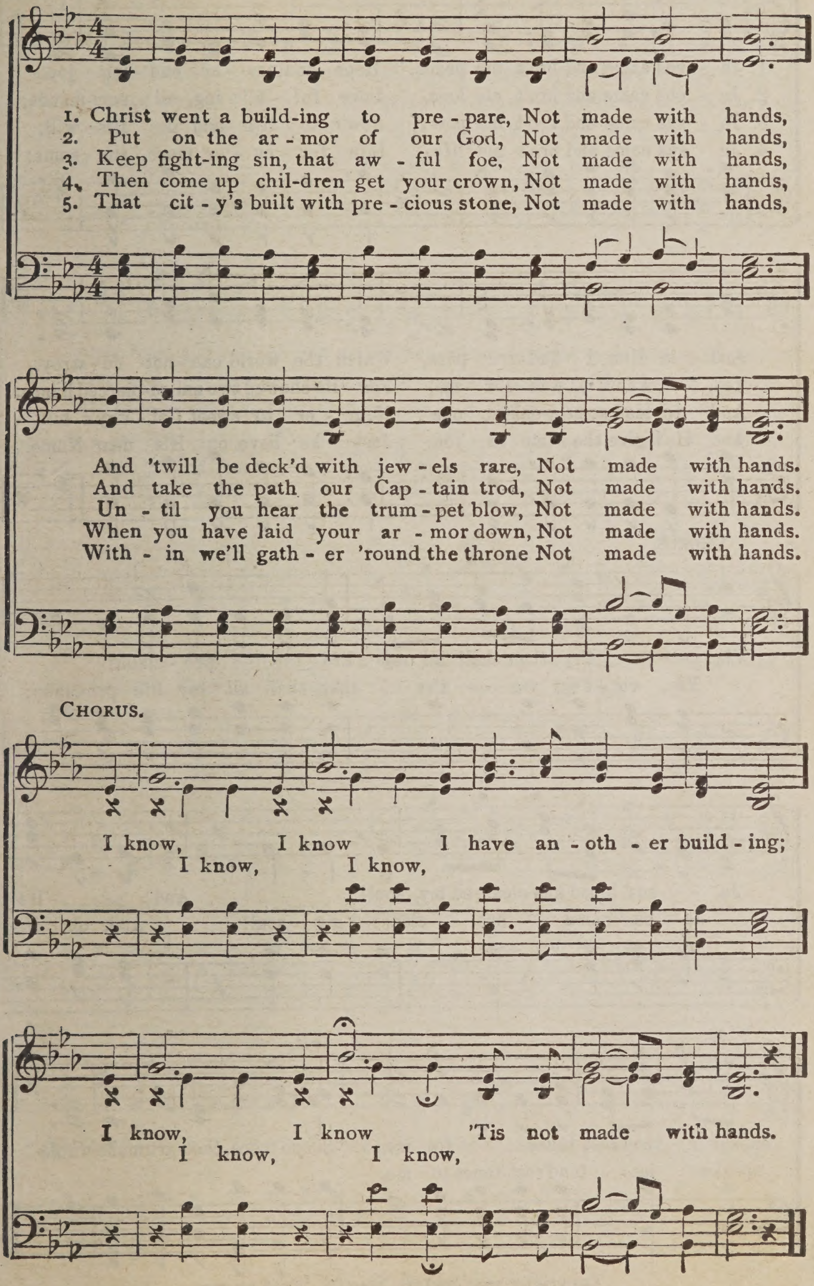
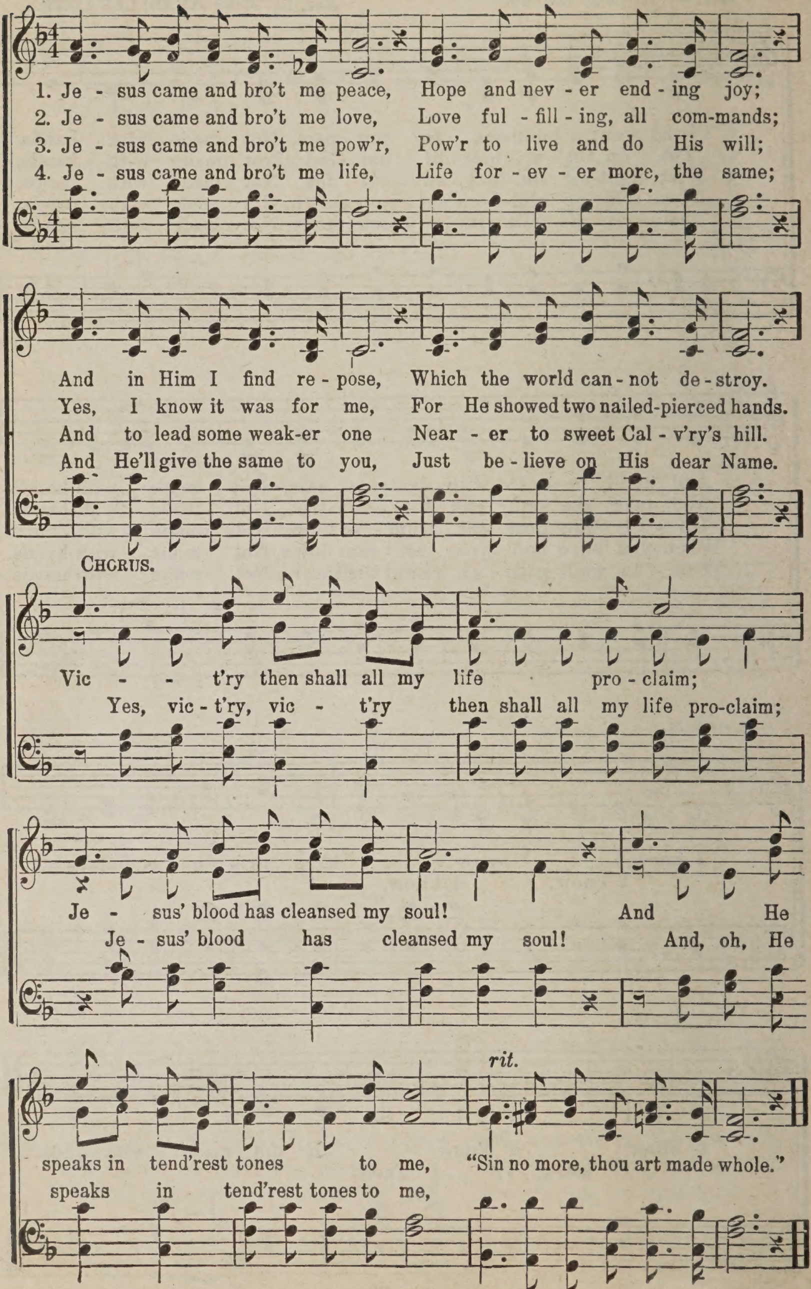
Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.



Jesus Came.

S. McN. STELLA McNUTT.



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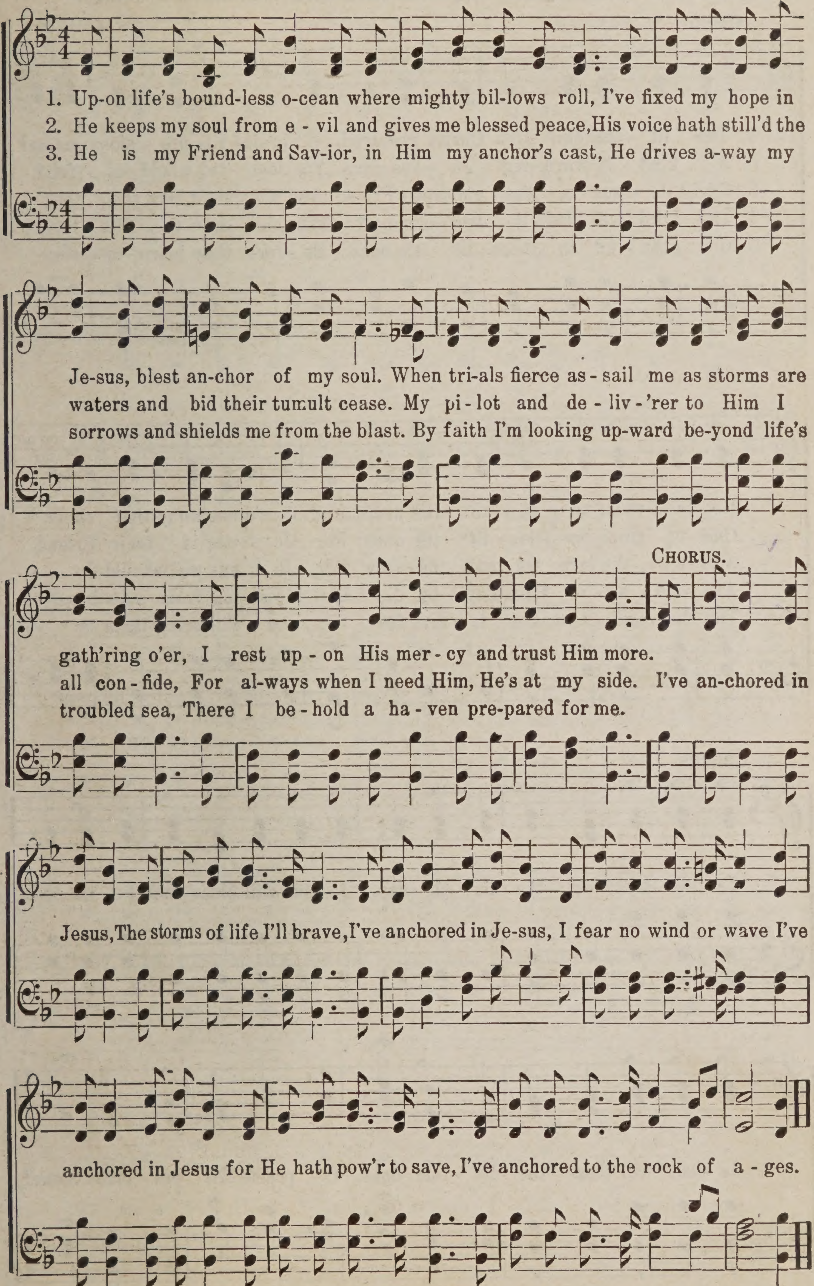
89 I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



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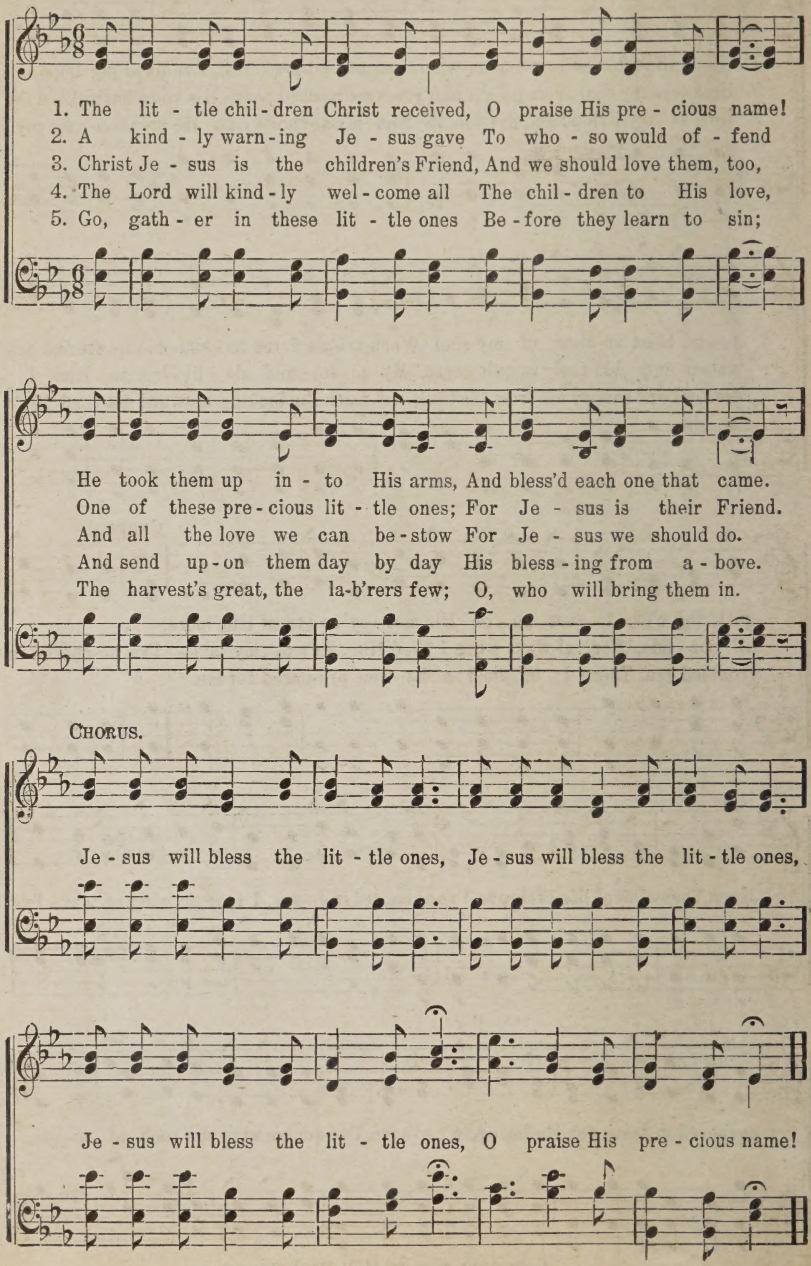
90 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

JOHN. J. G. F.



This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

The Blessed Old Bible.

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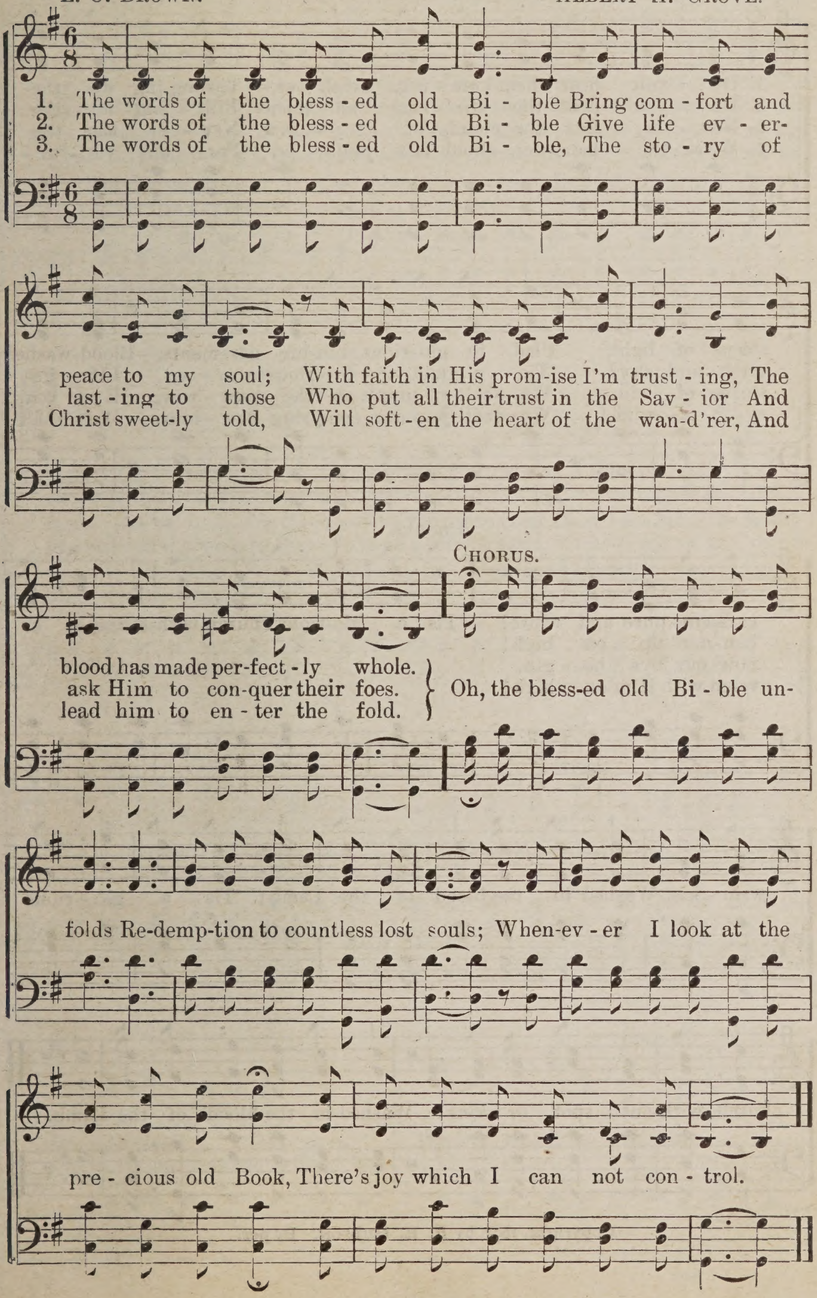
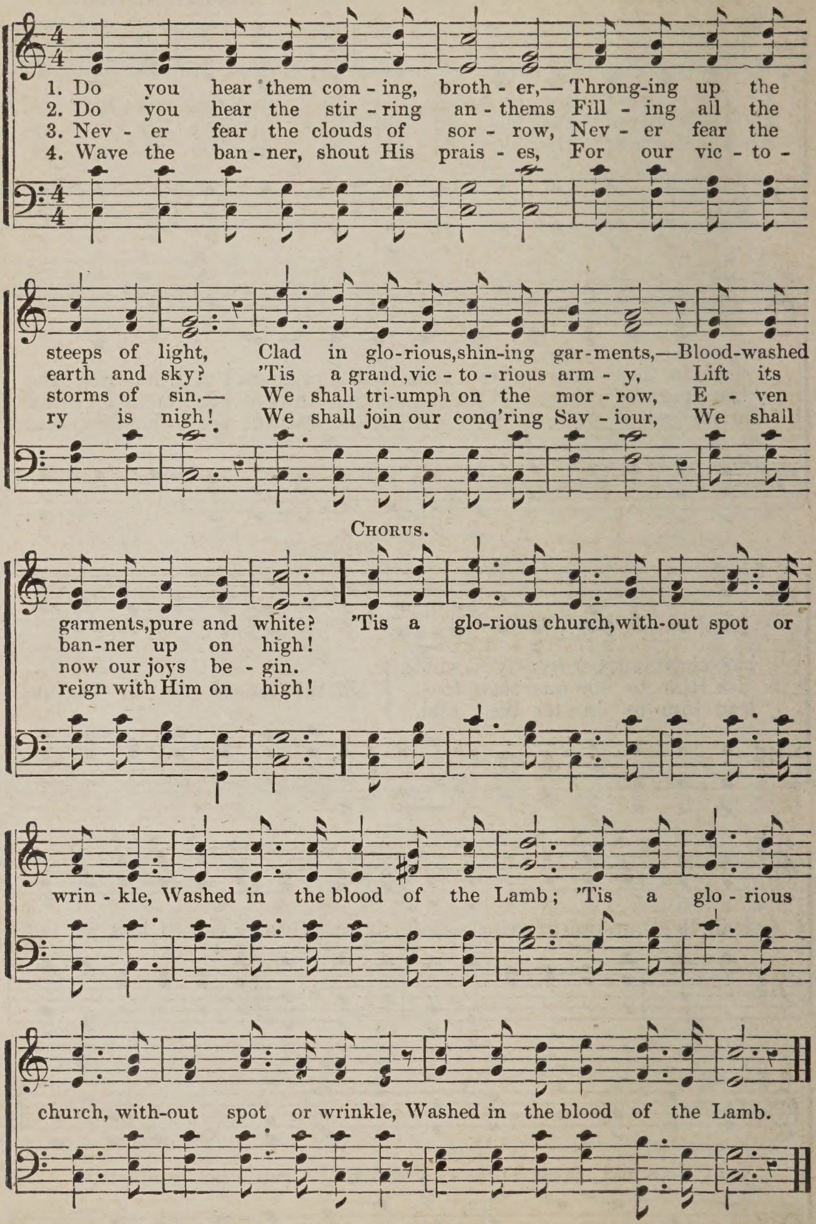
L. O. Brown. Albert H. Grove.



A Glorious Church.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. Hudson.



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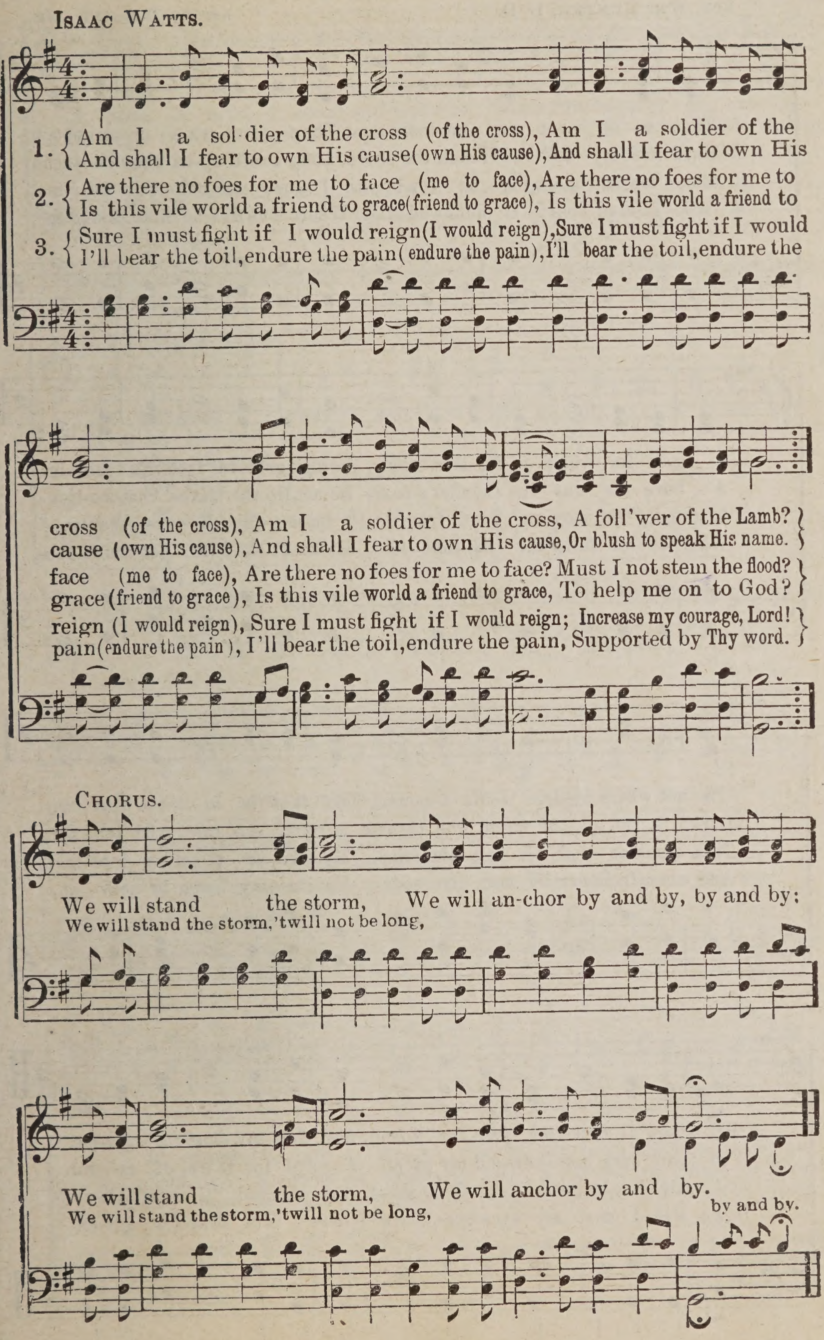
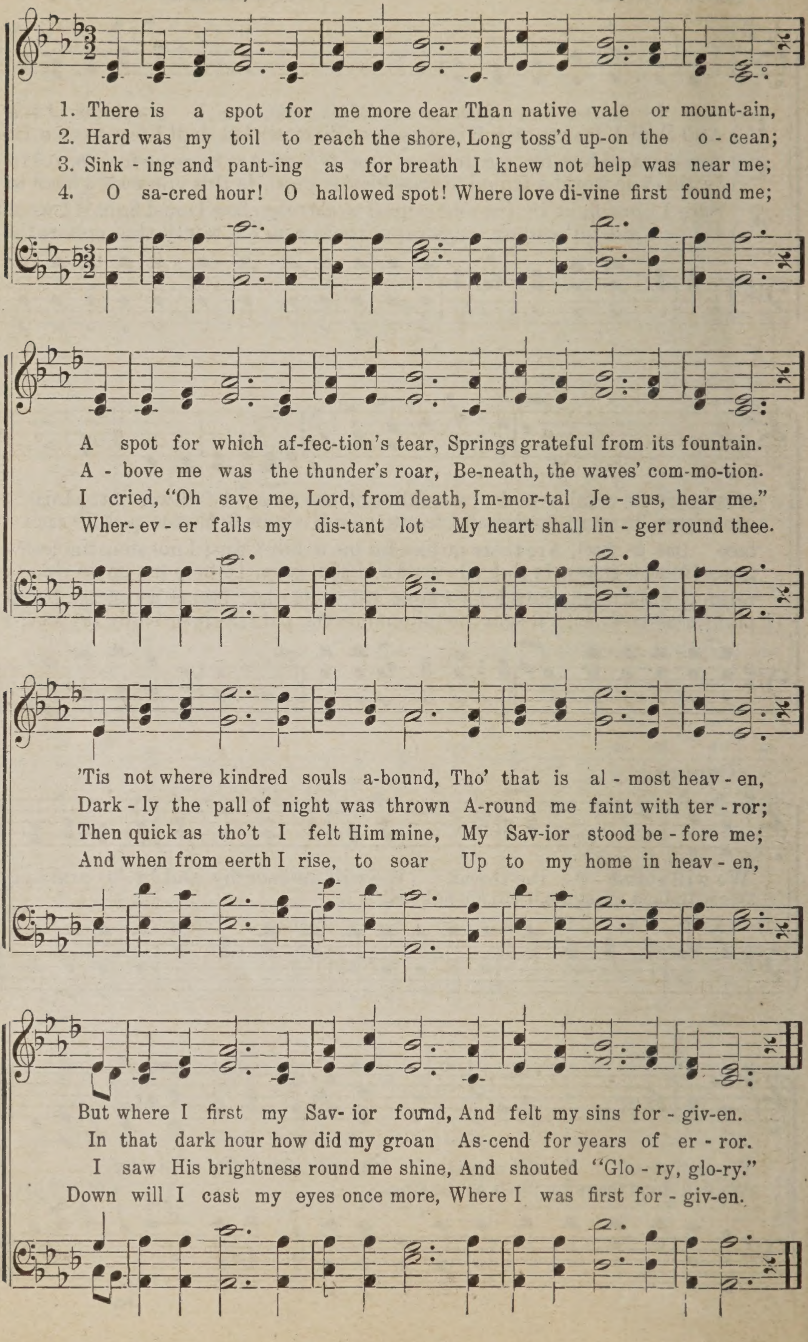
93

We'll Stand the Storm.



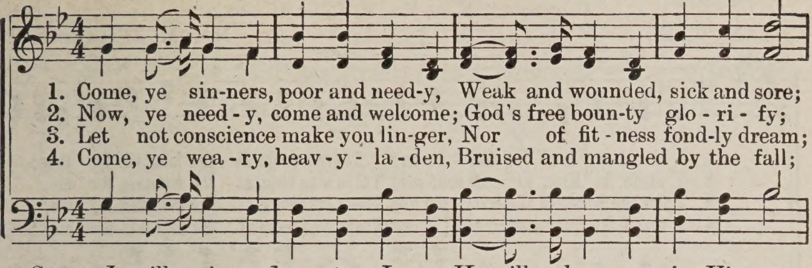
The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

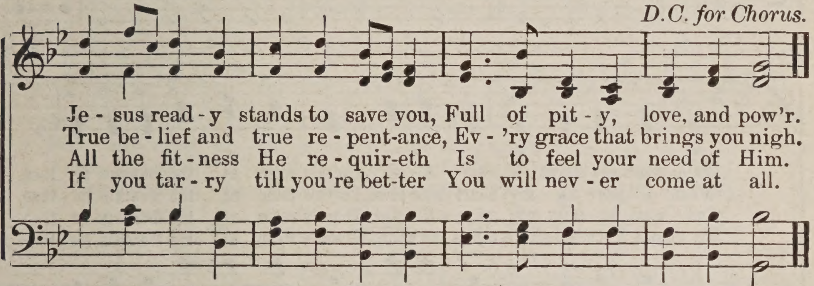


95 I Will Arise.

J. Hart. American Spiritual.



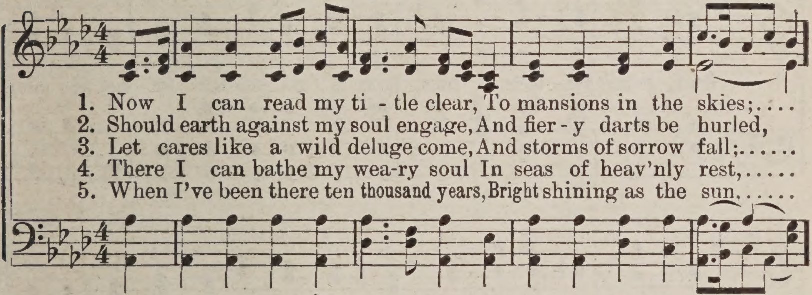
Cho.—*I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;*

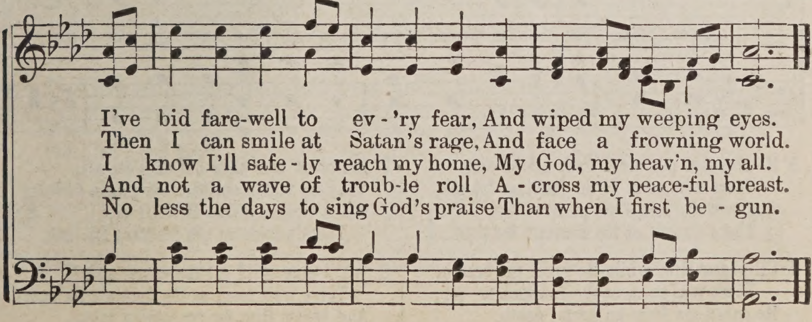


In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

96 Now I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

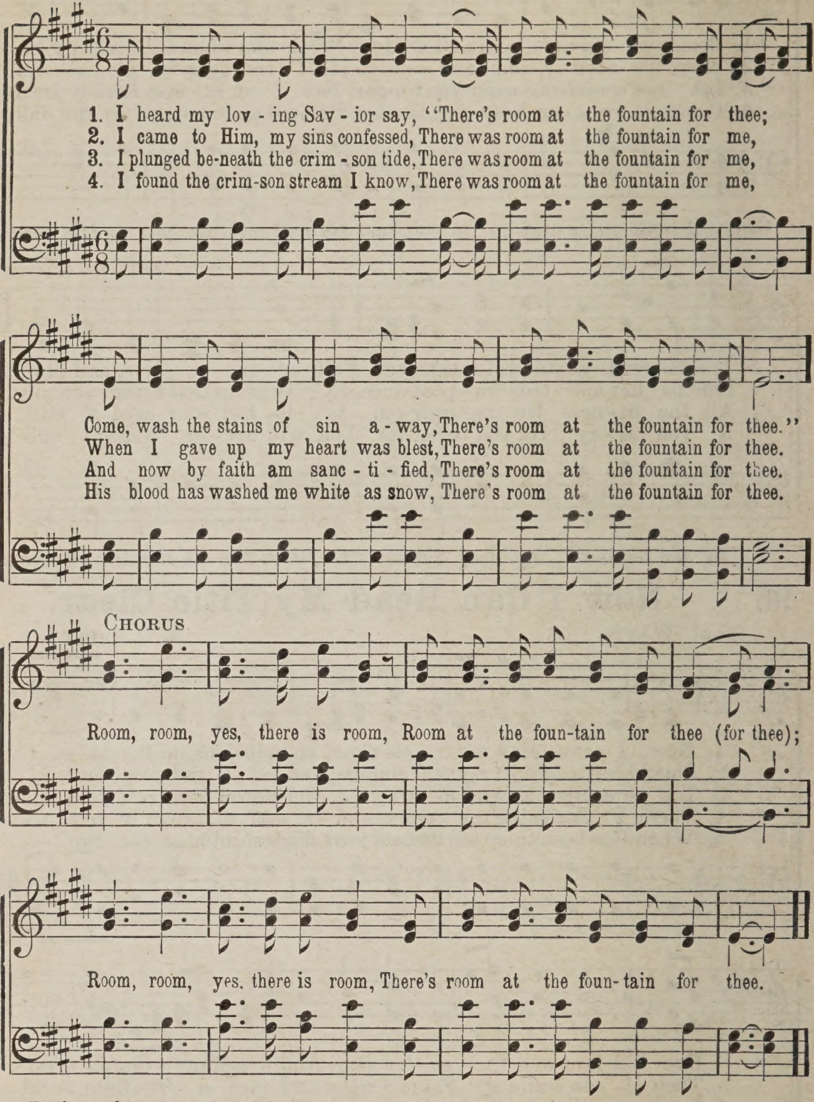




Room at the Fountain.

Copyright, 1897, by Mrs. M. J. Harris. By per.

M. J. H. — Mrs. M. J. Harris.



5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

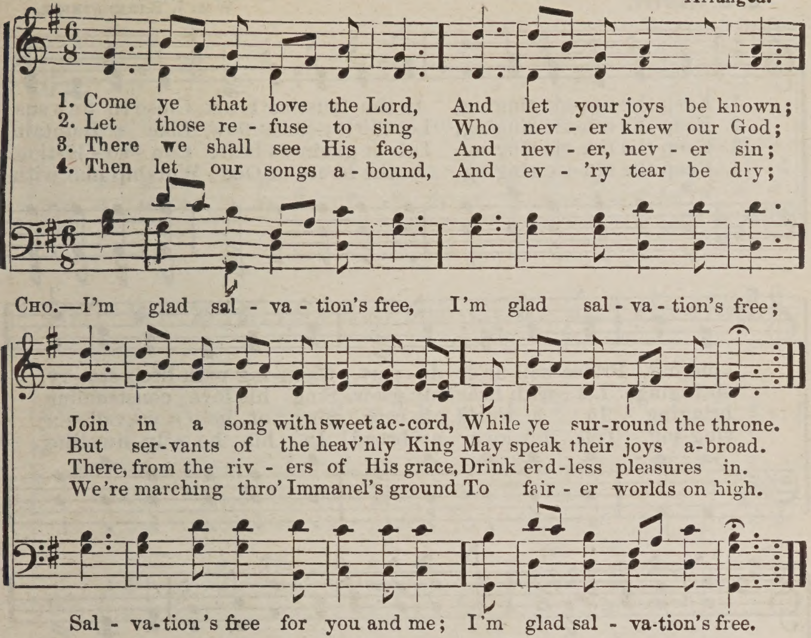
6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
O don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

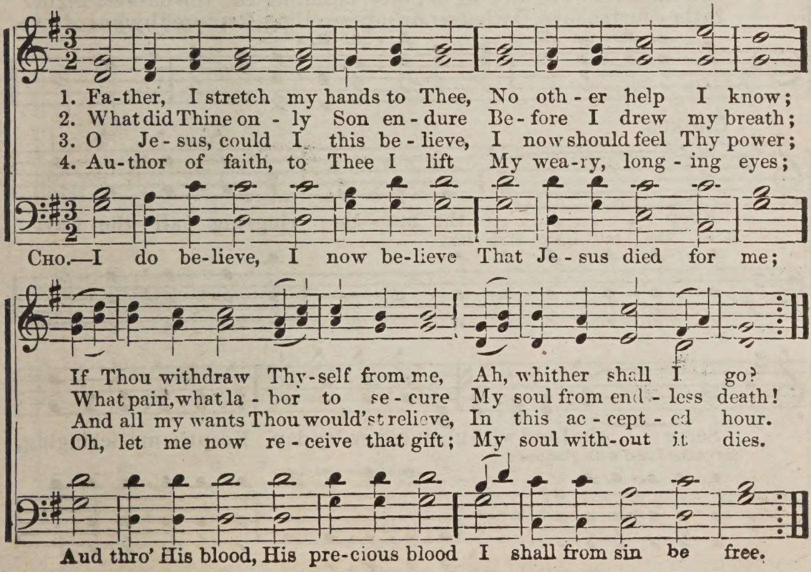
Come Ye That Love the Lord.

Isaac Watts. Arranged.



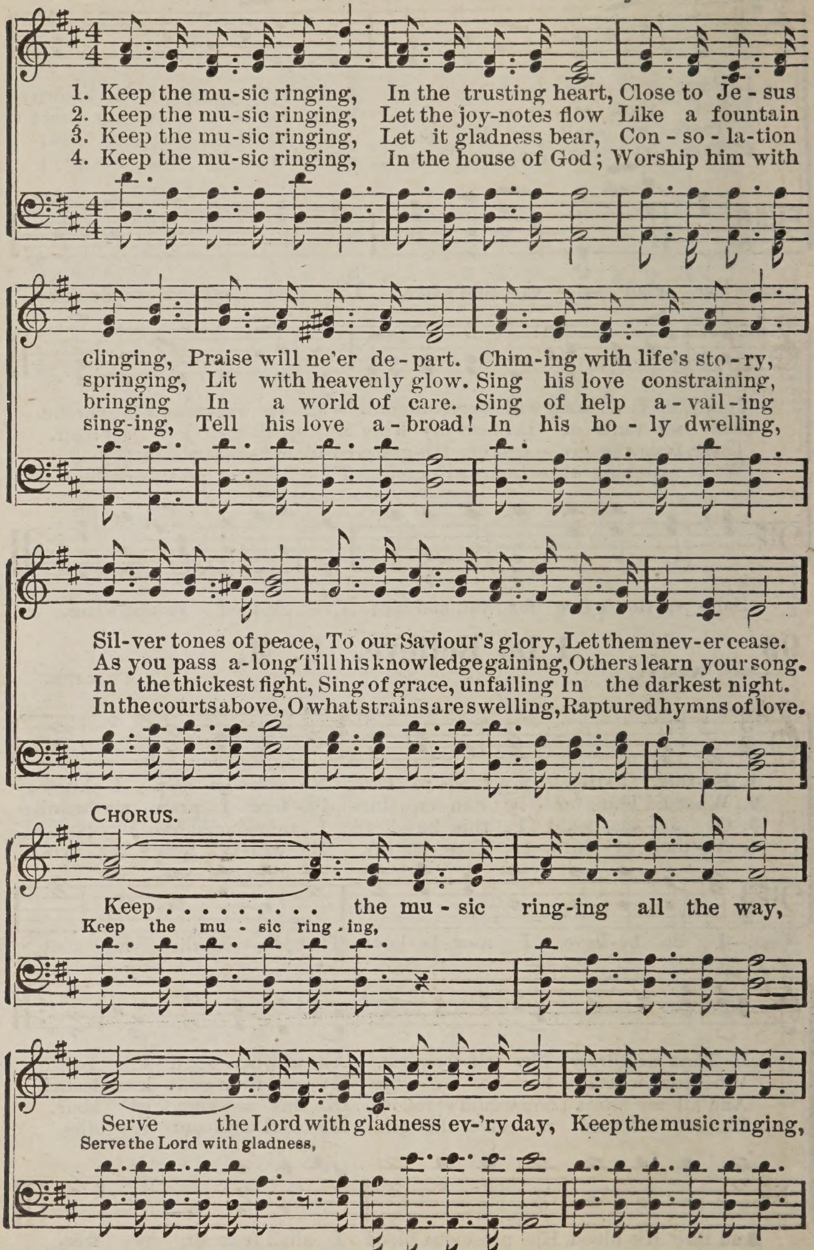
99 I Do Believe. C. M.

Chas. Wesley. Unknown.



Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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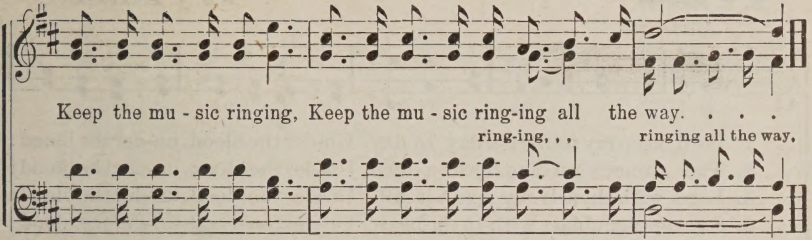
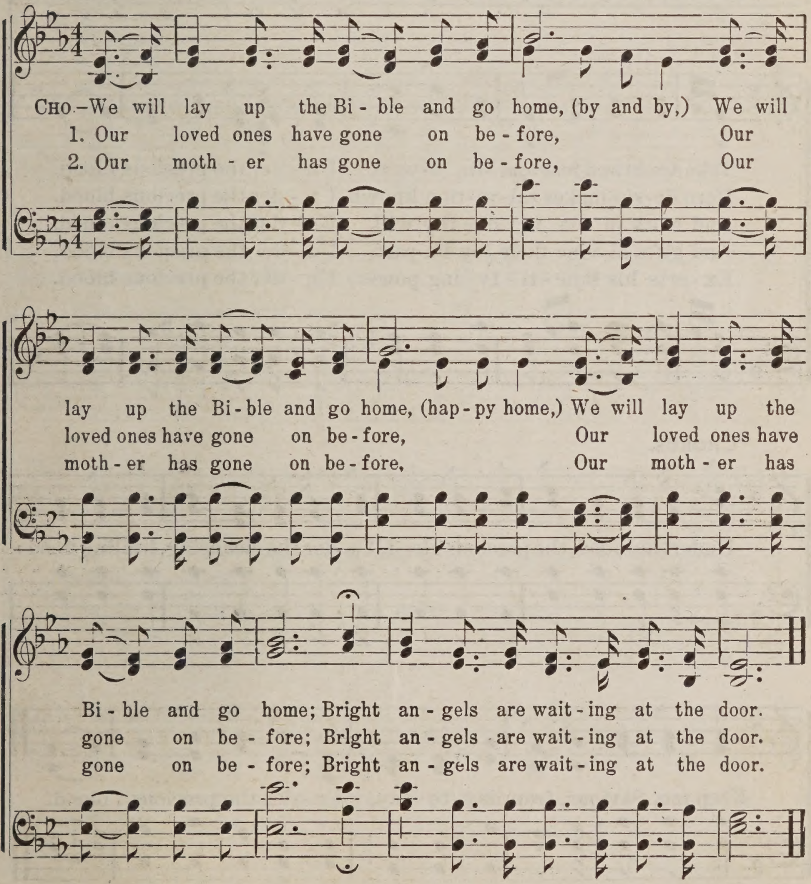
Keep the Music Ringing. Concluded.



101 We Will Lay Up the Bible and Go Home.

Anon. Anon.

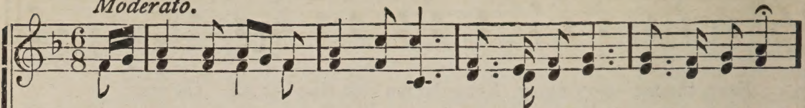


3 Our father has gone on before, etc.
4 Our children have gone on before, etc.
5 Our sister has gone on before, etc.
6 Our brother has gone on before, etc.
7 Our class-mates have gone on before, etc.
8 Our Savior has gone on before, etc.

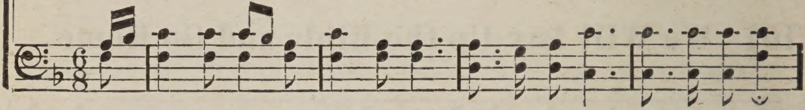
Under the Blood.

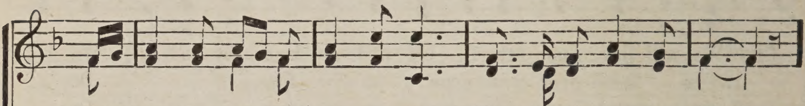
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

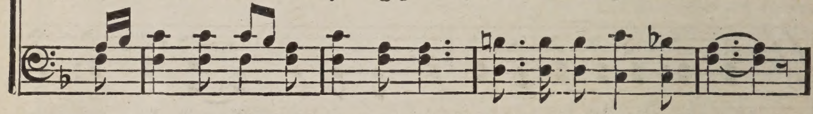


1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sinner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with thyself my spir - it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace abides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;

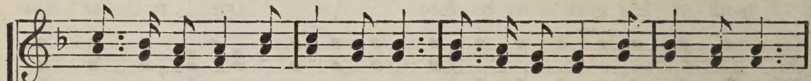




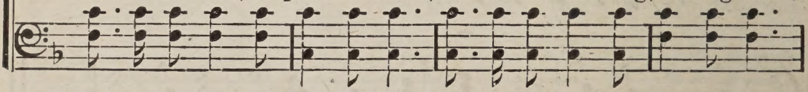
Take doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un - der the precious blood.
Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un - der the precious blood.
And work in me to do thy will, Un - der the precious blood.
And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un - der the precious blood.
Ex - erts his sanc - ti - fy - ing power, Un - der the precious blood.

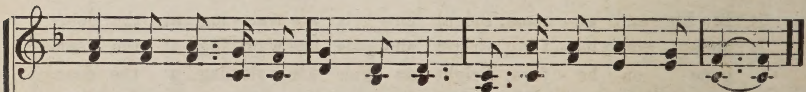


Chorus.

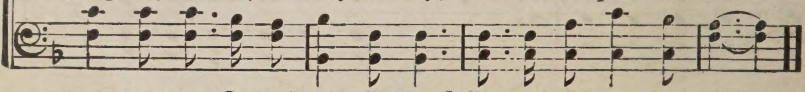


Under the blood, the precious blood, Un-der the cleansing, healing flood;





Keep me, Saviour, from day to day, Un-der the precious blood.



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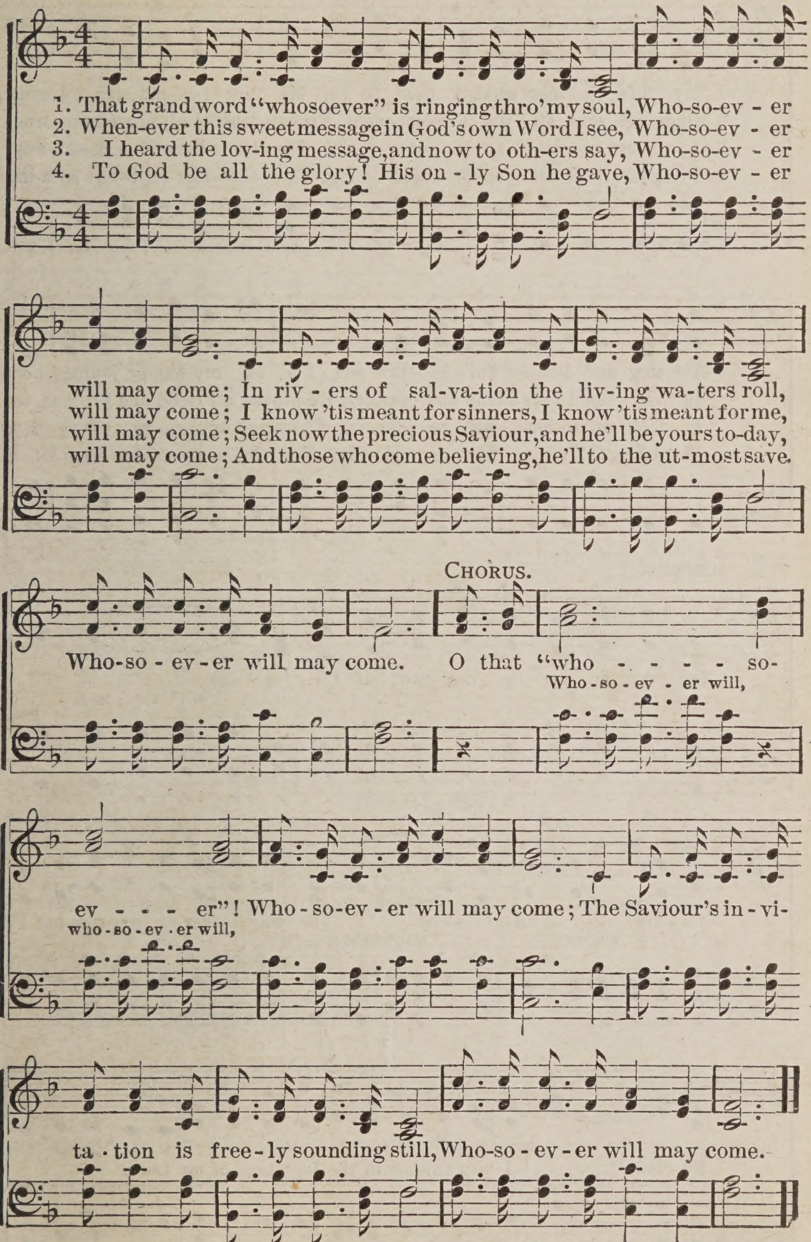
That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. Hewitt. E. E. Hewitt.



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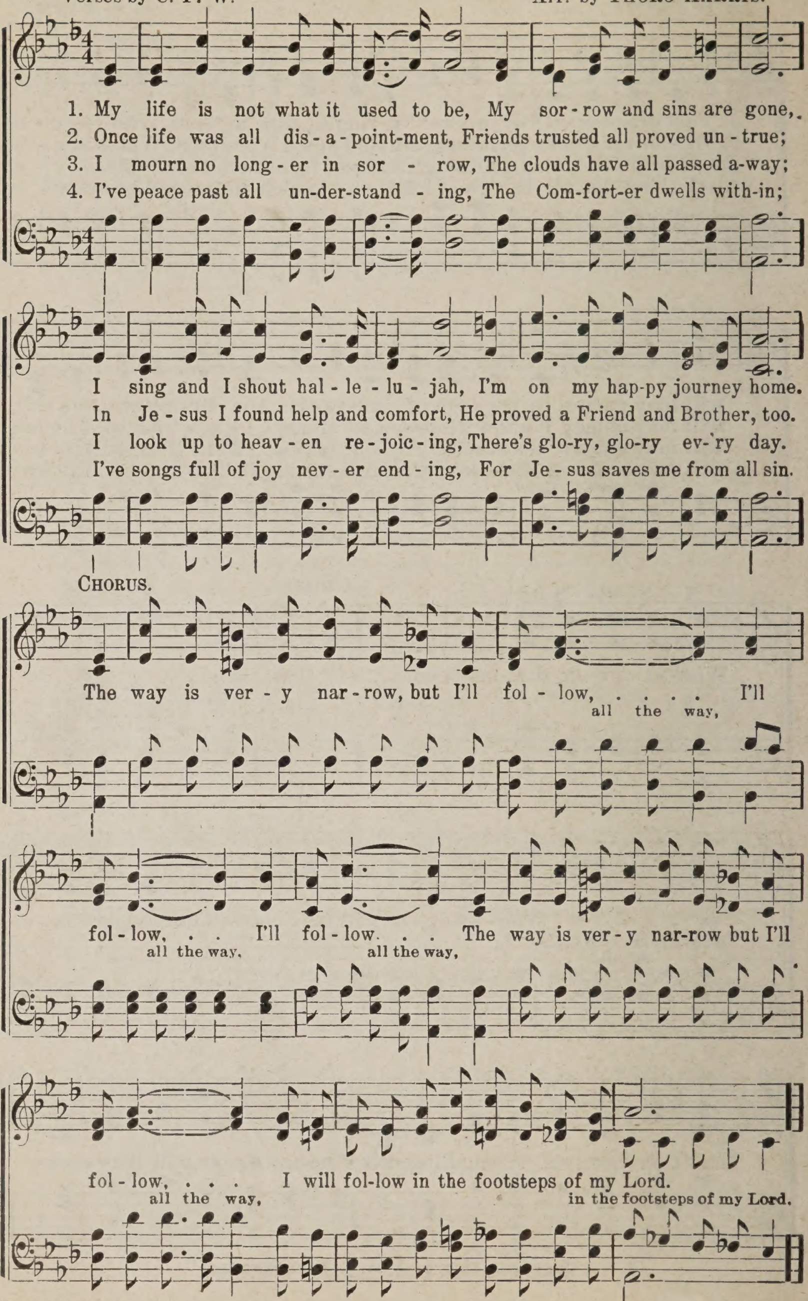
The Way Is Narrow.

Verses by C. F. W. Arr. by Thoro Harris.



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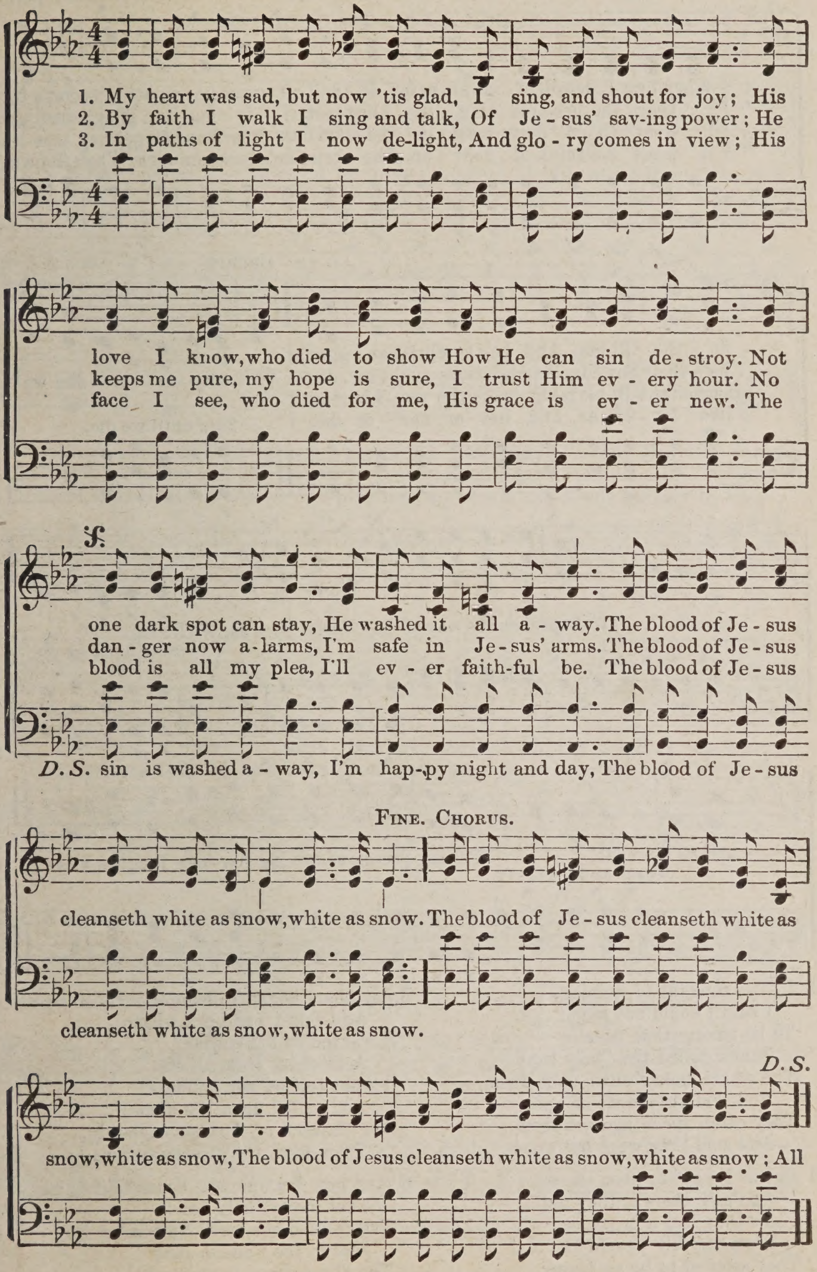
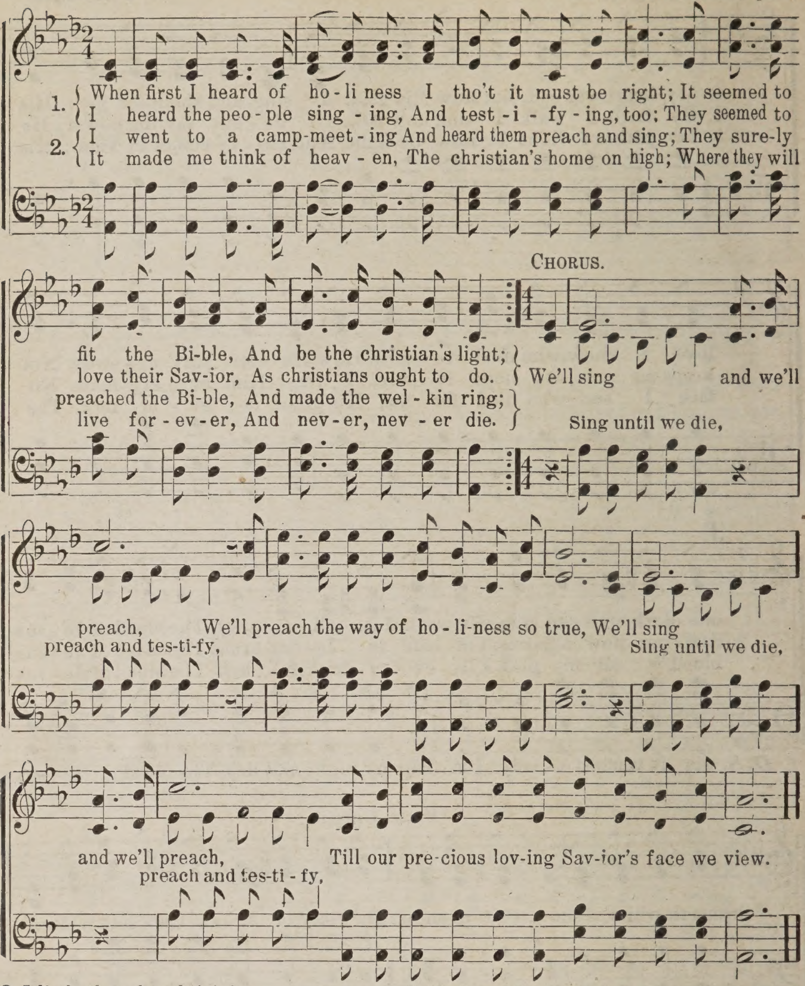
The Cleansing Fountain.

Arranged.



106 We Will Sing and Preach Holiness.

F. M. G. — F. M Graham, by per.



3 I little thought of joining,
I said I could not stand,
To be among that people,
That's called the "holy band."
The world looked down upon them,
And said they were so rash,
They often spoke against them,
And said they were but trash.

4 But as I went to hear them,
And saw the way they did,
I saw they had a treasure,
From worldly people hid.
They seemed to be so happy,
And filled with christian love;
When people talked about them,
They only looked above.

5 My heart began to hunger,
And thirst and burn within;
I wanted full salvation,
A freedom from all sin.
I went to God for holiness,
And called upon His name;
He cleansed my heart completely,
Then down the blessings came.

6 And now I'm one who bears that name,
That happy, holy band;
I've crossed the river Jordan,
And in the Canaan land.
The atmosphere is pleasant,
And fruit of every kind,
When you reach heaven's portals,
I'll not be far behind.

Complete Consecration.

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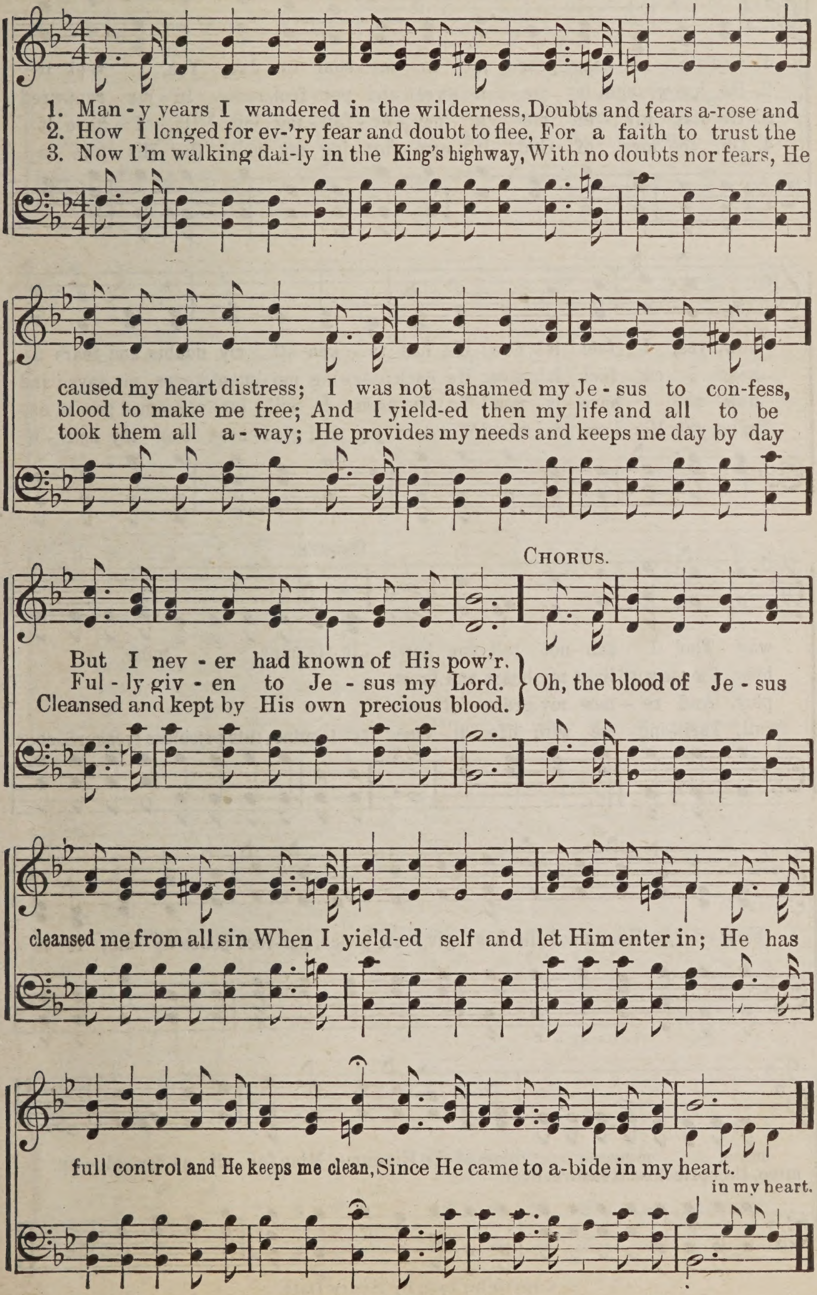
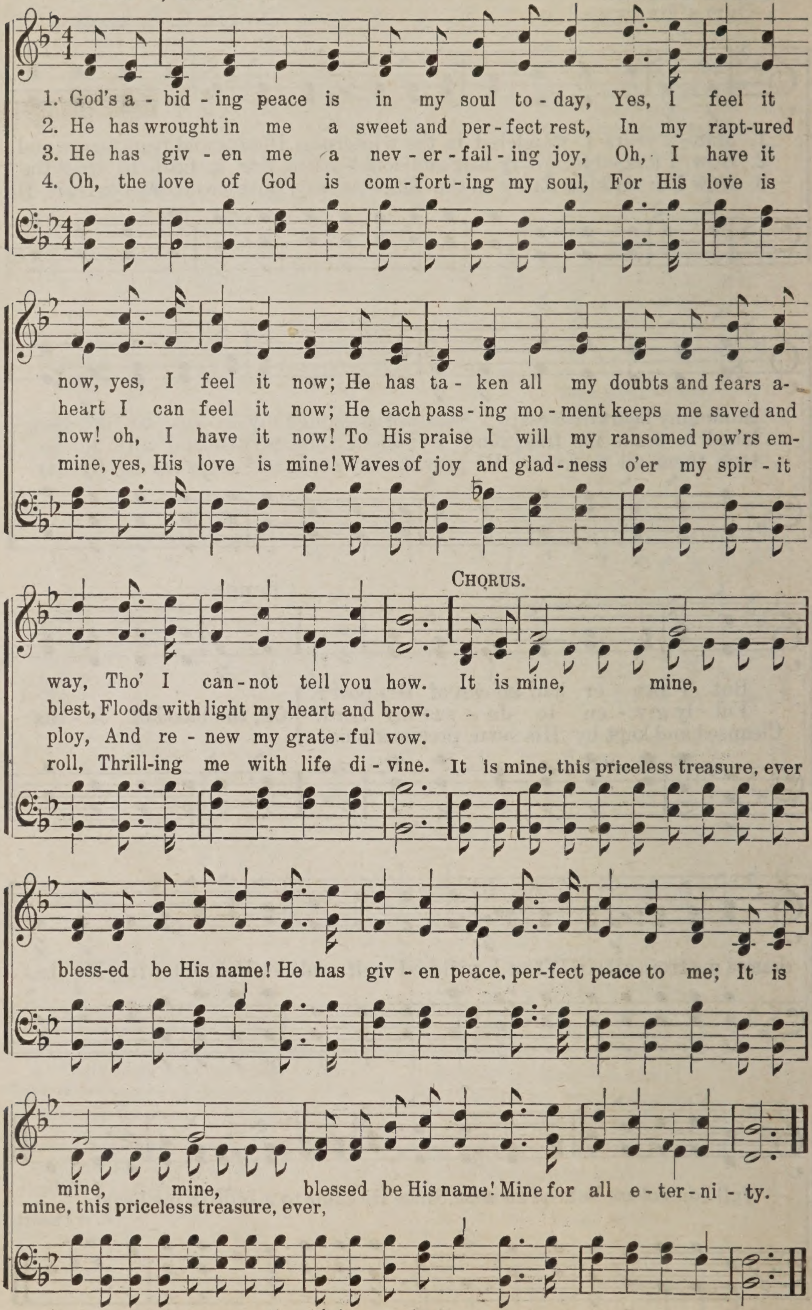
Della Brown. Nette C. Springer.



It is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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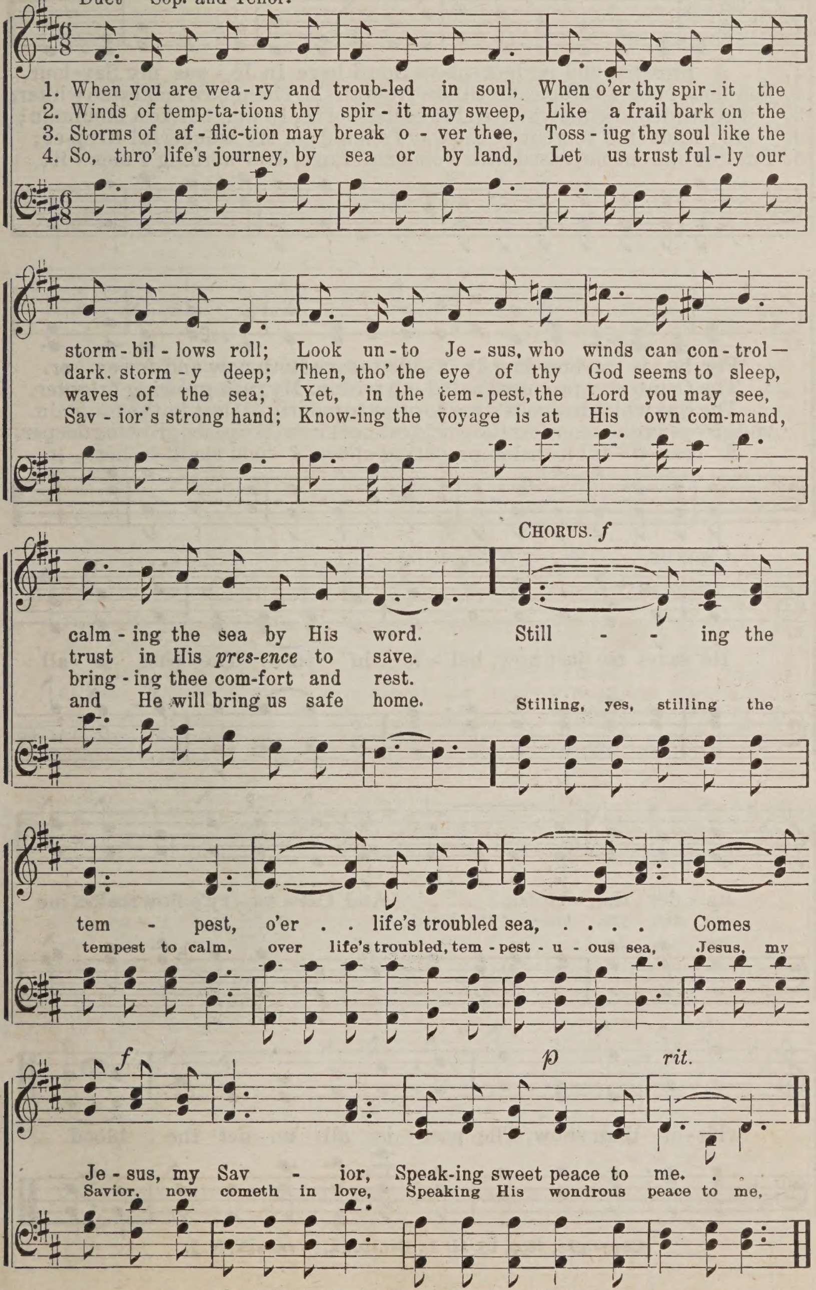
109 Stilling the Storm.

D. W. M. Mark vi: 47, 54. Rev. D. Wesley Myland.

Duet—Sop. and Tenor.



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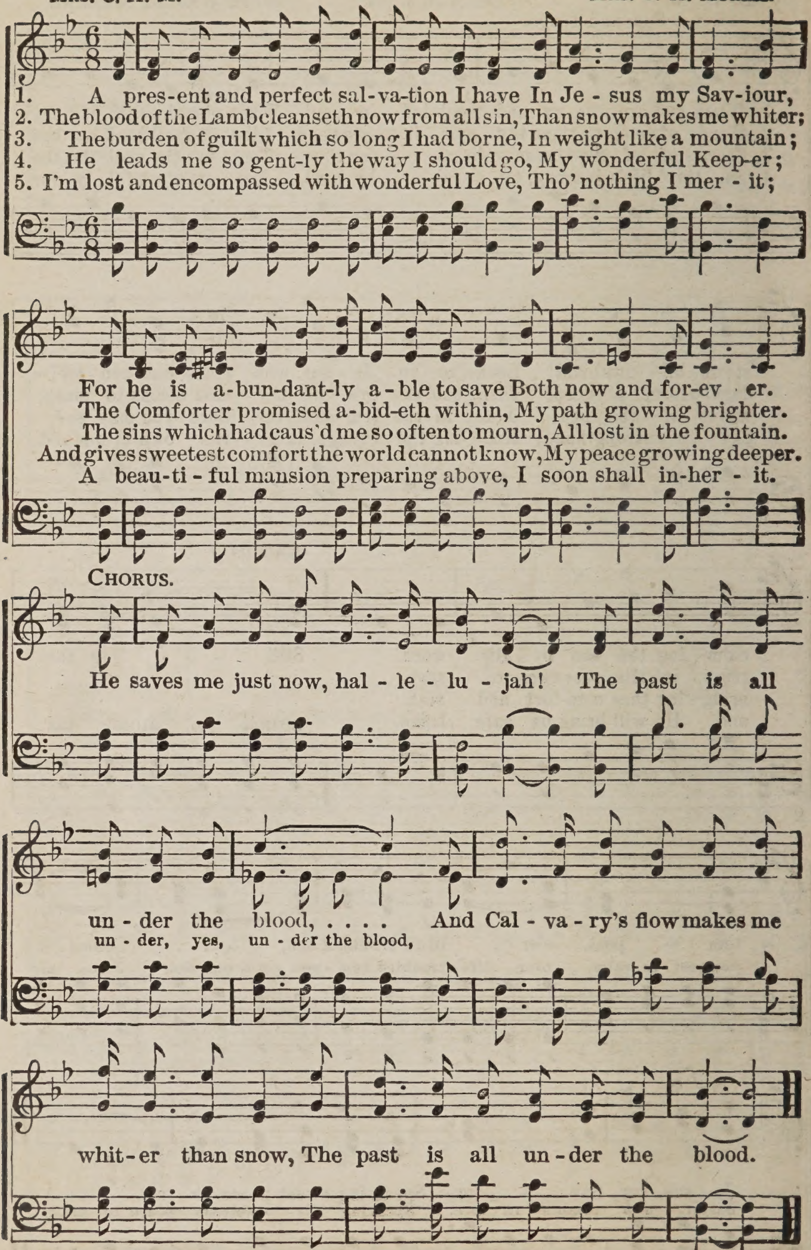
"The Past is All Under the Blood."

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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111 The Lord was Ready to Save Me.

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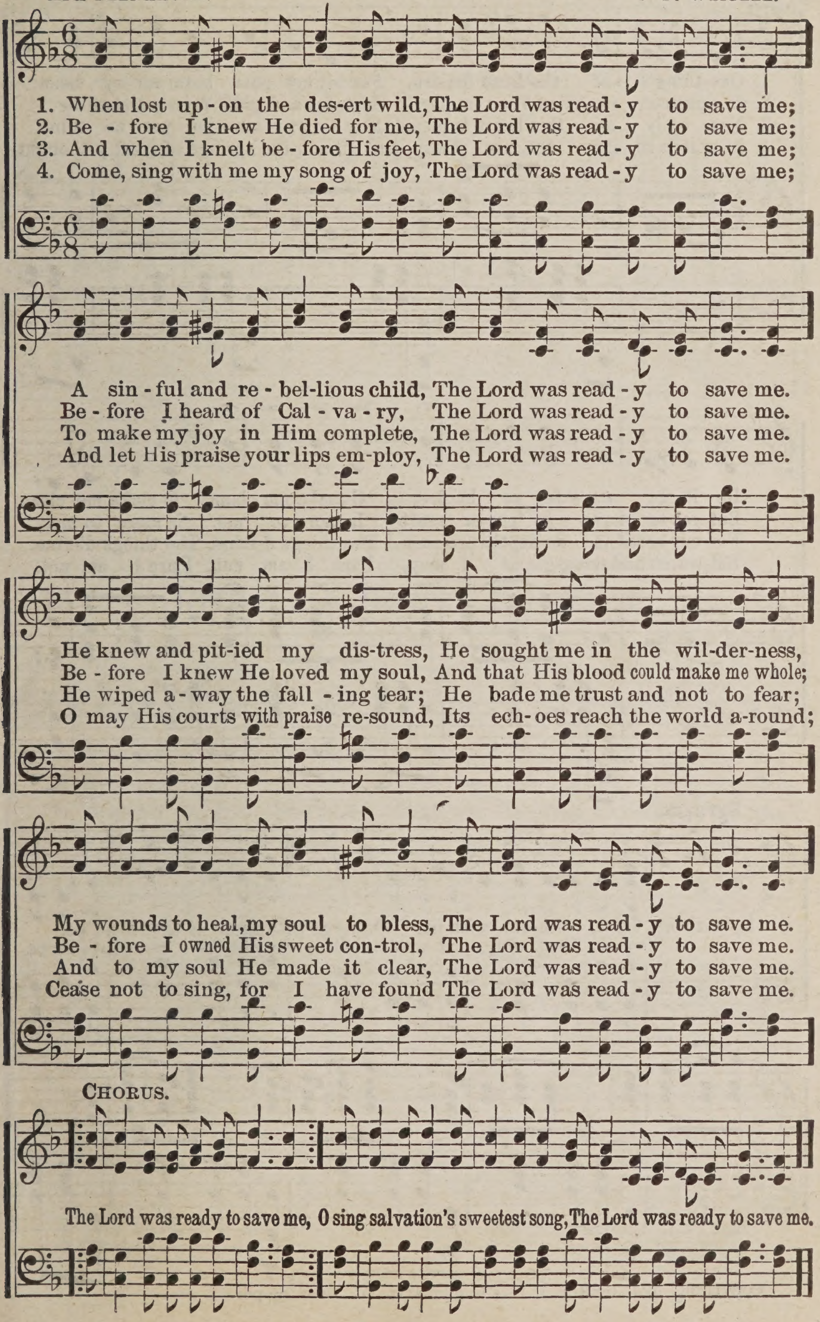
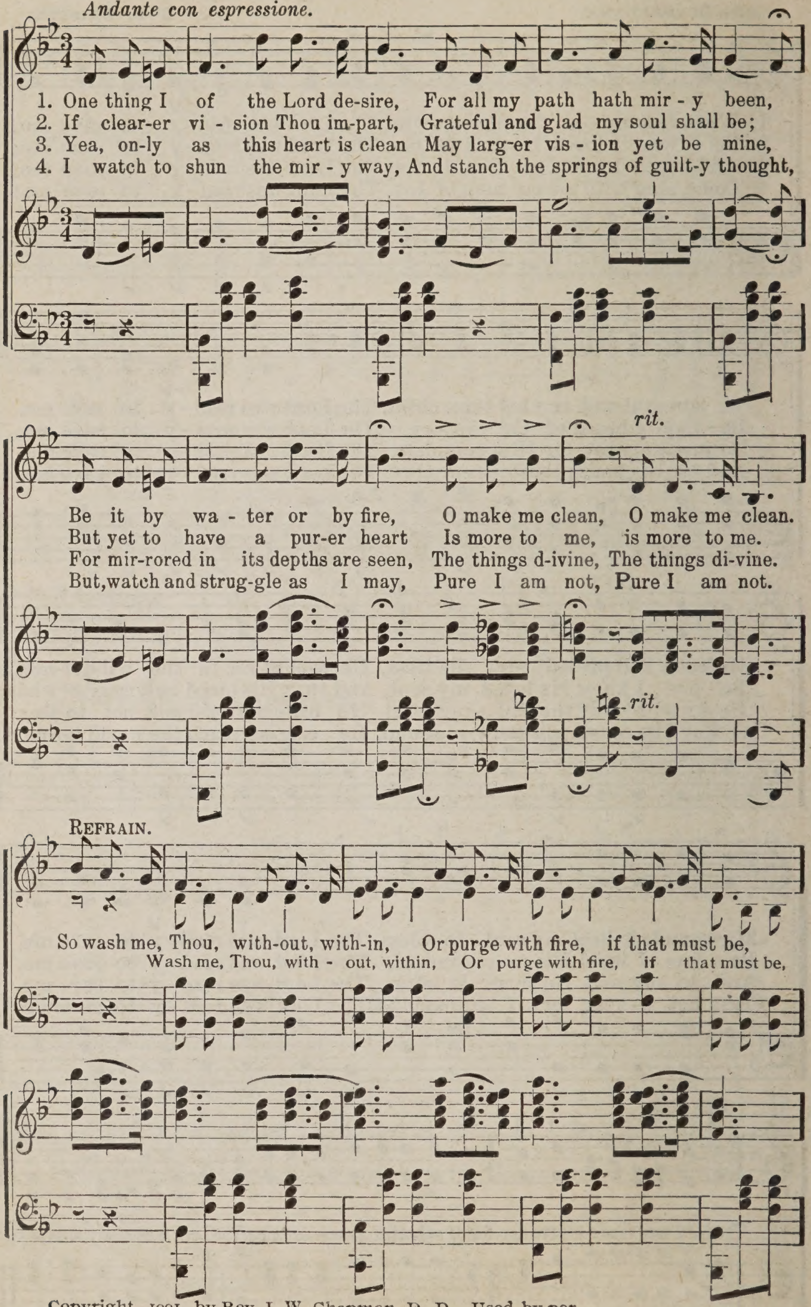
ADA BLENKHORN. C. F. WEIGELE.



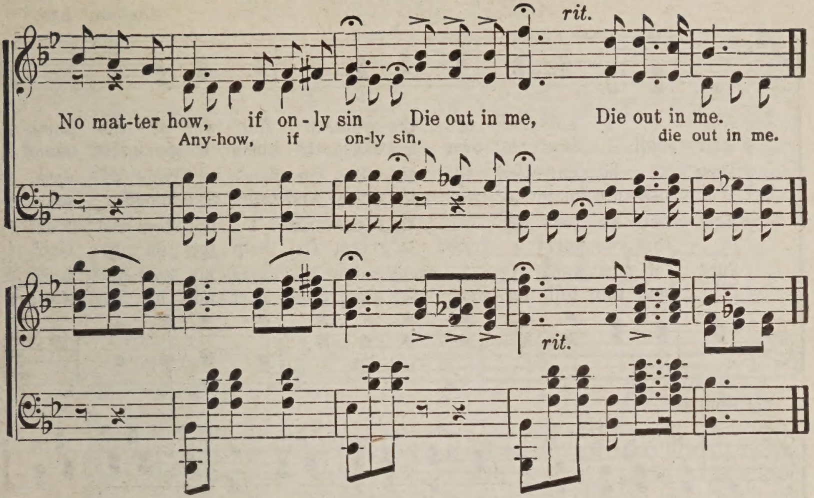
A Clean Heart.

Rev. Walter C. Smith. Fred H. Byshe.



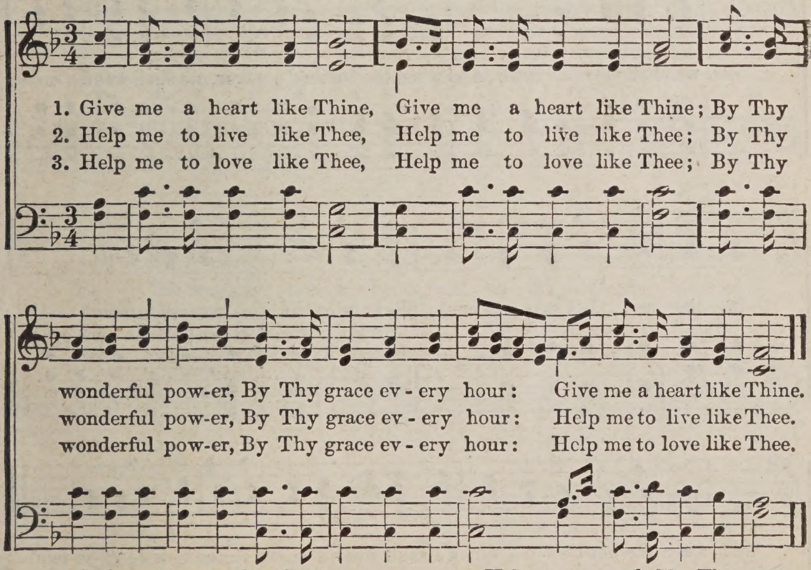
Copyright, 1901, by Rev. J. W. Chapman, D. D. Used by per.

A Clean Heart. Concluded.



113 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Joshua Gill.

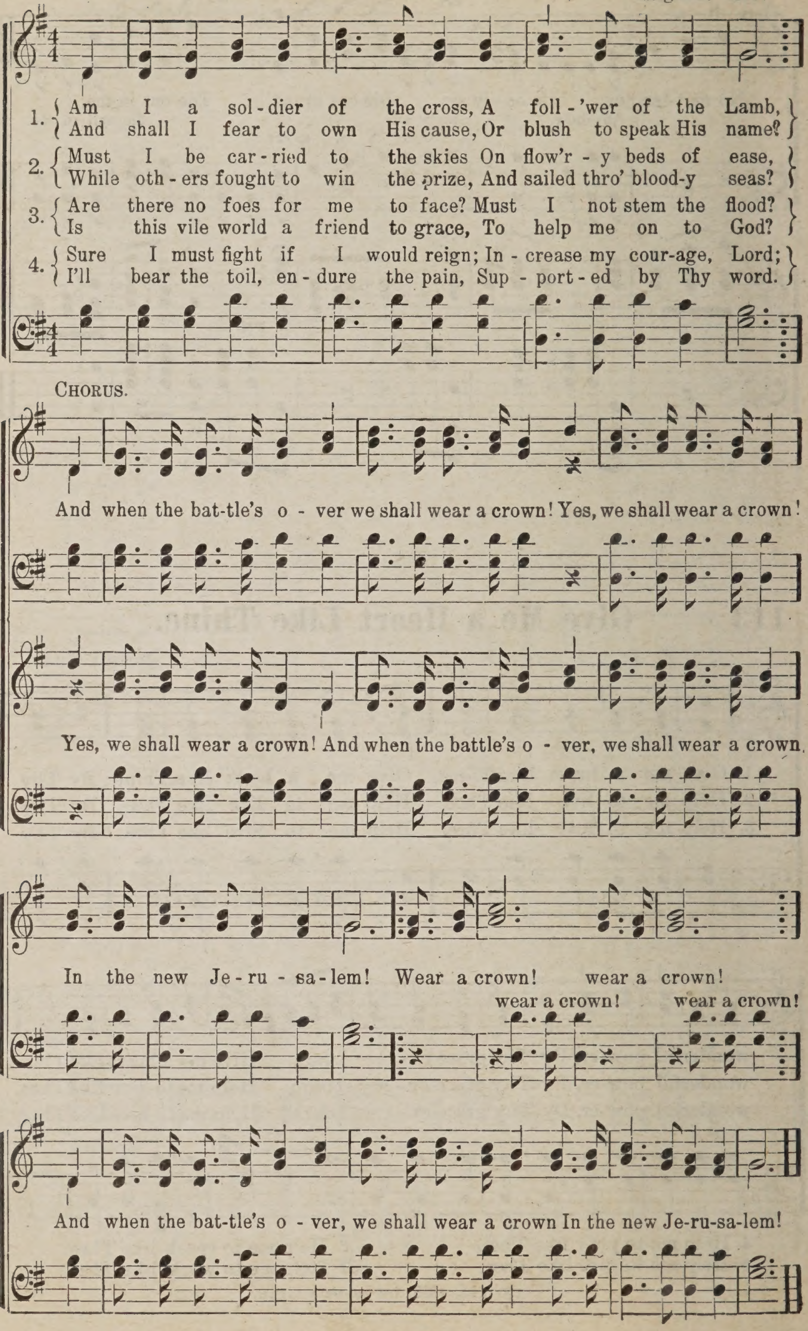


4 Help me to pray like Thee.
5 Help me to give like Thee.
6 Help me to speak like Thee.
7 Help me to work like Thee.

Copyright, 1888, by Joshua Gill.

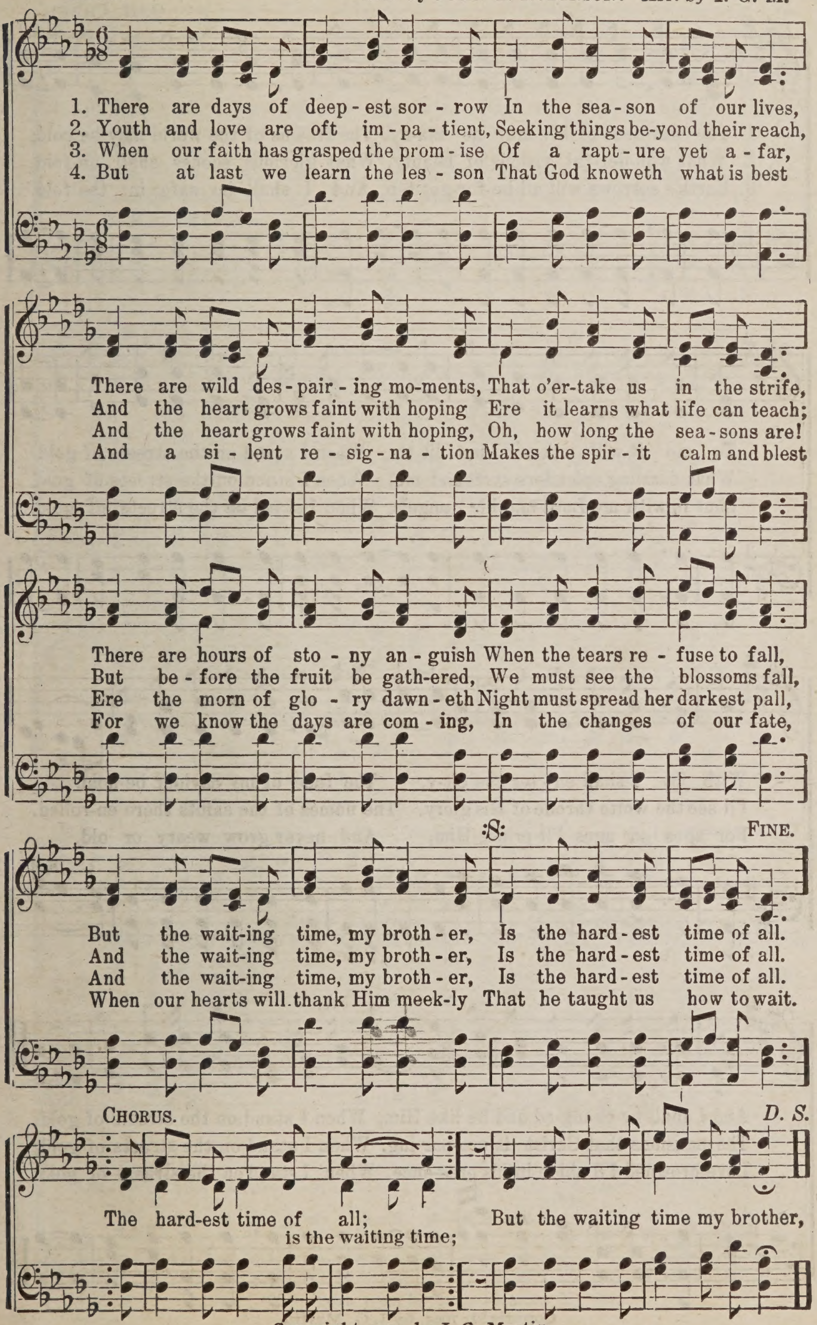
Battle Hymn.

English. Arr.



115 The Waiting Time.

ANON. Mel. by JOHN T. ROBINSON. Arr. by I. G. M.



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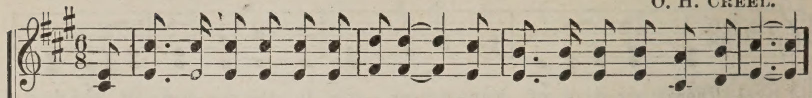
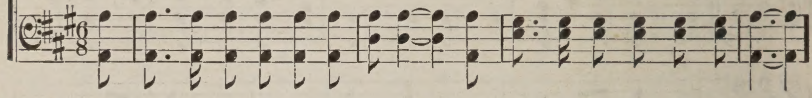
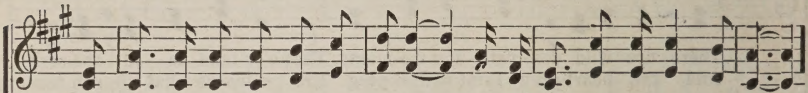
116 When I Stand on the Streets of Gold.

O. H. CREEL.

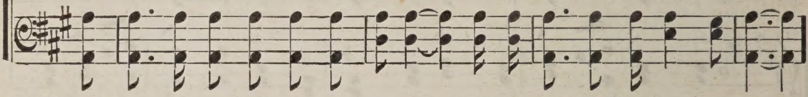


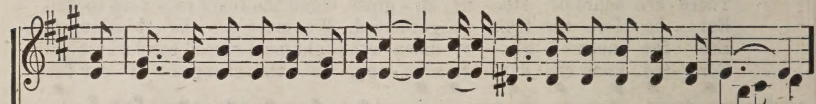
1. The bur-dens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold,
2. What won-der-ful visions of beauty, What glorious scenes shall un-fold,
3. Earth's sorrows will all be for-got-ten, And I shall be safe in the fold.



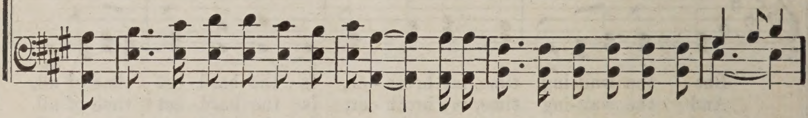


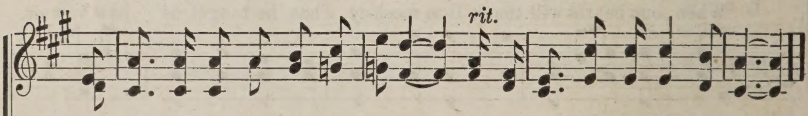
To me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
What dazzling splendors svrround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and his angels, When I stand on the streets of gold.



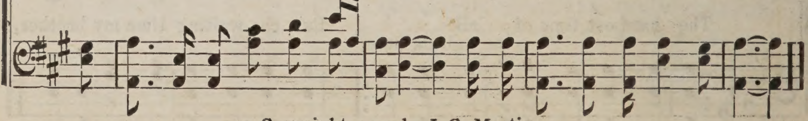


With joy I shall en-ter the cit-y, The face of my Saviour be-hold.
I'll see the white throne of His glory, The names of the saints there en-rolled.
For ages on ages I'll praise Him, And never grow weary or old.





And I shall be chang-ed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
The mansions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Love crowned I'll abide in his pres-ence, When I stand on the streets of gold.



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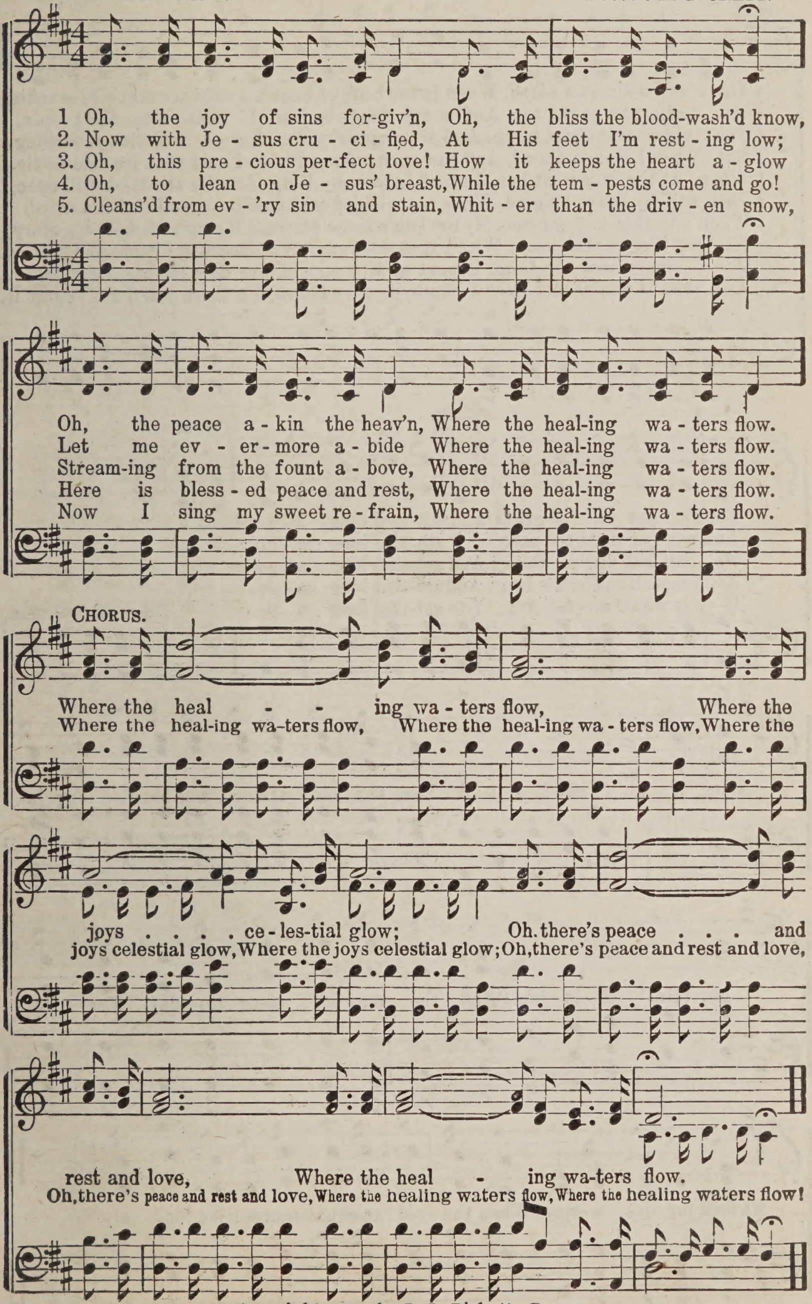
117 The Healing Waters.

H. H. Heimar. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



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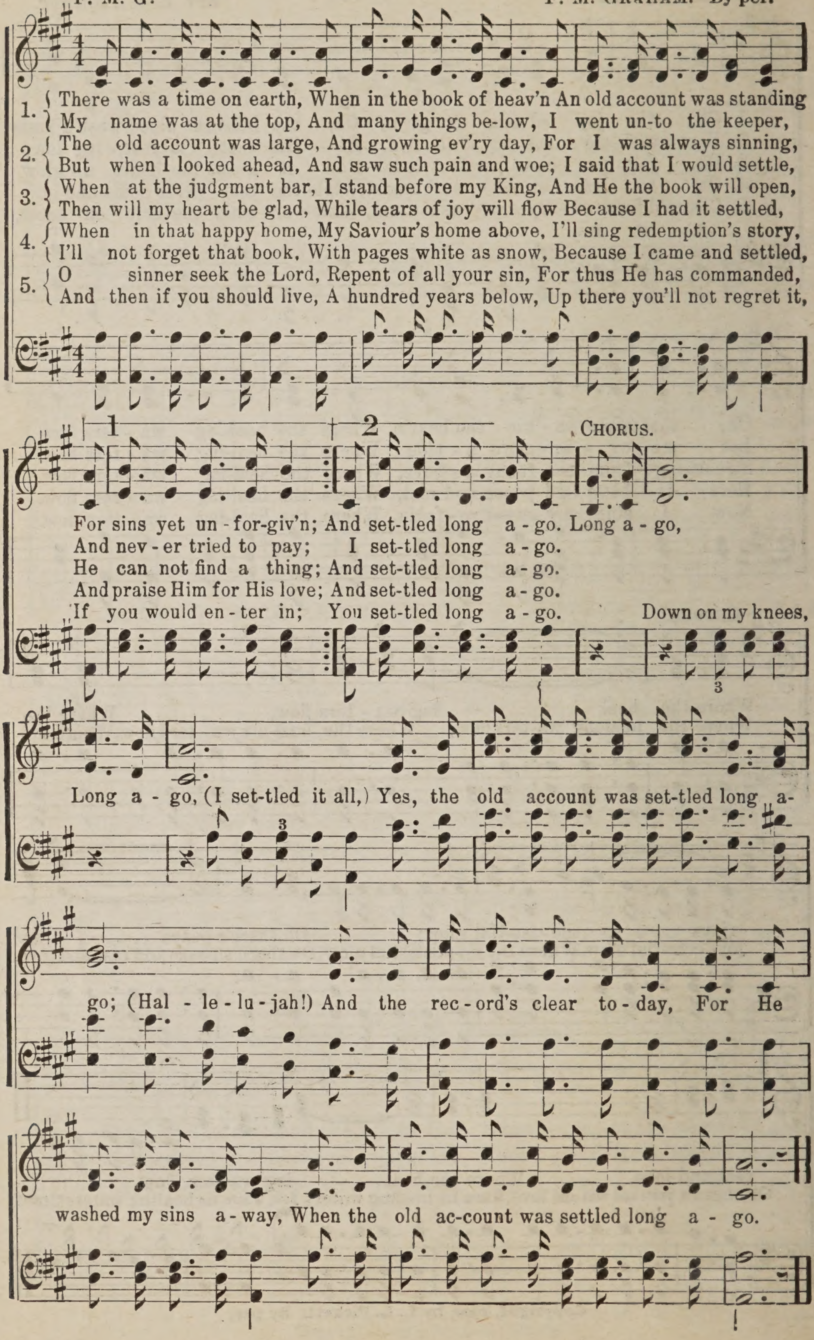
118 The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.



Father's Letters.

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

Furnished by "Aunt Rebecca." Arrranged by A. F. I.

Not too fast.

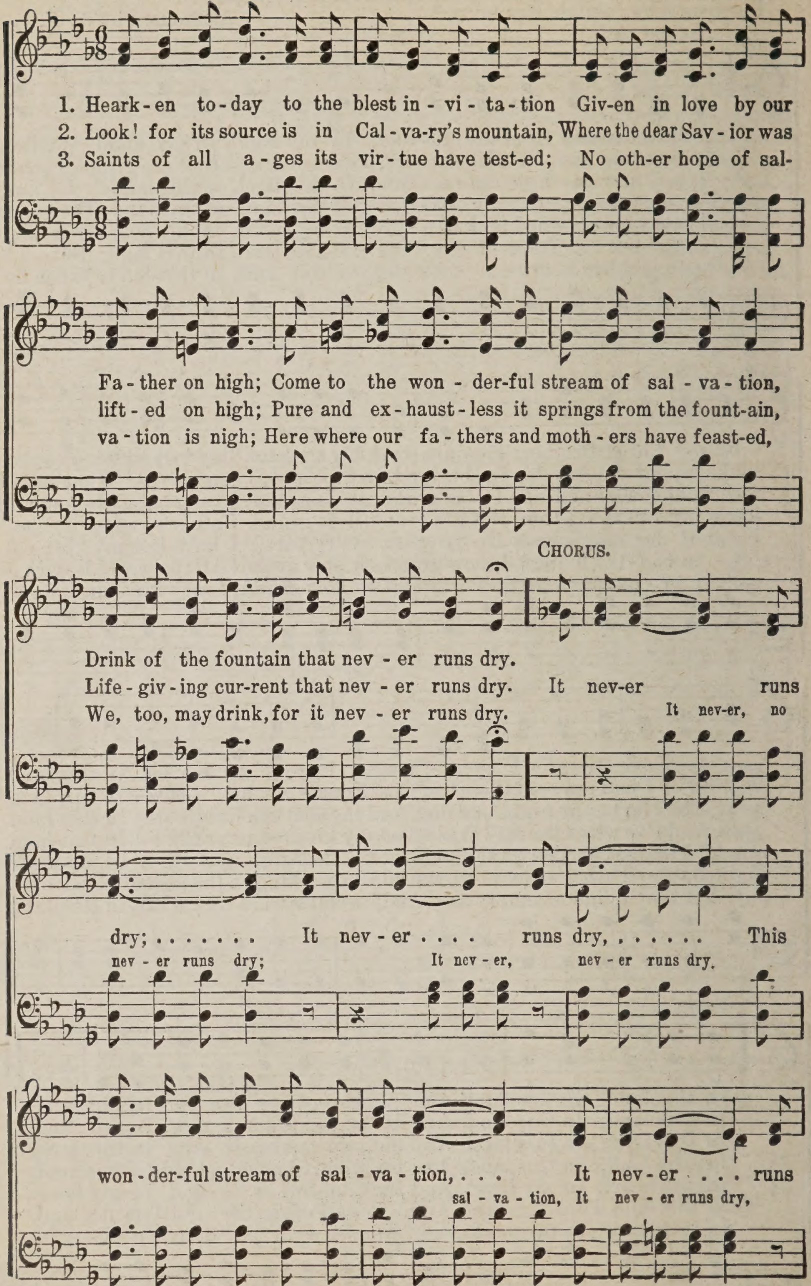
1. I have let-ters from my Fa-ther, In my hand, in my hand, Written by my Eld-er Brother; They are grand, they are grand. They were written o'er the sea, And were forwarded to me; I'm as hap-py as can be, In this land.
2. Fa-ther told me in His let-ters, That are grand, that are grand, I could make myself no bet-ter In this land, in this land; Then I cried, "What shall I do?" (For I had not read them thro') And He made me all a-new—In this land.
3. I am now a new cre-a-tion, In this land, in this land; I am free from condemnation, It is grand, it is grand; I can sing and shout and pray, And I'm happy night and day, And my soul can hardly stay In this land.
4. I'm a stranger to the na-tions Of this land, of this land; They don't know my sit-u-a-tion, But it's grand, it is grand. Father's riches I be-hold, And I've wealth that can't be told, And my kindred ne'er get old, In this land.
5. I am sanc-ti-fied and hap-py, In my heart, in my heart, For the blood of Je-sus cleanses Ev-'ry part, ev-'ry part; I have lost my "car-nal mind," Doubts and fears are left be-hind, And the Com-fort-er I find In my heart.
6. I am not a-fraid of dy-ing, In this land, in this land; But I oft-en feel like flying, Oh, how grand, oh, how grand! All the world is dark as night, But my Father's face is bright, And I'm walking in the light, Thro' this land.
7. Death is called a cru-el mon-ster, In this land, in this land; When he calls I will not answer. Oh, how grand, oh, how grand! I may leave most an-y day, But they'll find no empty clay, And I wonder what they'll say, In this land.

Refrain.

1. In this land, In this land, I'm as hap-py as can be, In this land.
2. In this land, In this land, And He made me all a-new, In this land.
3. In this land, In this land, And my soul can hardly stay In this land.
4. In this land, In this land, And my kindred ne'er get old, In this land.
5. In my heart, In my heart, And the Com-fort-er I find In my heart.
6. Thro' this land, Thro' this land, And I'm walking in the light, Thro' this land.
7. In this land, In this land. And I wonder what they'll say, In this land.

It Never Runs Dry.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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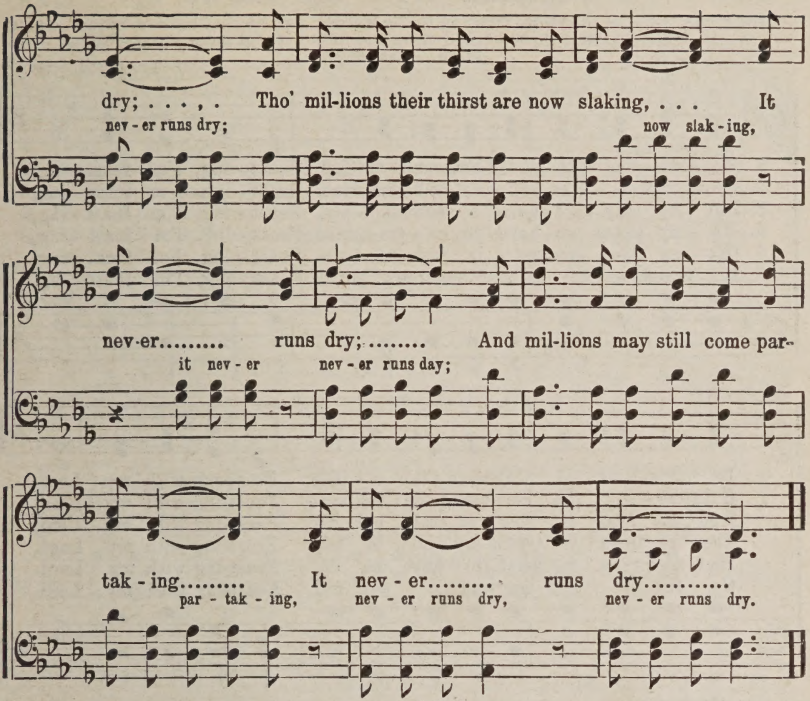


121 *Faith sees the final triumph.* C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
  A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
  Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
  On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
  And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
  Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
  To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
  Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
  Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
  Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
  By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
  And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
  The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts.

122 *O for a Faith.* C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
  Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
  Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
  Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
  Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
  When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
  In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
  Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
  Or Satan's arts beguile;—

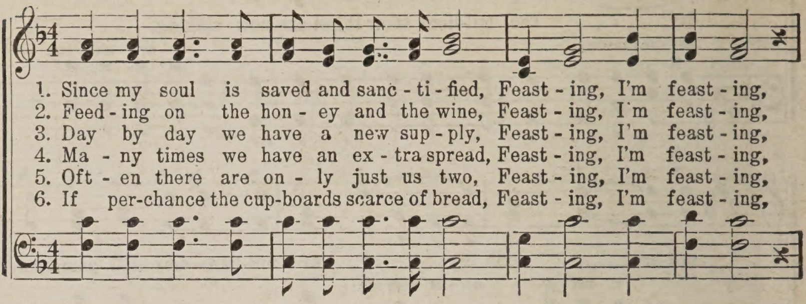
5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
  Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
  Illumes a dying bed.

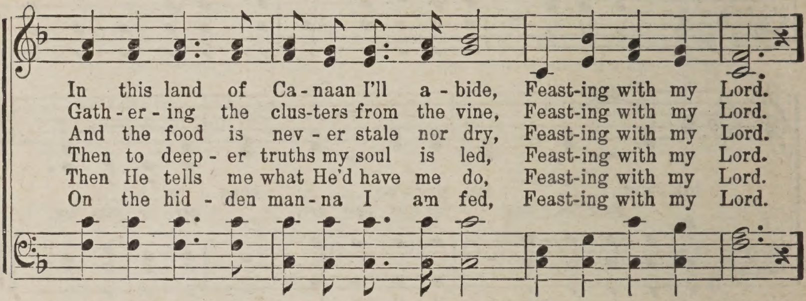
6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
  And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
  Of an eternal home.

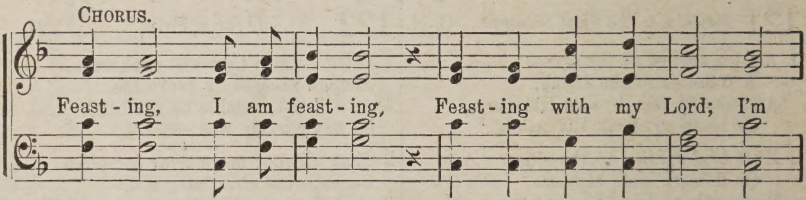
123 Feasting With My Lord.

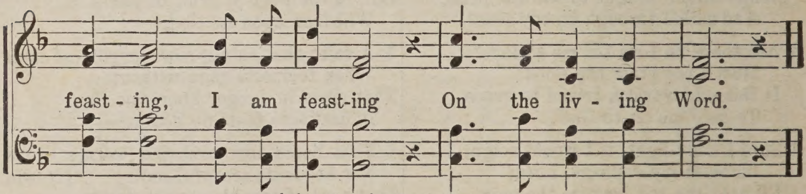
"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah 55: 2.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.









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124 The Cleansing Wave.

1 O now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

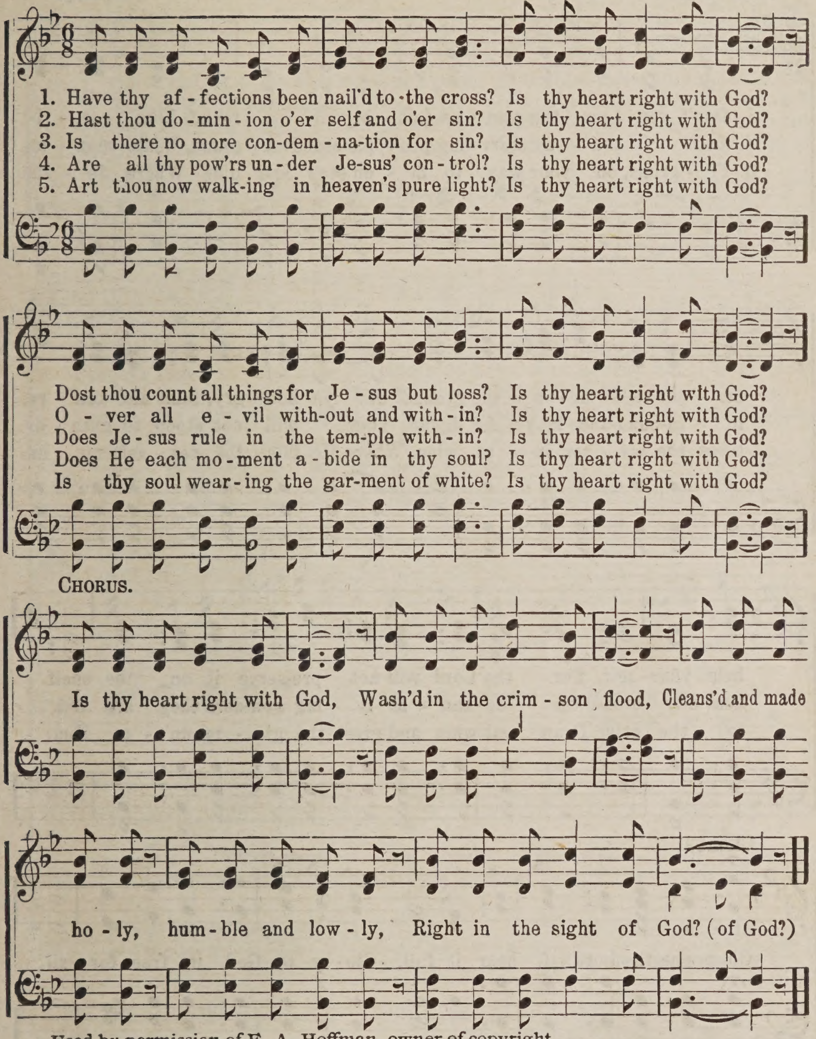
CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

125 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. | Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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126 *Blessed Assurance.*

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his spirit, washed in his blood.

Chorus.–This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

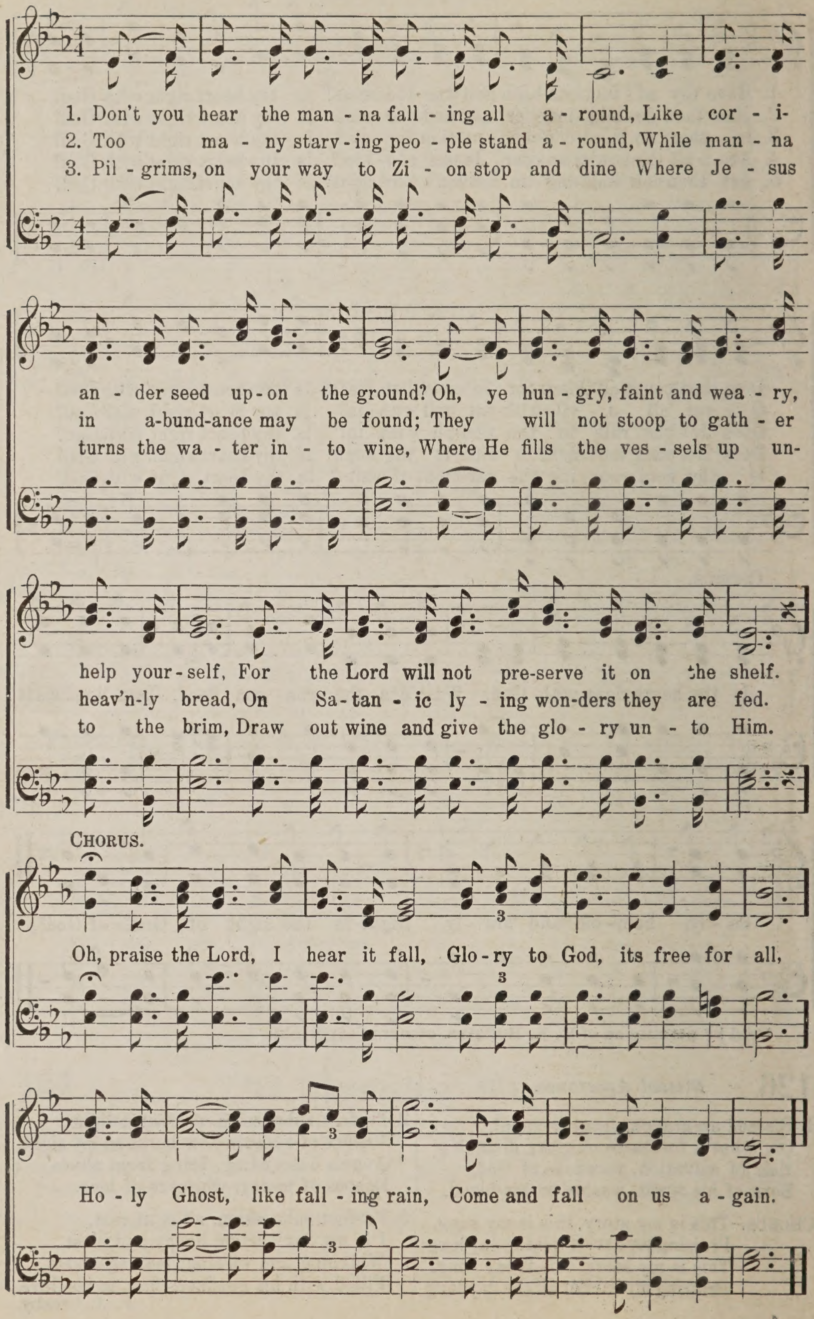
2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

F. J. Crosby.

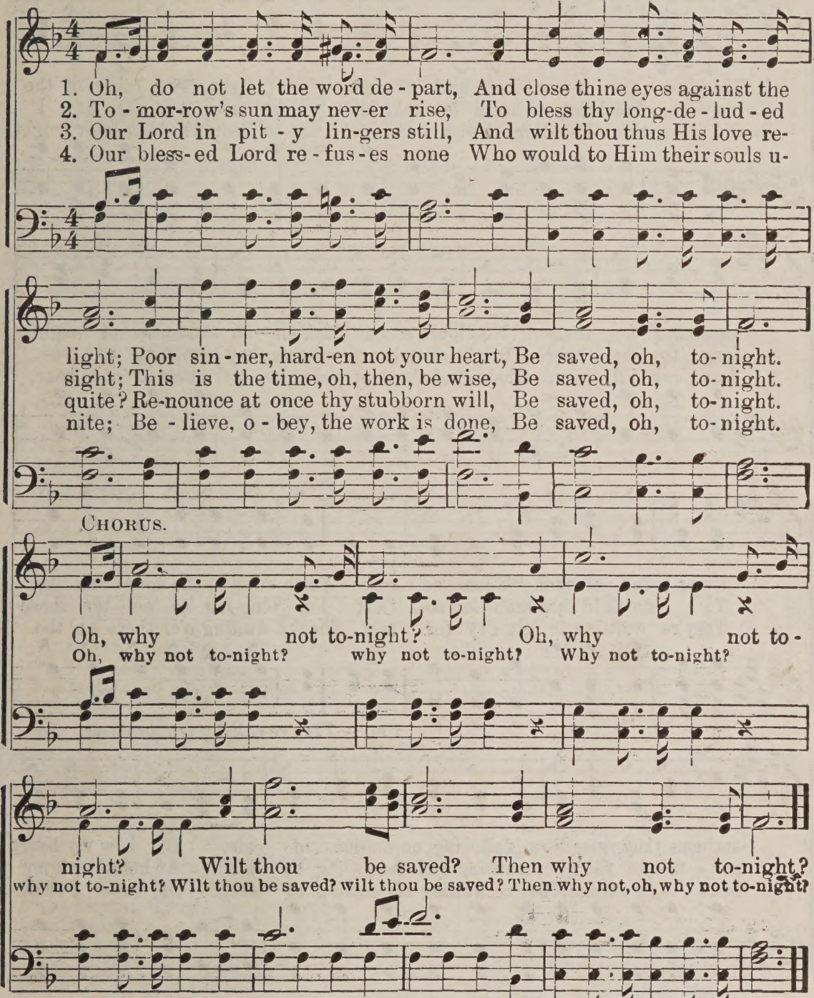
The Manna Song.

Anon. Arr. by F. M. G. By per.

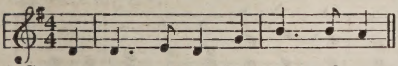


Oh, Why Not To-Night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



129 Come, Every Soul.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

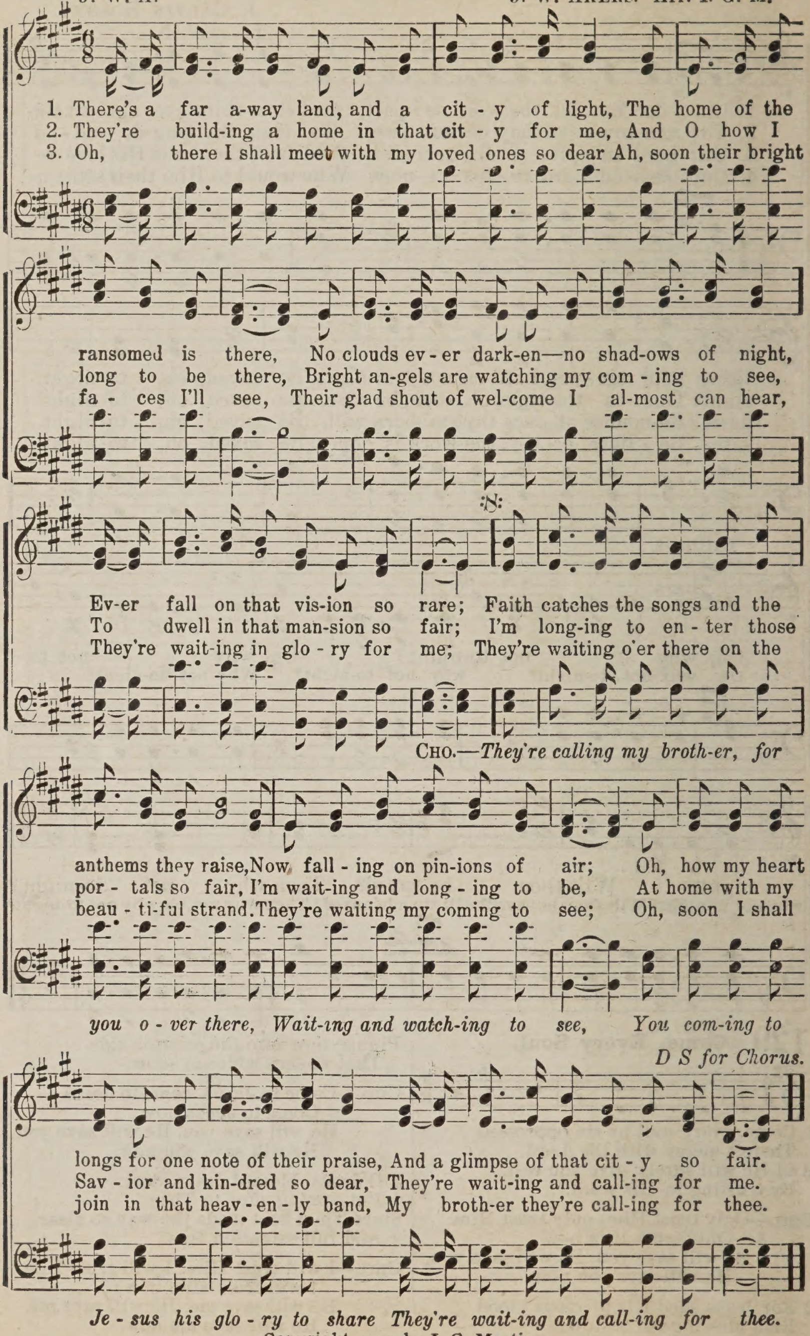
CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him.
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

They are Waiting and Calling.

J. W. A. J. W. Akers. Arr. I. G. M.



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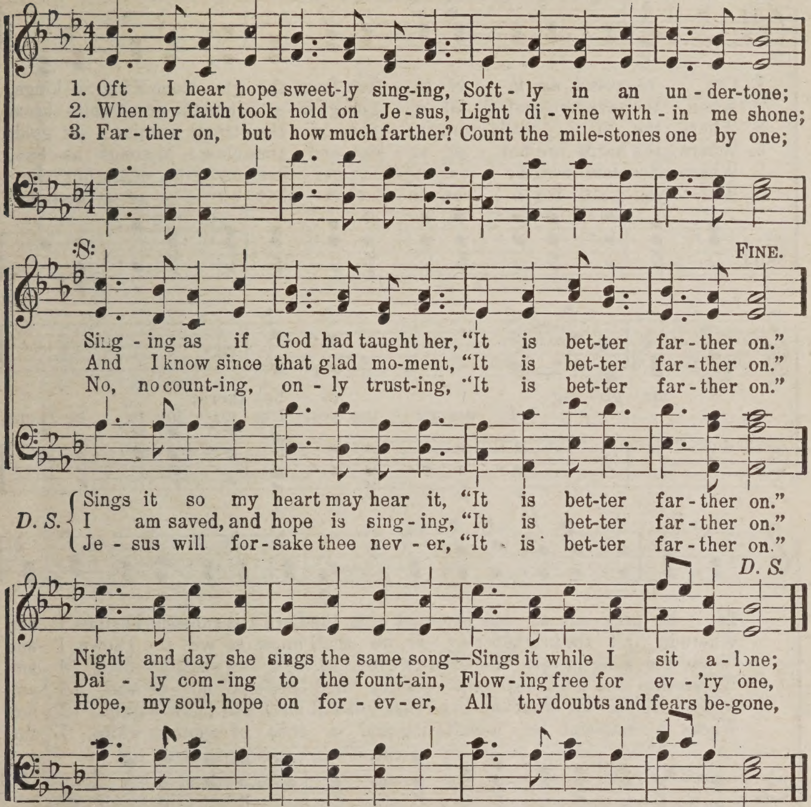
131 Better Farther On.

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON. By per. L. THOMPSON.



132 *He saved a poor sinner like me.*

1 I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
‖: I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me. :‖

2 I wandered on in the darkness;
Not a ray of light could I see;
‖: And the tho't filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me. :‖

3 But there in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me;
‖: Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer hath power
To save a poor sinner like thee." :‖

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour,
That was speaking so kindly to me;
‖: I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Canst thou save a poor sinner like me?" :‖

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh! what joy came to me;
‖: My heart was filled with his praises,
For he saved a poor sinner like me. :‖

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
‖: And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me. :‖

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
‖: I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving poor sinners like me. :‖

Charles I. Butler.

133 *Blessings Implored.* 7s.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

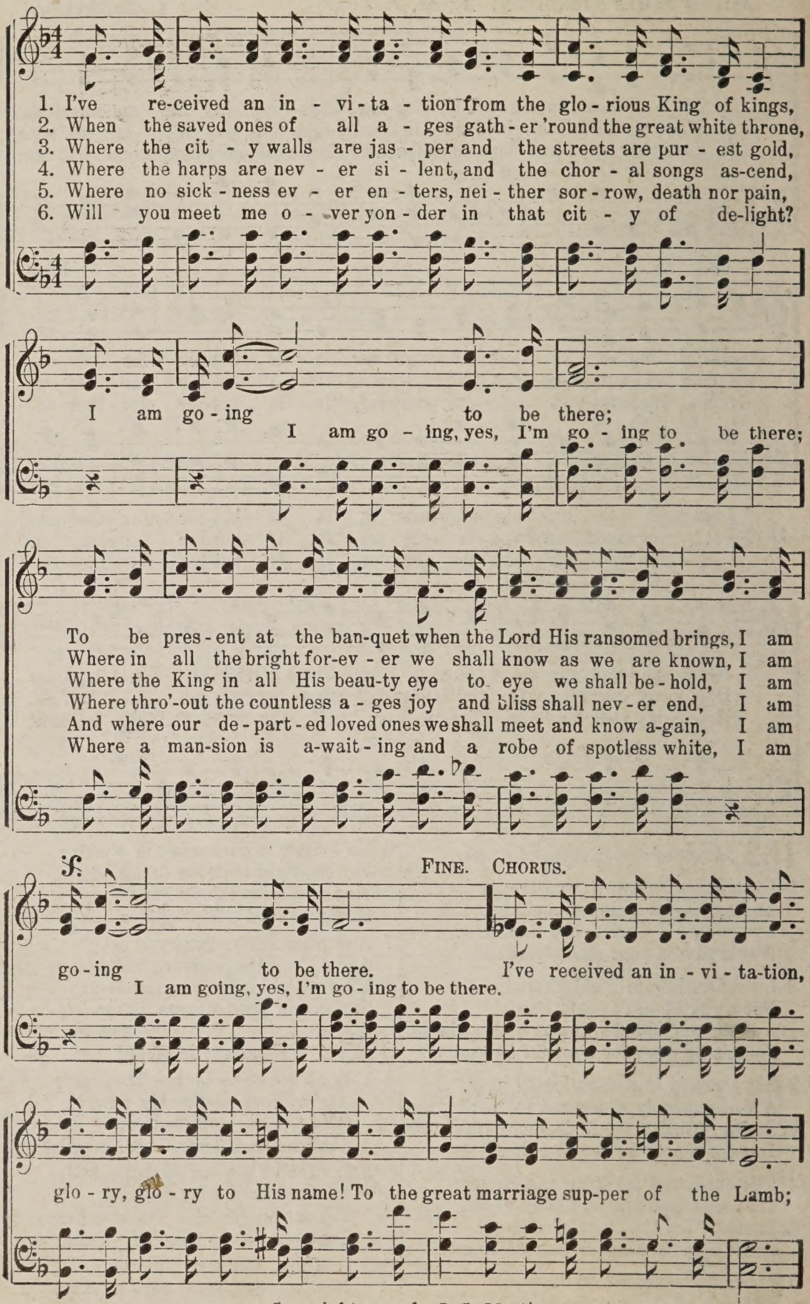
2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here to stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

William Hammond.

I've Received An Invitation.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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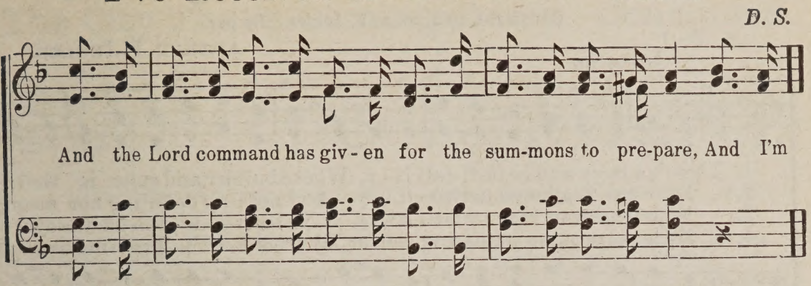
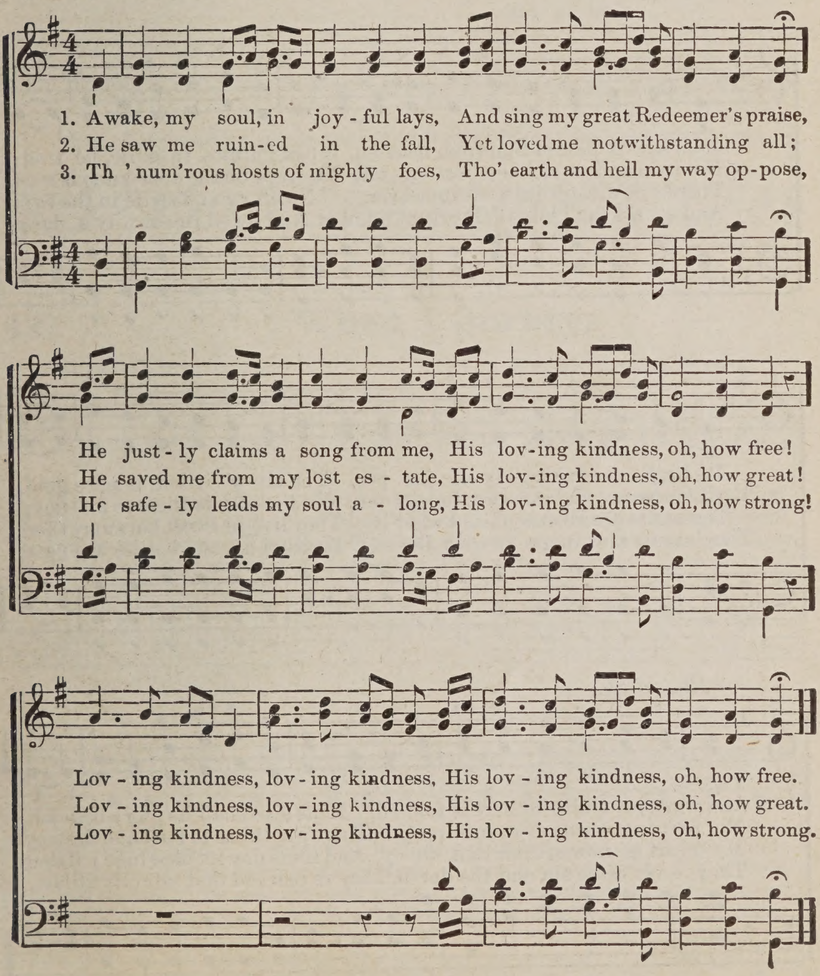


135 Loving Kindness.

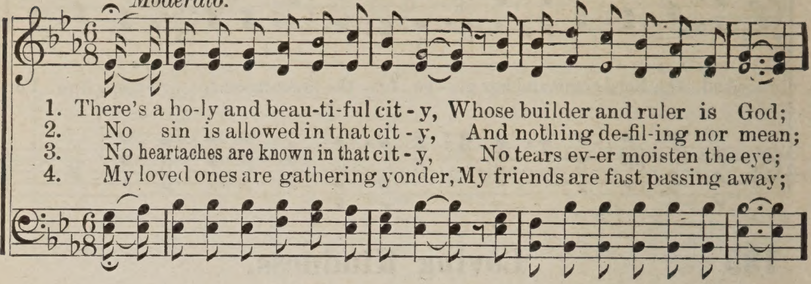


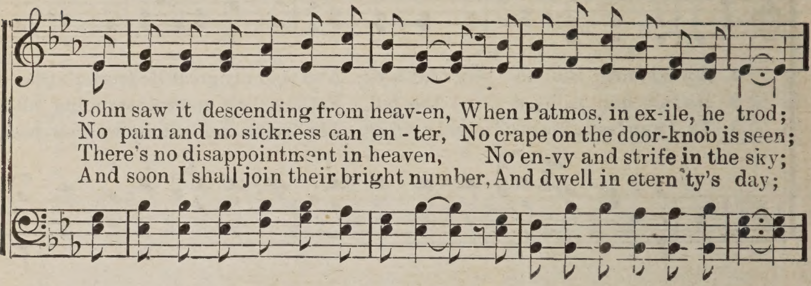
The City That's Coming Down.

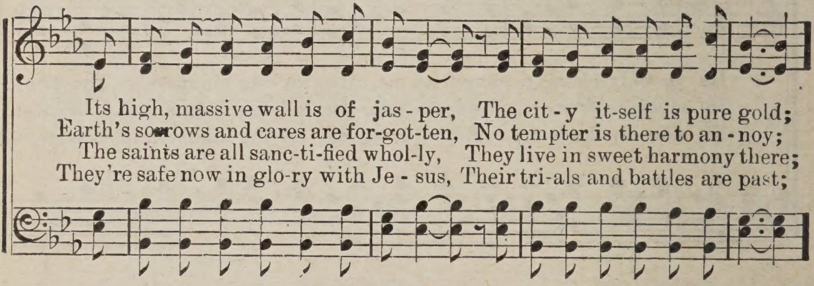
Copyright, 1903, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.







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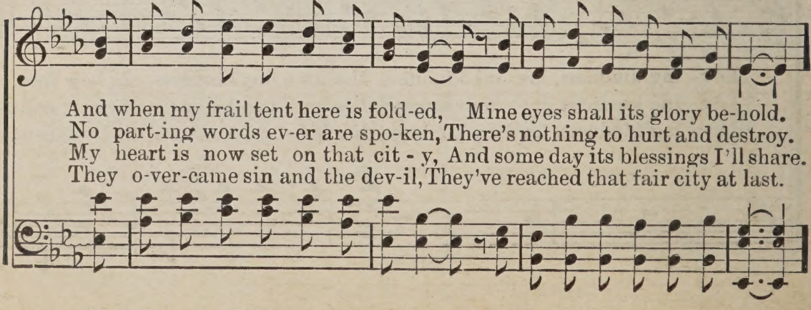
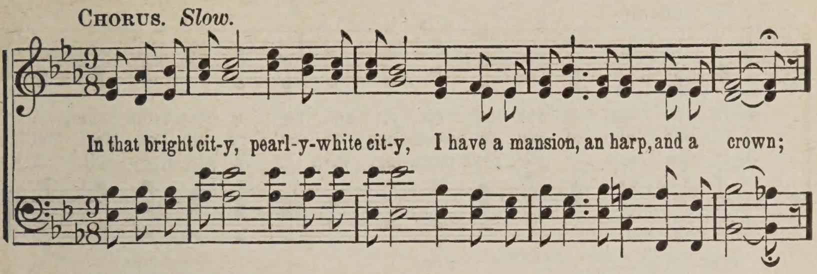
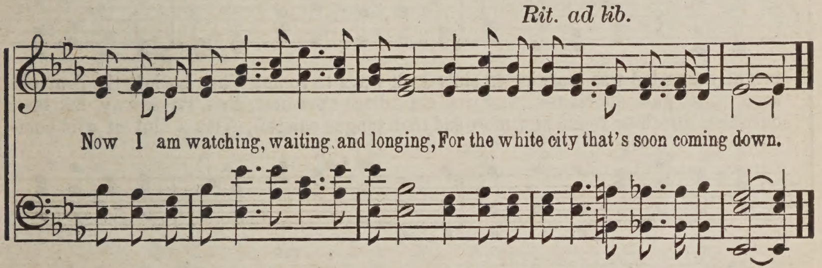
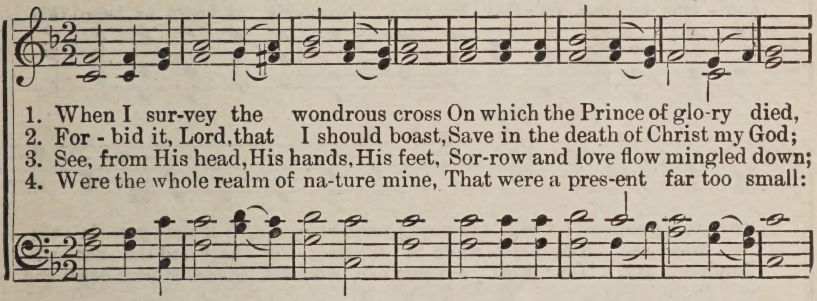


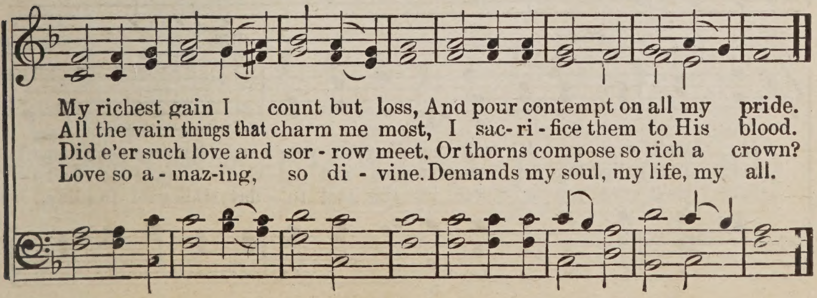




137 When I Survey.

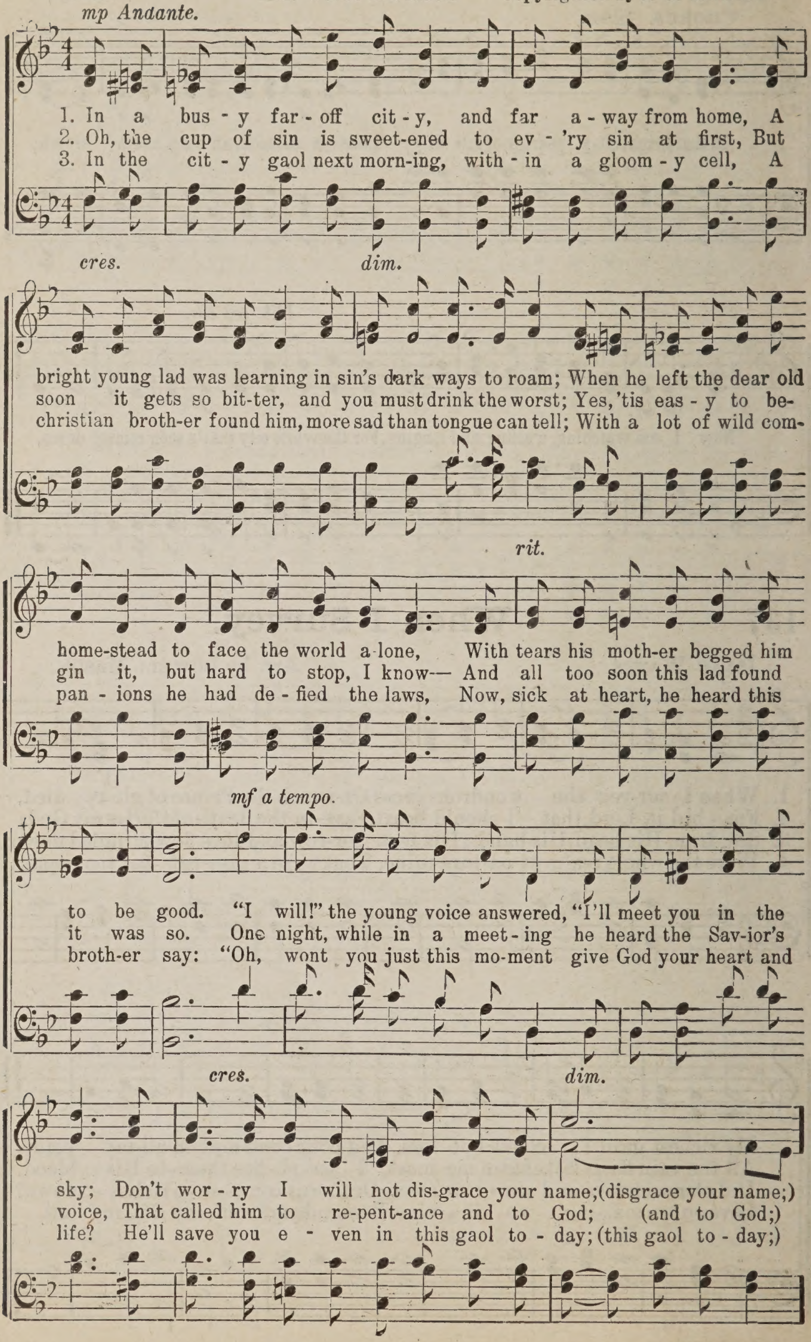
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



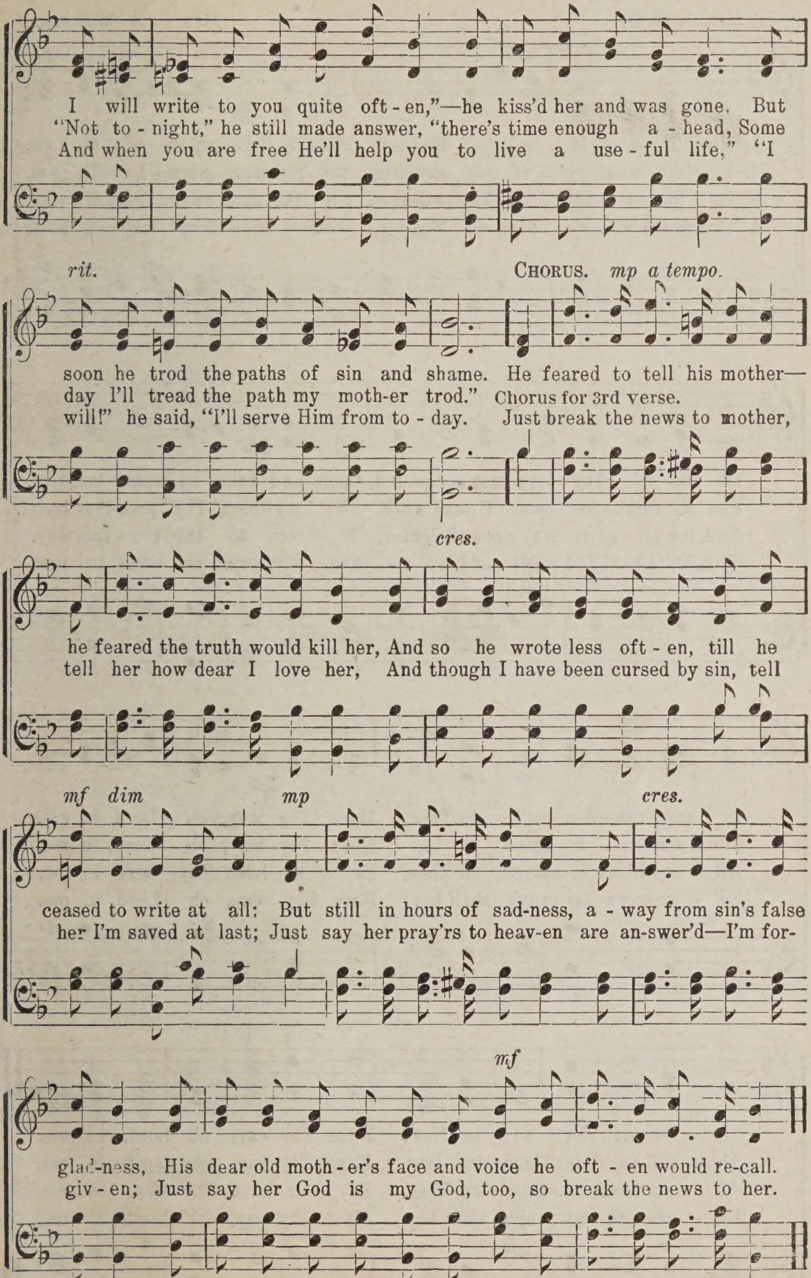


Tell Mother I'm Saved at Last.

Anon. Arr. Words and Music Copyrighted by I. G. Martin.



Tell Mother I'm Saved at Last. Concluded.



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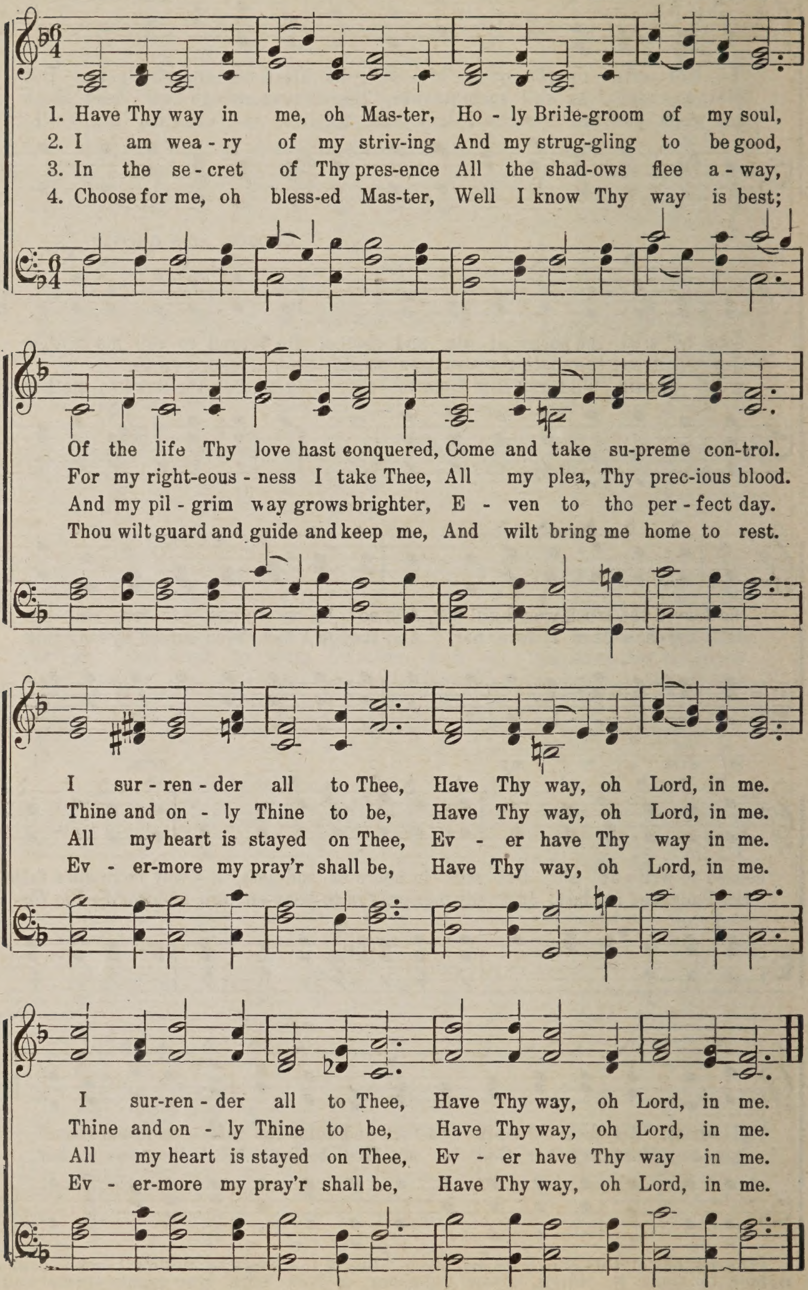
Have Thy Way in Me.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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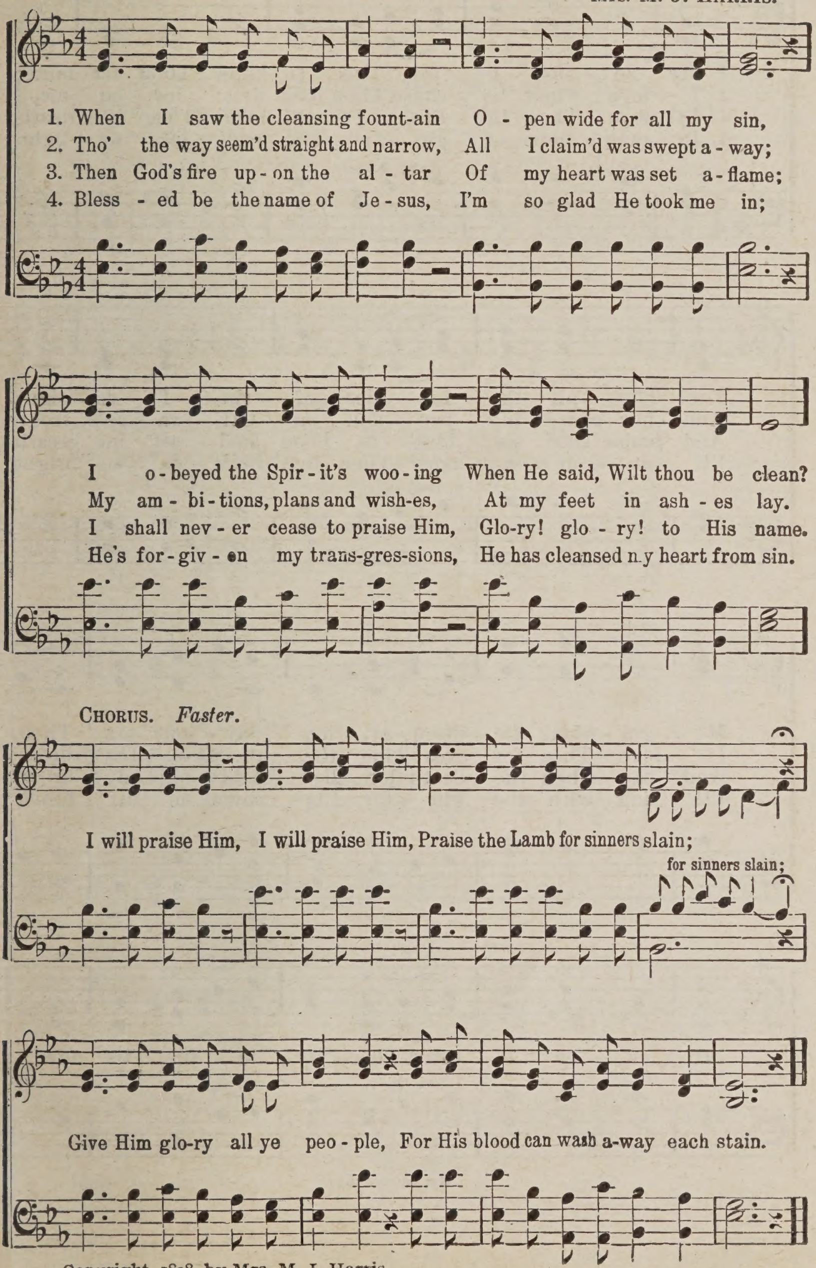
I Will Praise Him.

Dedicated to my Friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



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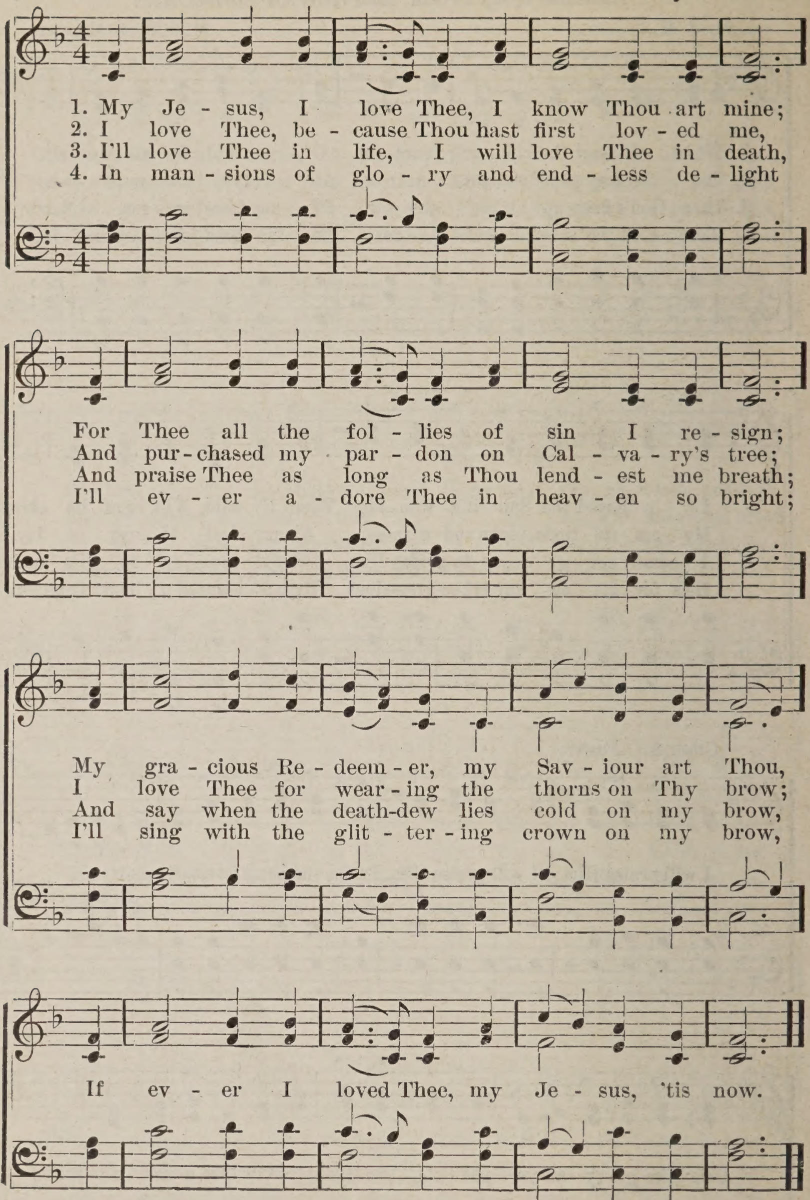
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



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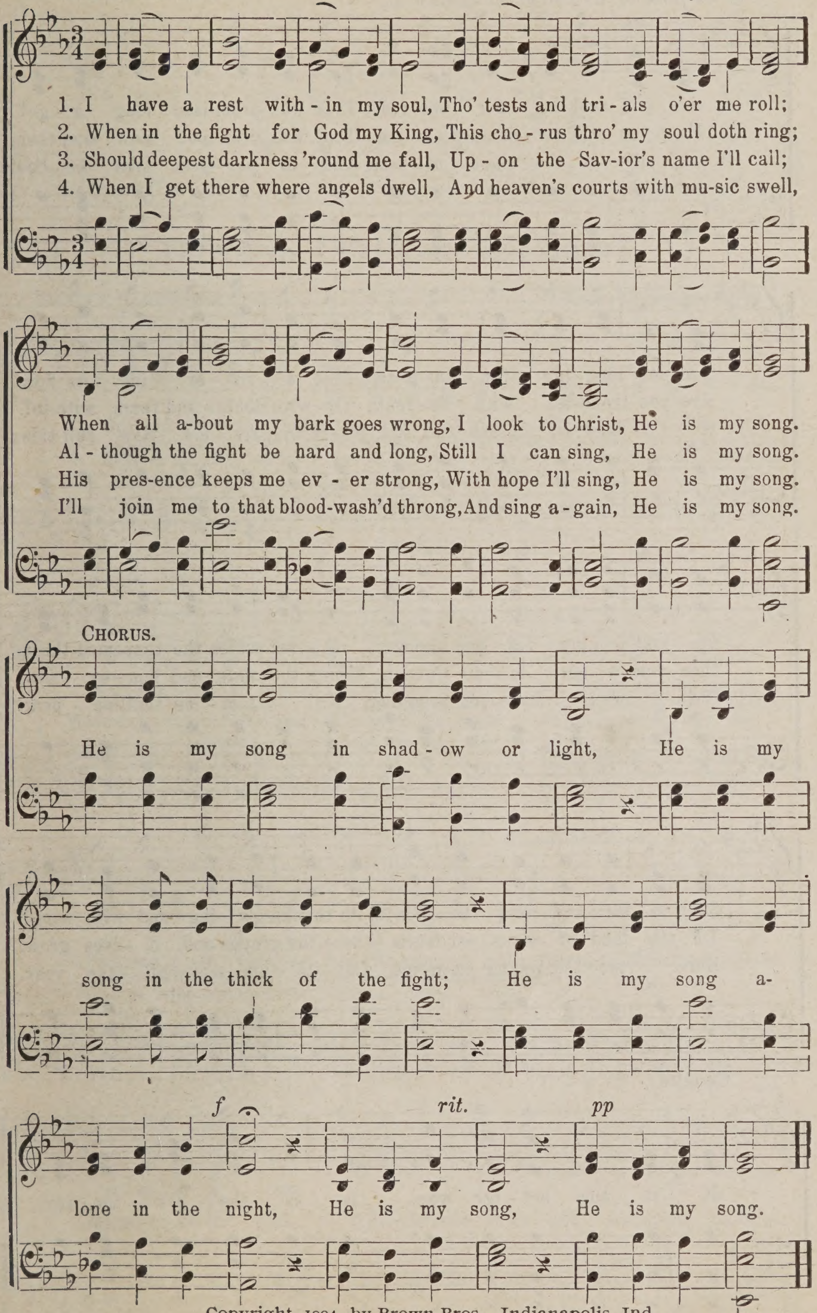
He Is My Song.

John S. Brown. Avenelle Dyer. Arr. by L. O. B.



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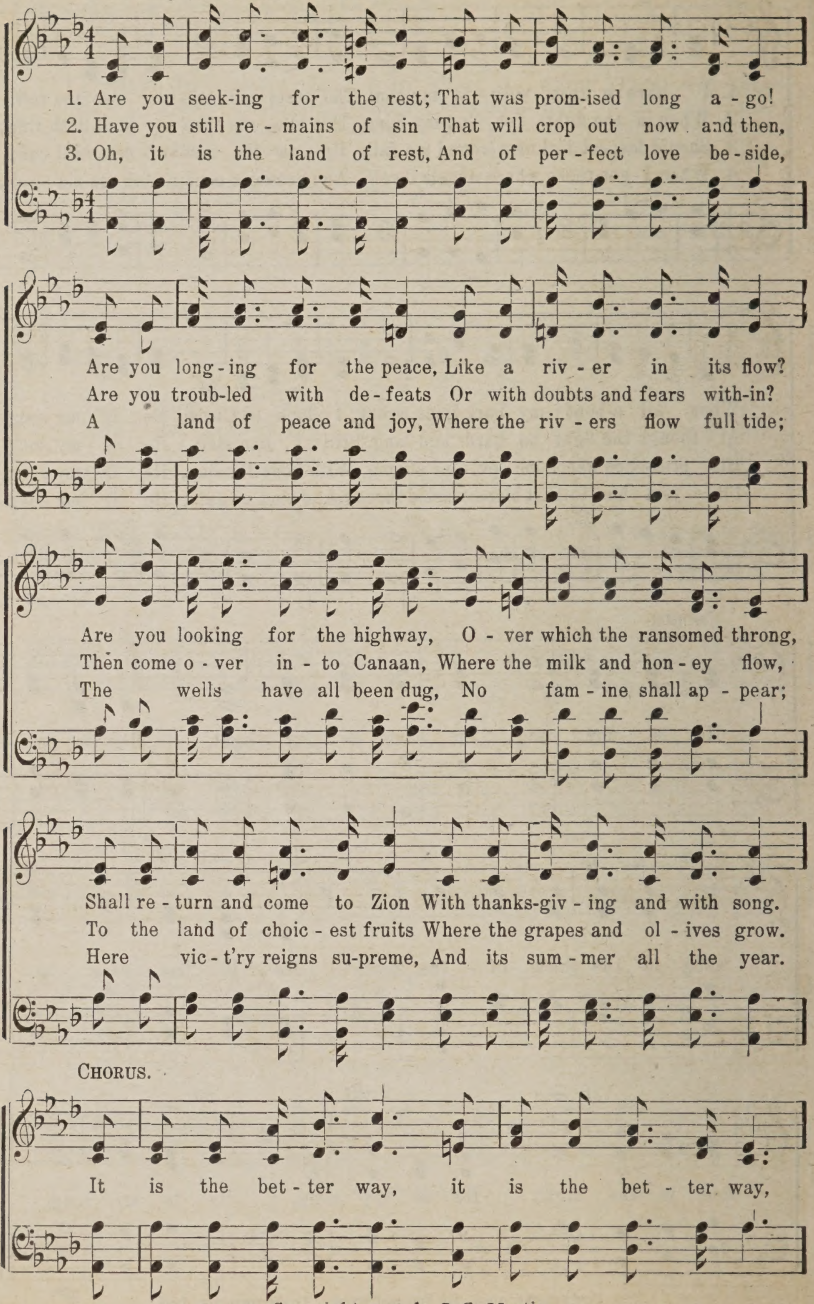
The Better Way.

Mrs. H. J. T. — Mrs. Homer J. Taylor.
3d verse by Evangelist Cornell.



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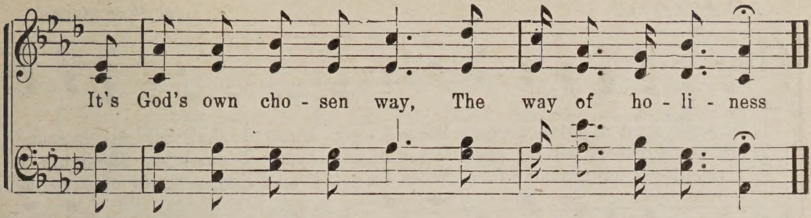
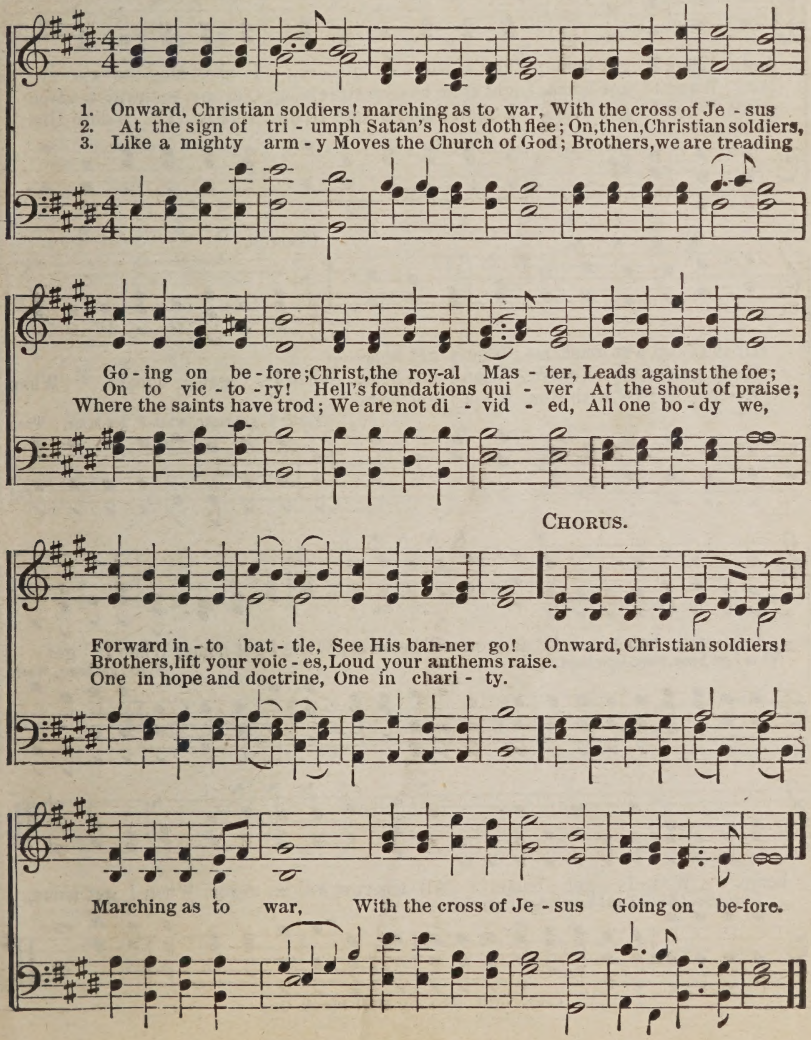
The Better Way. Concluded.



144 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

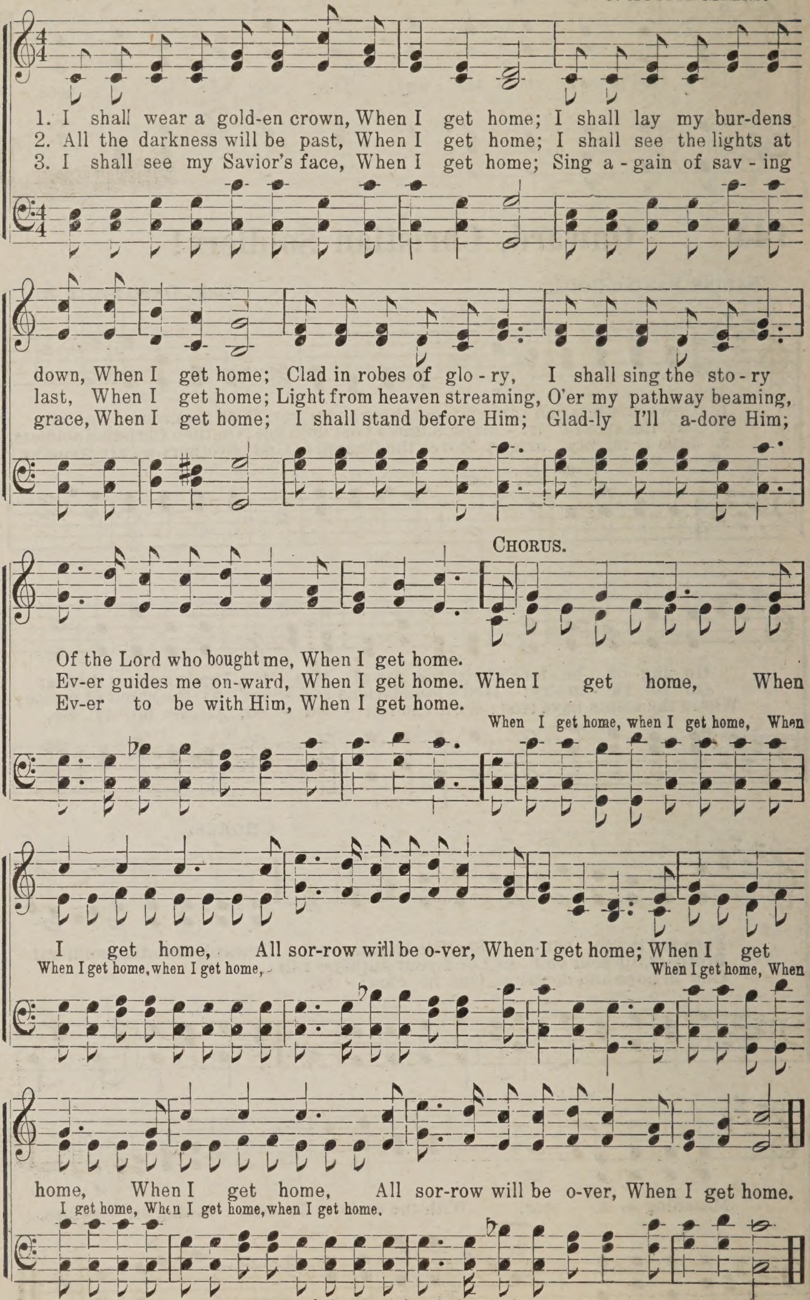
Sabine Baring-Gould.

Tune, Onward. 6, 5.



145 **When I Get Home.**

C. A. M. — C. Austin Miles.



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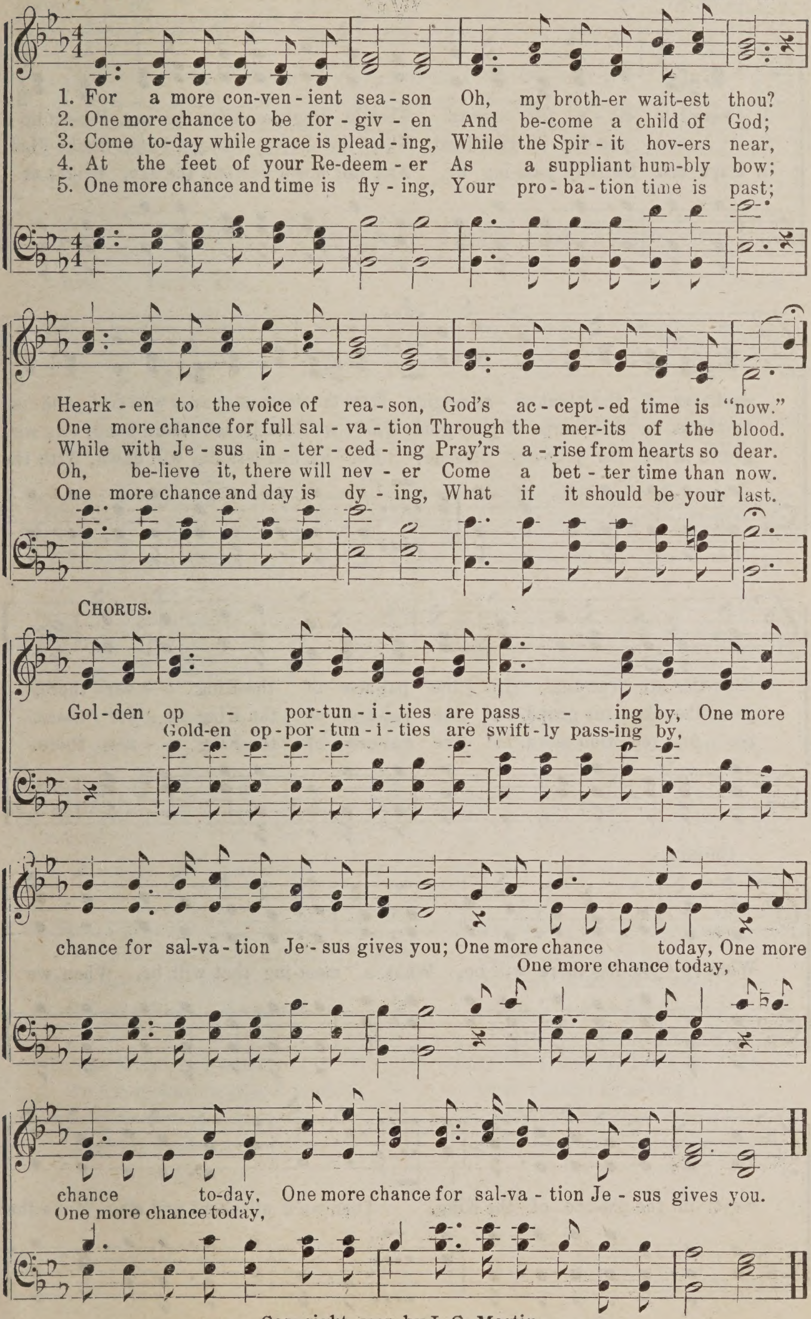
One More Chance.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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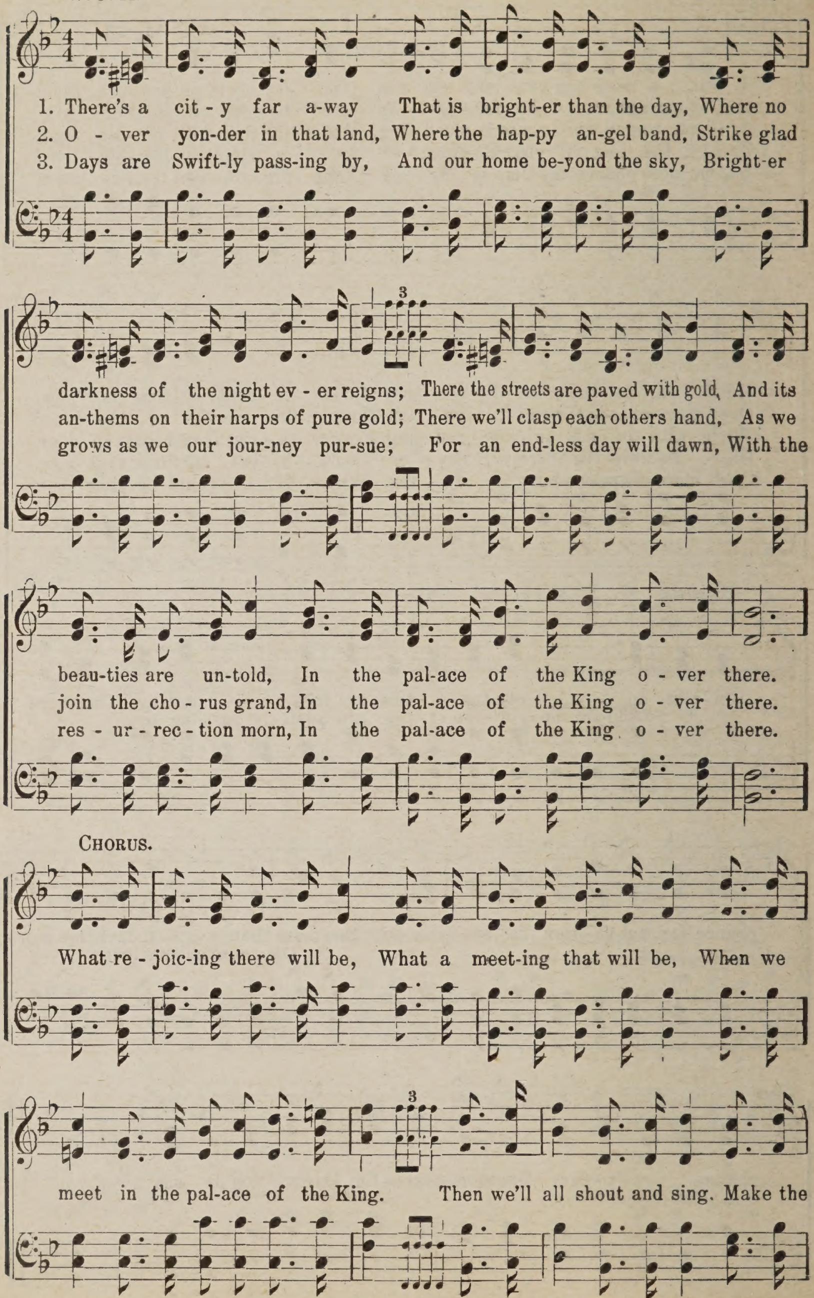
147 What Rejoicing That Will Be.

W. J. K. W. J. King.



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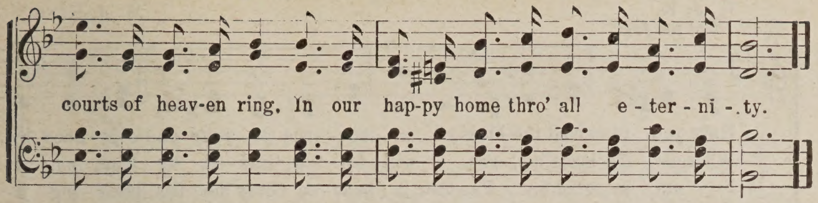
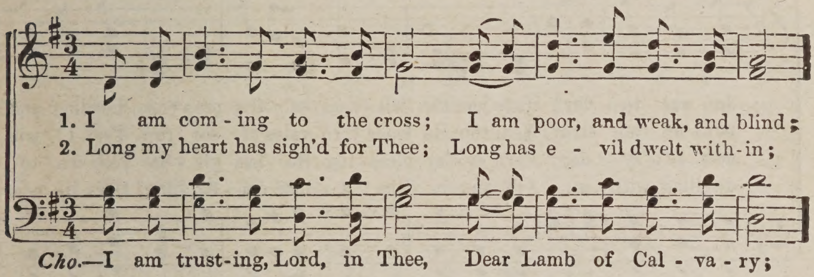
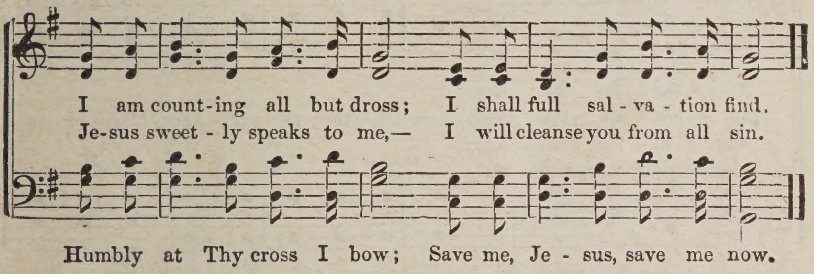
What Rejoicing That Will Be. Concluded.



148 I am Trusting. Lord, in Thee.

REV. W. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.





3 Here, I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—forevermore.

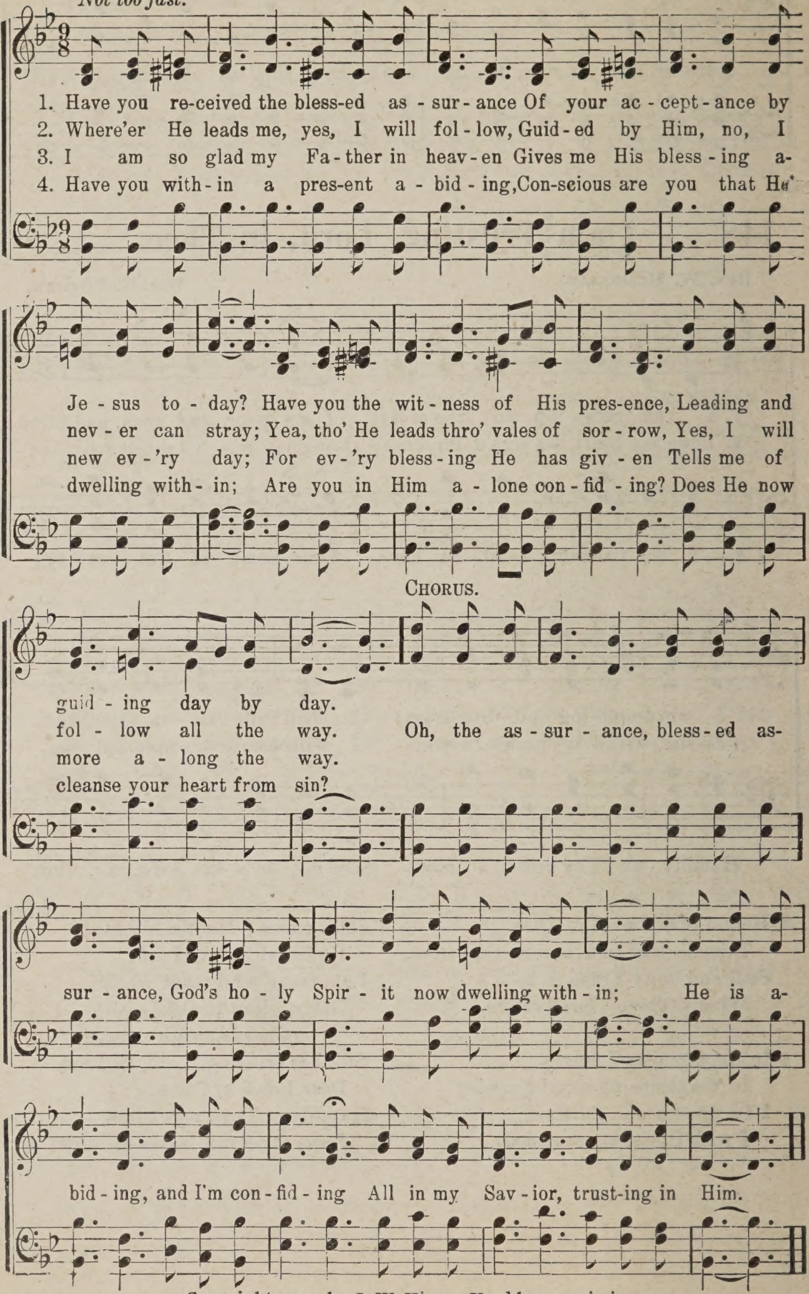
4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes; He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now!

149 Have You Received the Blessed Assurance?

W. J. K. — W. J. King.

Not too fast.



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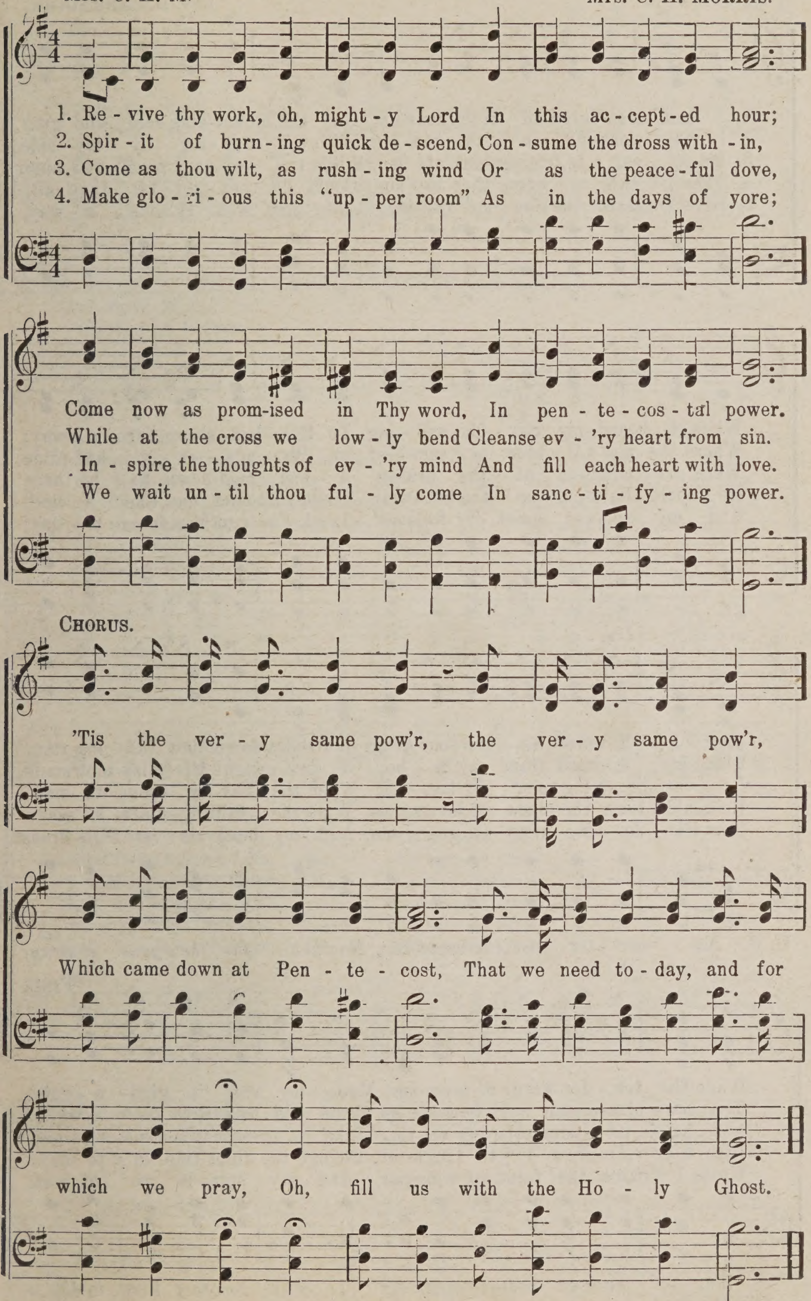
The Very Same Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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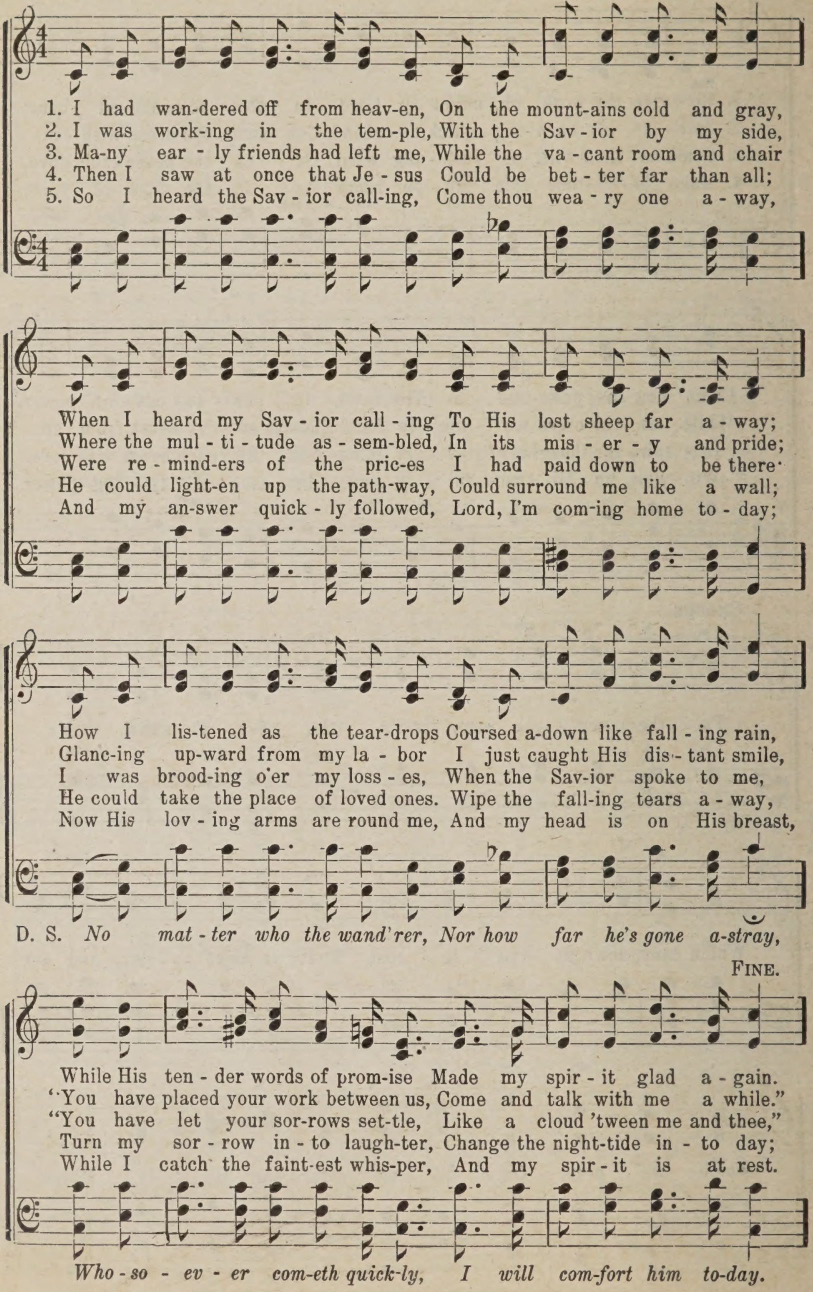
The Wanderer.

Rev. B. C. Rev. B. Carradine.



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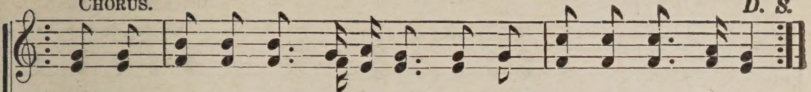
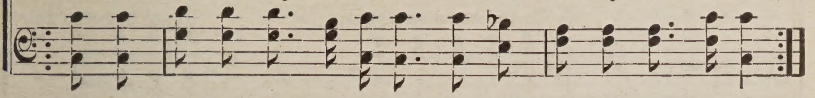


Come, oh, come to me said Je-sus, Come and I will give you rest;
I will take a - way the bur-den From the heav - y la - den breast;

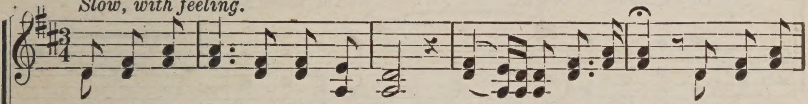


152 'Tis Wonderful.

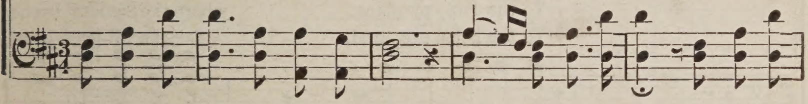
Arr. by F. M. G.

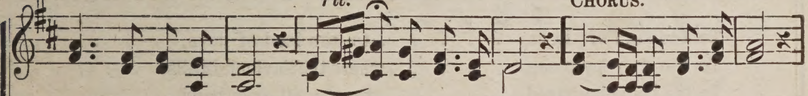
Anon.

Slow, with feeling.

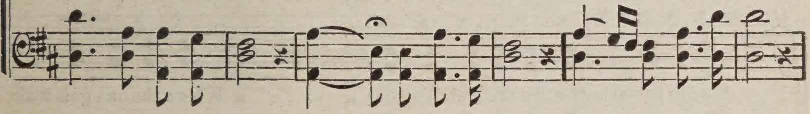


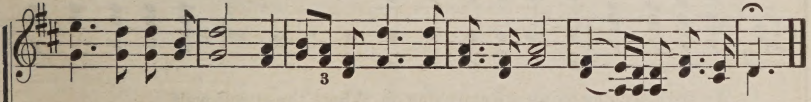
1. I oft - en think of Cal - va - ry, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! Where Je-sus
2. This world was lost and ruined by sin, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! But our dear
3. He took on Him the sins of all, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! And thus we're
4. His blood ap - plied, can save the soul, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! Can pu - ri-
5. I came to Him, He cleans'd my heart, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! And now from
6. Oh sin-ner, come and love Him too, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! 'Twill be a
7. We'll live for Him thro' all our years, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! In heav'n we'll



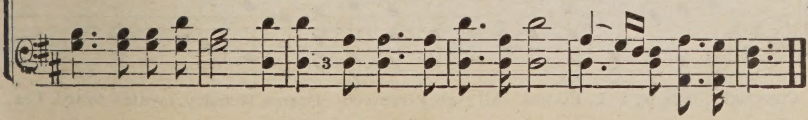


gave His life for me, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
Lord Himself stepp'd in, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
saved from Adam's fall, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
fy and make you whole, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
Him I'll ne'er de - part, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
hap - py time for you, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
shed no bit-ter tears, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!



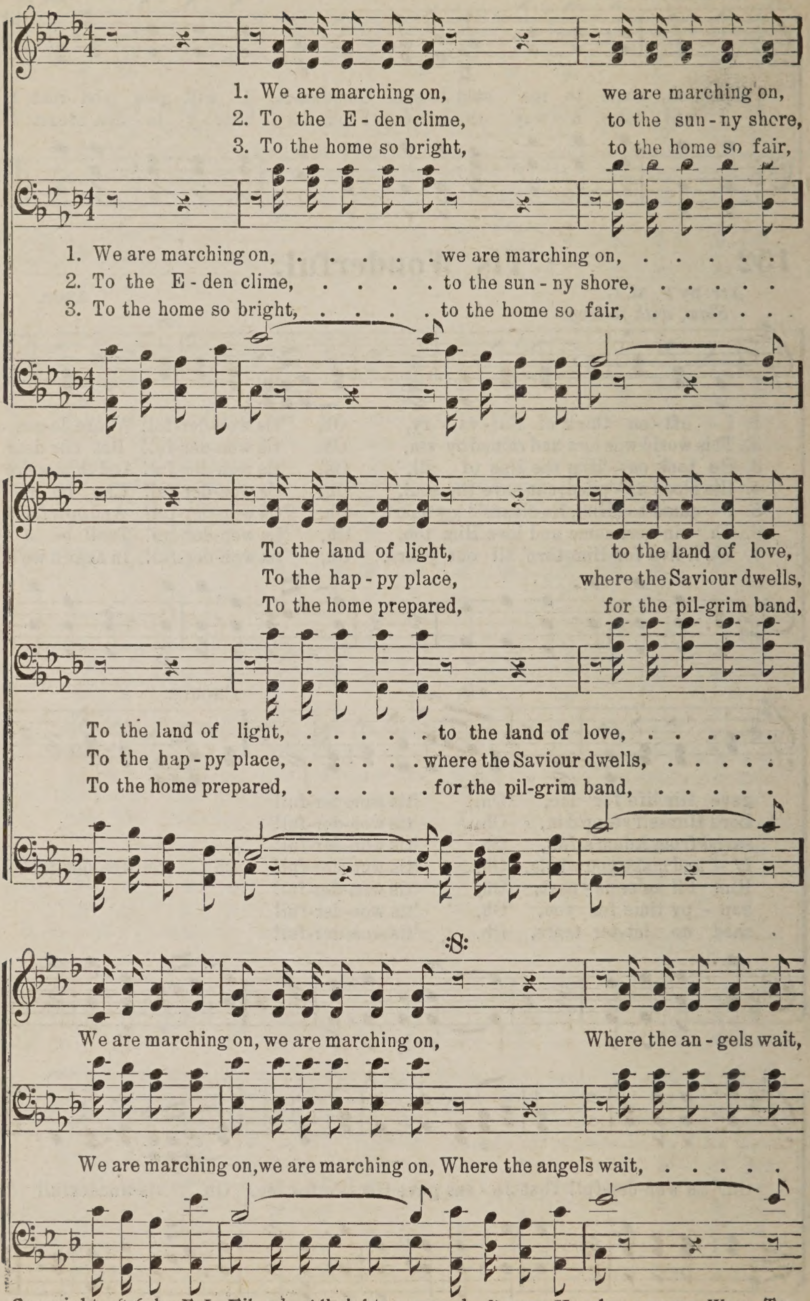


Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! That Je - sus gave His life for me, Oh, 'tis wonderful!



We're Marching On.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.



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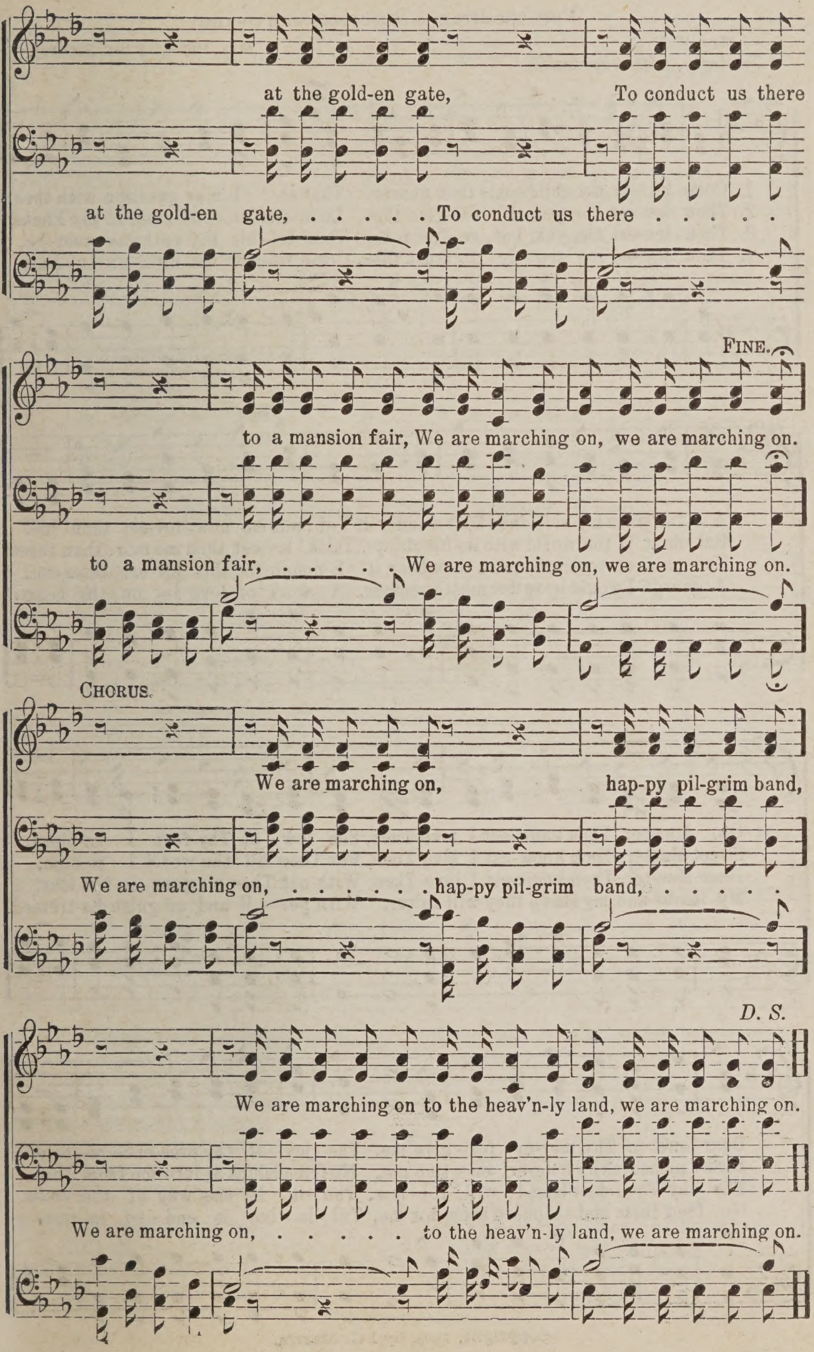
We're Marching On. Concluded.

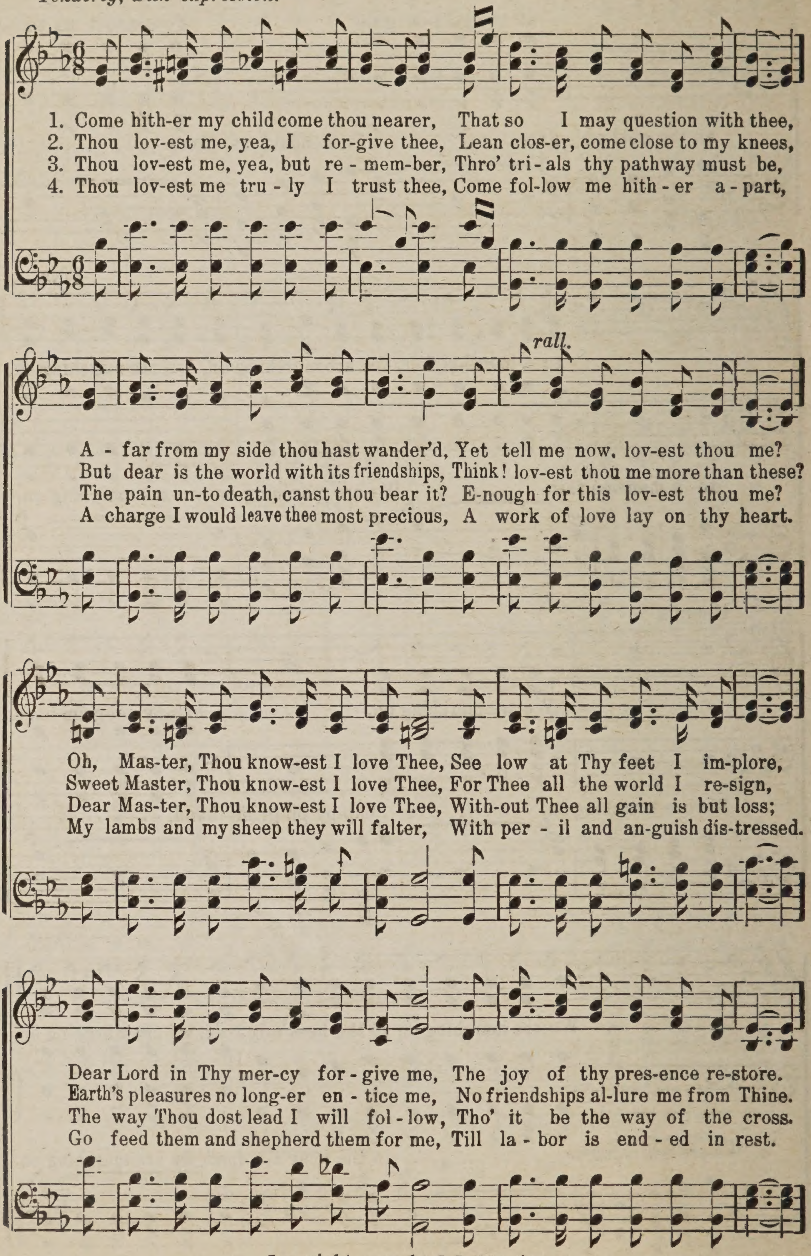


Lovest Thou Me?

(Very effective as a solo or solo with chorus.)

Mrs E. F. S. | Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

Tenderly, with expression.



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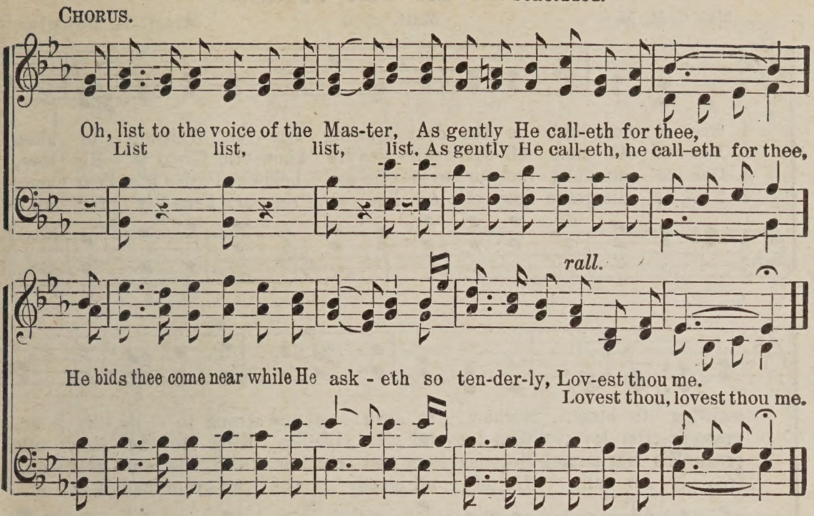
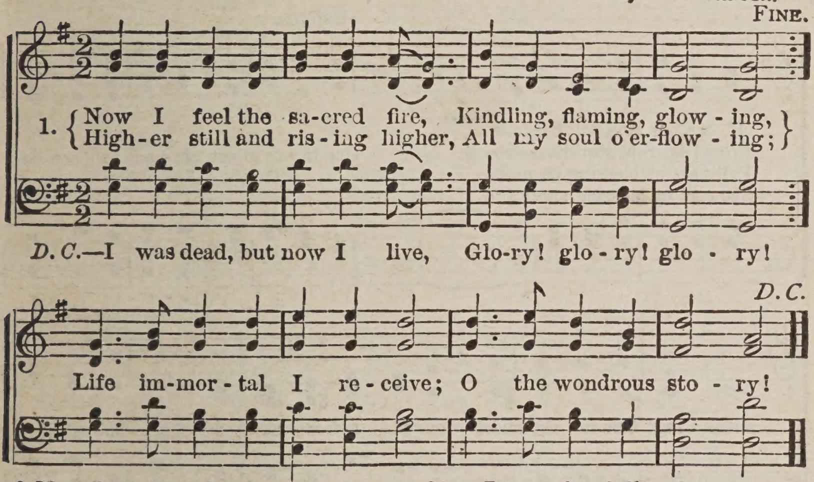
Lovest Thou Me? Concluded.



155 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. Carter.



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty;
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

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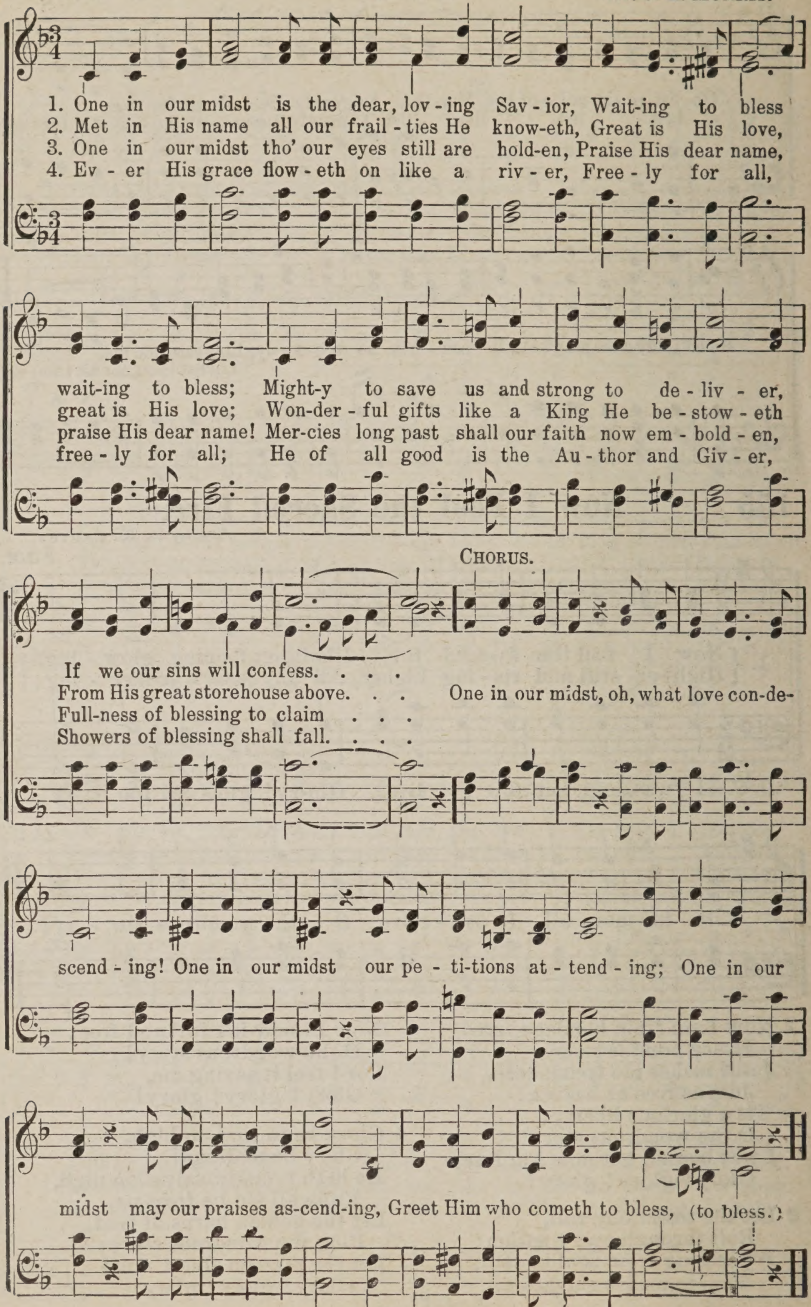
156

One In Our Midst.

Mrs. C. H. M. Matt. 18-20. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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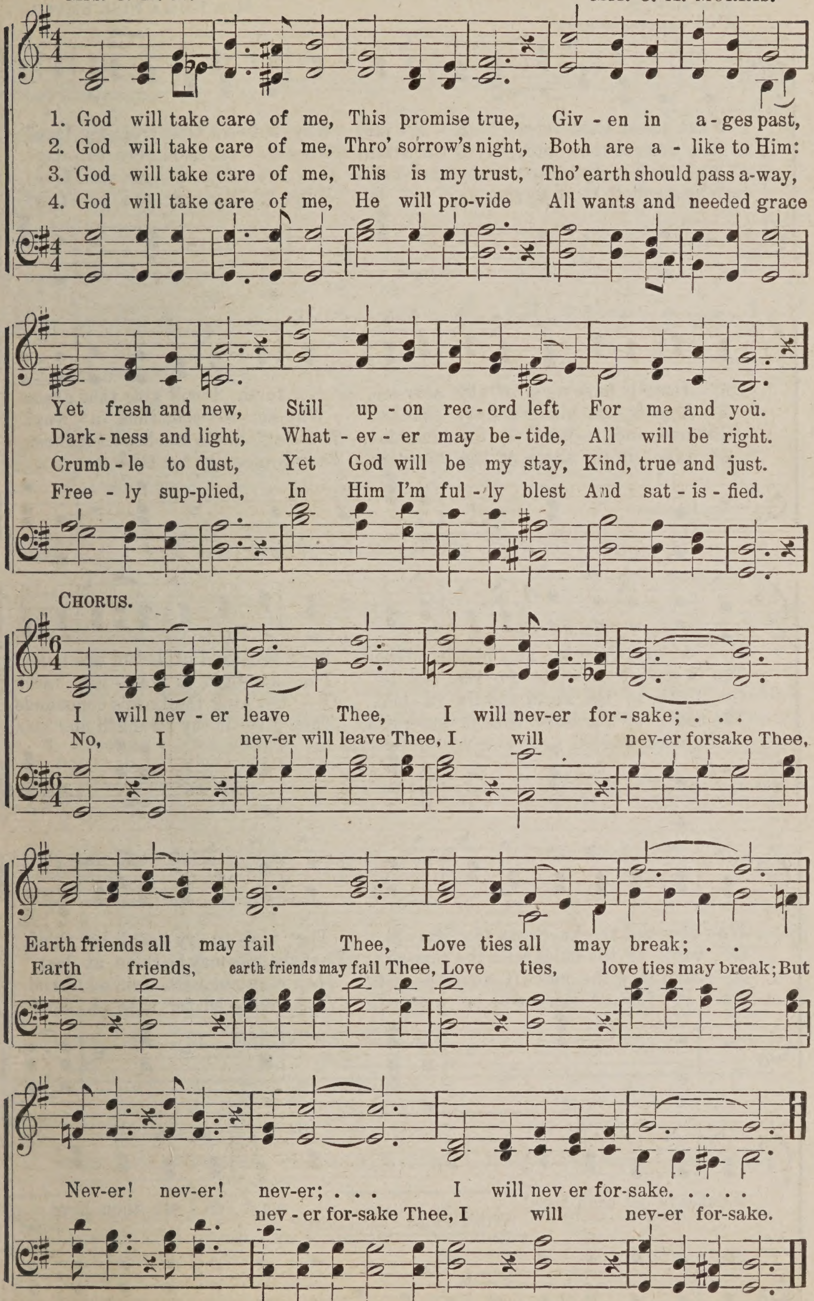
157 "I Will Never Leave Thee."

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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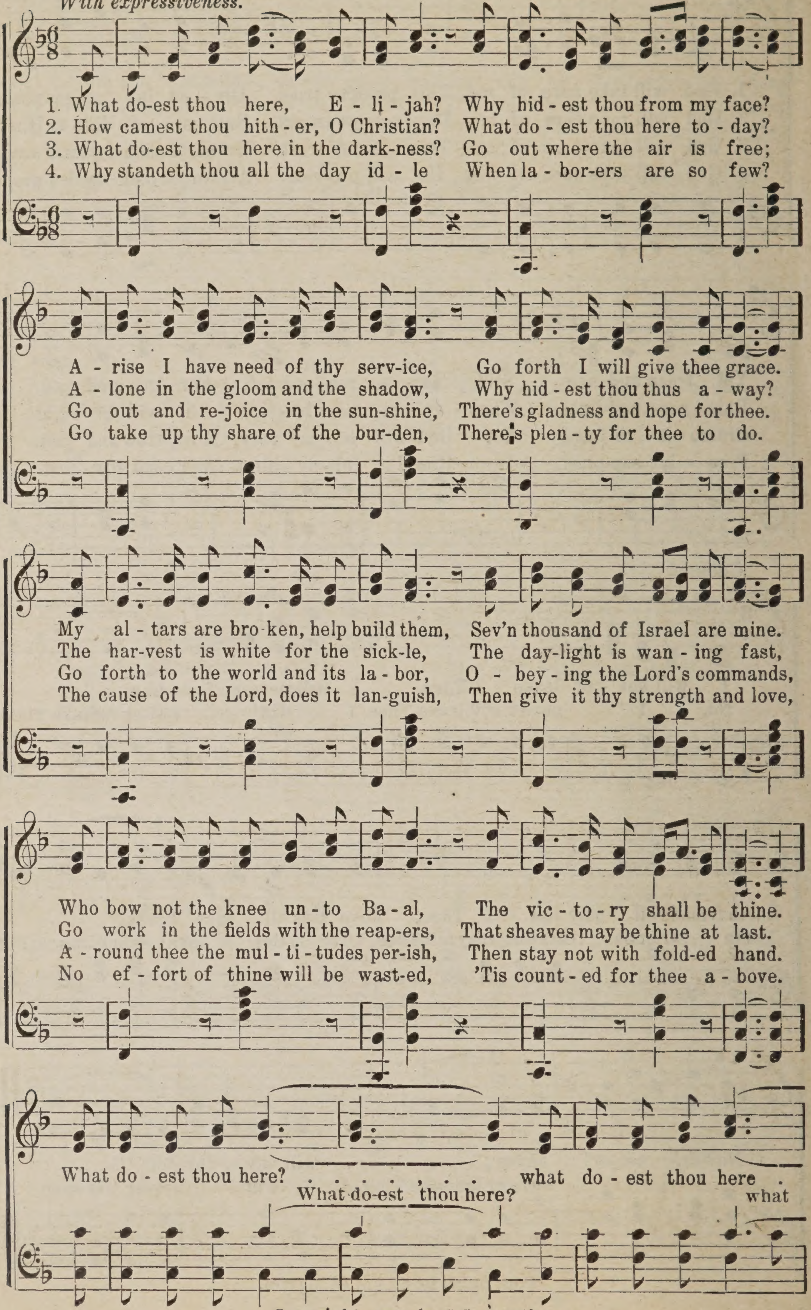
What Doest Thou Here?

(Solo or Duet and Chorus.)

Mrs E. F. S. Mrs. Emma Fisk Smith.

With expressiveness.



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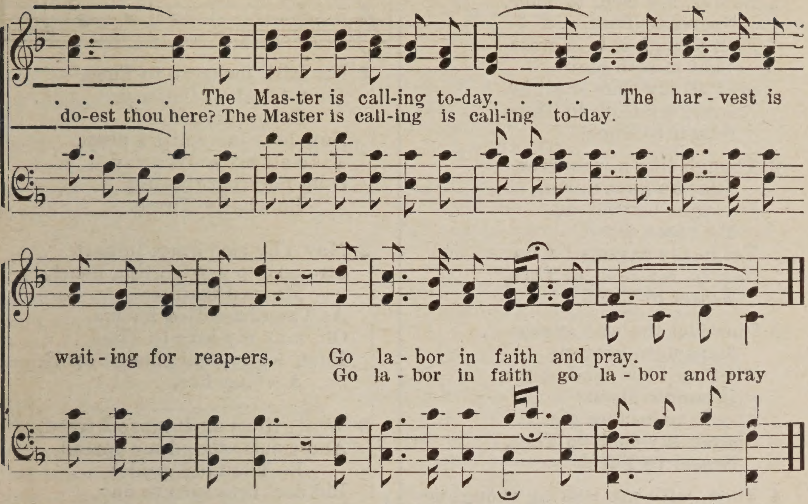
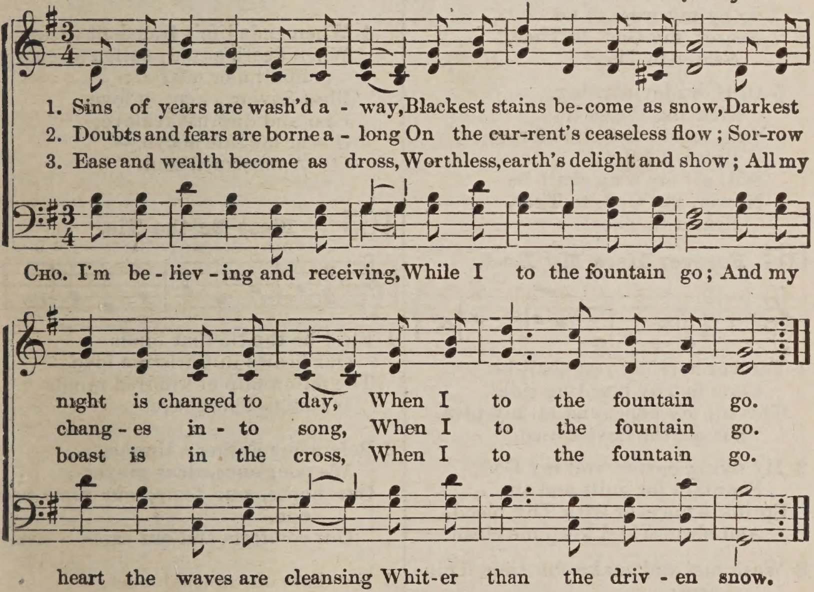
What Doest Thou Here? Concluded.



159 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.



4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will I fear a foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When I to the fountain go.

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160 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Key of G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

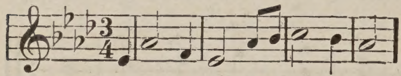
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

161 Forever Here My Rest.



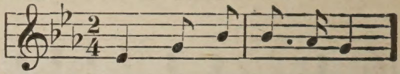
1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

162 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



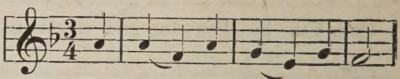
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

163 Blest Be the Tie.



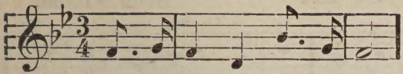
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

164 Rock of Ages.

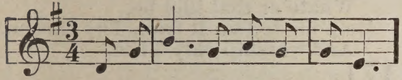


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

165 The Land of Beulah.



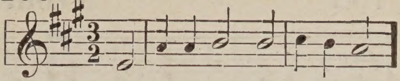
1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

166 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues.



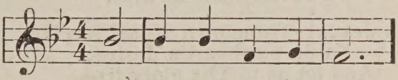
1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

167 Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

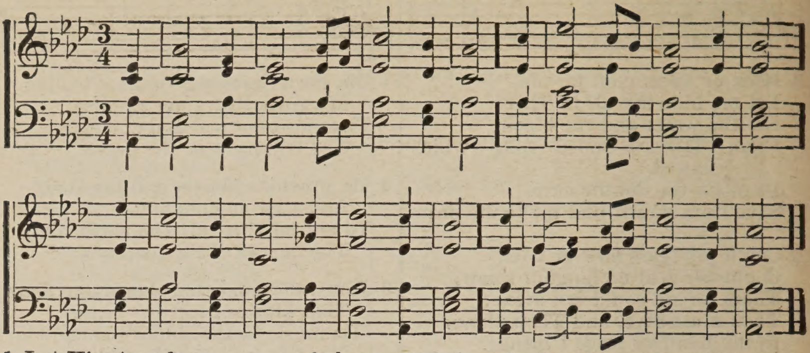
3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One,
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



1 Let Him to whom we now belong,
His Sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus! Thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our heart's desire;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all—no longer ours, but Thine
To all eternity.

169

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For a man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

170

1 O for a closer walk with God.
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

171

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

172

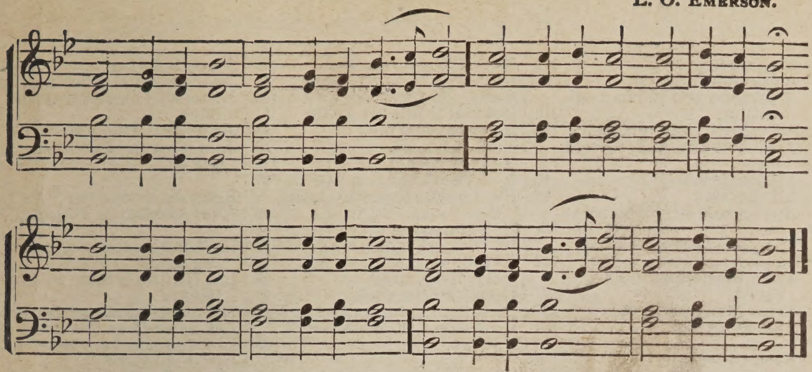
1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

173 Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

174

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

175

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure!
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood,
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

176

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

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